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The Golden Treasury of Irish Songs and Lyrics

Edited by

CHARLES WELSH

Volume Two

NEW YORK
Dodge Publishing Company
40-42 East 19th Street

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

(VOLUME II)

LEVER, CHARLES JAMES 1
Larry M'Hale 1
The Widow Malone 2
The Pope He Leads a Happy Life 4

LOCKE, JOHN 6
The Exile's Return, or Morning on the Irish Coast . 6

LOVER, SAMUEL 9
Barney O'Hea 9
I'm Not Myself at All 10
Molly Carew 12
My Mother Dear 15
Rory O'More 15
The Angel's Whisper 17
The Low-Backed Car 18
The War-Ship of Peace 20
The Whistlin' Thief 21
What Will You Do, Love? 23
Widow Machree 24

LYNCH, T. J. 26
Time and the Virgin 26

LYSAGHT, EDWARD 27
Kate of Garnavilla 27
My Ambition 28
Sweet Chloe 29

MACALEESE, D. A. 30
A Memory 30

McBURNEY, WILLIAM B. 32
The Croppy Boy 32
The Good Ship Castle Down 34

McCALL, PATRICK J. 38
Herself and Myself 38

McCANN, MICHAEL JOSEPH 40
O'Donnell Aboo 40

McCARTHY, DENIS A. 42
Ah, Sweet is Tipperary 42

MacCARTHY, DENIS FLORENCE 44
Bless the Dear Old Verdant Land 44
Lines From the Centenary Ode to the Memory of Thomas Moore 46
Ireland 47
Waiting for the May 50

McCARTHY, JUSTIN 52
To My Buried Rifle 52

McCARTHY, JUSTIN H. 54
Arcadian 54

MacDERMOTT, MARTIN 55
Girl of the Red Mouth 55
The Irish Exile 56

M'DEVITT, NEIL 60
Battle of Dundalk 60

M'GEE, THOMAS D'ARCY 64
Death of the Homeward Bound 64
Memories 65
Salutation to the Celts 66
The Celts 67
The Dead Antiquary O'Donovan 69
The Gobban Saor 72

MacManus, Mrs. Seumas (Anna Johnston) 75
Feithfailge 75
I-Breasil 76
Our Road 77
Shiela-ni-Gara 78
The Brown Wind of Connacht 79
The Cold Sleep of Brighidin 80
The Passing of the Gael 82
Thinking Long 84
Turlough MacSweeney 85

MacManus, James (Seumas) 87
A Stor, Gra Geal Mochree 87
My Inver Bay 88

Madden, Dr. R. R. 92
The United Brothers 92

Maginn, Dr. William 93
The Soldier-Boy 93

Mahony, Francis Sylvester (Father Prout) 94
The Bells of Shandon 94

Mangan, James Clarence 97
A Vision 97
Aldfrid's Itinerary 99
Dark Rosaleen 101
Gone in the Wind 104
Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan 106
Kinkora 108
St. Patrick's Hymn Before Tarah 110
Siberia 114
The Dawning of the Day 116
The Grave, the Grave 117
The Nameless One 118
The Time of the Barmecides 121
The Woman of Three Cows 123
Twenty Golden Years Ago 126
Written in a Nunnery Chapel 128

MARTLEY, JOHN 129
A Budget of Paradoxes 129
The Valley of Shanganagh 129

MEEHAN, REV. CHARLES P. 131
Boyhood's Years 131

MILLIGAN, ALICE 133
A May Love-Song 133
Fionnuala 133
The Buried Forests of Erin 134
The Phantom Ship 136

MILLIKIN, RICHARD ALFRED 138
The Groves of Blarney 138

MITCHELL, SUSAN L. 142
Love's Mendicant 142
The Army of the Voice 142
The Living Chalice 143

MOLLOY, JAMES LYMAN 144
The Clang of the Wooden Shoon 144
The First Voyage 145
The Kerry Dance 146

MONSELL, REV. JAMES SAMUEL BEWLEY 148
Soon and Forever 148

MOORE, THOMAS 150
A Canadian Boat-Song 150
All That's Bright Must Fade 151
And Doth Not a Meeting Like This 151
As Slow Our Ship 153
At the Mid Hour of Night 154
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms . 155
Come Rest in This Bosom 155
Dear Harp of My Country 156
Fairest! Put On Awhile 157
Farewell! but Whenever You Welcome the Hour . 158

Go Where Glory Waits Thee 159
I Knew by the Smoke 160
Love's Young Dream 161
O Breathe Not His Name 162
Nora Creina 163
O Ever Thus, From Childhood's Hour 164
Oft in the Stilly Night 164
Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore 165
She is Far from the Land 166
Sound the Loud Timbrel 167
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls 168
The Irish Peasant to His Mistress 169
The Meeting of the Waters 170
The Minstrel-Boy 171
The Song of Fionnuala 171
The Time I've Lost in Wooing 172
The Young May Moon 173
This World is All a Fleeting Show 174
Those Evening Bells 174
Thou Art, O God 175
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer 176
When He Who Adores Thee 177

MORGAN, LADY 178
Kate Kearney 178

MULVANY, CHARLES PELHAM 179
Long Deserted 179

MURRAY, JOHN FISHER 181
Dark Margaret 181

MURRAY, REV. DR. 184
Glandore 184

NORTON, CAROLINE (Lady Stirling Maxwell) 186
Bingen on the Rhine 186
Love Not 189
The King of Denmark's Ride 190

O'Brien, Charlotte Grace 193
Bog Cotton on the Red Bog 193
Song 195

O'Brien, Fitz James 198
Loch Ina 198

O'Connell, Maurice 200
Recruiting Song For the Irish Brigade 200

O'Doherty, Mrs. Kevin Izod (Eva Mary Kelly) . . . 202
Murmurs of Love 202
Tipperary 203

O'Donnell, John Francis 205
A Spinning Song 205
Guesses 206

O'Donoghue, Mrs. Power (Nannie Lanbert) 208
Rebel Song of '98 208
The Irish Girl's Lament 209

O'Flaherty, Charles 210
The Humors of Donnybrook Fair 210

Ogle, George 214
Banish Sorrow 214
Mailligh Mo Stoir 215
The Banks of Banna 217

O'Grady, Standish James 218
I Give My Heart to Thee 218
Lough Bray 219

O'Hagan, John 220
Dear Land 220
Ourselves Alone 221

O'Keeffe, John 224
Air—"Don Cæsar" 224
The Friar of Orders Gray 224

O'LEARY, ELLEN 226
My Old Home 226
To God and Ireland True 227

O'LEARY, JOSEPH 229
Whiskey, Drink Divine 229

O'REILLY, JOHN BOYLE 231
A White Rose 231
At Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862 231
Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer 235
Mayflower 230
My Native Land 237
Unspoken Words 238

O'REILLY, MARY ANNE 240
A Lullaby 240
Hush Song 241
Where the Primroses Grow by the Nore 242

ORR, ANDREW 245
In Exile: Australia 245

ORR, JAMES 247
The Irishman 247

O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR W. E. 249
Ode 249
Song 250
Song 251
The Fountain of Tears 252

O'SULLIVAN, SEUMAS 255
The Gray Dusk 255
The Sorrow of Love 256
The Twilight People 257

PARNELL, FANNY 258
Erin My Queen 258
Post-Mortem 258

PARNELL, THOMAS 260
When Your Beauty Appears 260

PAYNE, PERCY SOMERS 261
Rest 261

PETRIE, GEORGE 263
Pearl of the White Breast 263

PIERPONT, REV. J. 264
Ode 264

REYNOLDS, GEORGE NUGENT 266
Kathleen O'More 266

ROBERTS, GEORGE 268
The Call 268
The Prisoner of Love 268

ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY 270
Andromeda 270
At Sea 270
The Kearsarge 271
The Skeleton at the Feast 272
The V-a-s-e 274

ROLLESTON, THOMAS W. HAZEN 276
Evensong 276
Song of Maelduin 277
The Dead of Clonmacnois 278
The Last Desire 279
The Spell-Struck 280
To My Bicycle 281

ROONEY, JOHN JEROME 283
Ireland Shall Be Free 283

RUSSELL, GEORGE W. ("A. E.") 285
A Call of the Sidhe 285
By the Margin of the Great Deep 286
Connla's Well 287

Divided 288
Inheritance 288
Janus 289
Our Thrones Decay 290
Sacrifice 290
Symbolism 291
The Earth Spirit 292
The Gates of Dreamland 293
The Great Breath 294
The Memory of Earth 295
The Place of Rest 296
The Three Counselors 296

RYAN, MALACHY 297
Rose Adair 297

SAVAGE, JOHN 299
Breasting the World 299
Shane's Head 299

SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, GEORGE FRANCIS 303
Gay Provence 303
The Mystery 304

SHANLY, CHARLES DAWSON 306
Civil War 306
The Walker of the Snow 307

SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY 310
Drinking Song 310
Song 311
Song 311
Song 312
Thou Canst Not Boast 312

SHORTER, MRS. CLEMENT (Dora Sigerson) 314
A Rose Will Fade 314
All Souls Night 314
Cean Duv Deelish 315
The One Forgotten 316
The Wind on the Hills 318

SIGERSON, GEORGE 320
After the Fianna 320
Deus Meus 321
Far-Away 323
Irish Lullaby 324
Jesukin 325
Love's Despair 326
Solace in Winter 328
The Calling 329
The Fair Hills of Eire 330
The Ruined Nest 332
The Vision of Viands 334
Things Delightful 337

SIMMONS, BARTHOLOMEW 338
To the Memory of Thomas Hood 338

SKRINE, MRS. W. (Moira O'Neill) 340
Corrymeela 340
Johneen 341
Lookin' Back 342
Marriage 343
The Grand Match 345
The Song of Glen Dun 346

STARKEY, DIGBY PILOT 348
The Emigrants 348

STEVENSON, JOHN 352
Home 352

STOKES, WHITLEY 353
King Ailill's Death 353
Lament for King Ivor 354
Man Octipartite 356
The Hymn Called Saint Patrick's Breastplate . . . 358

STREET SONGS, BALLADS, AND ANONYMOUS VERSE . . . 362
The Banshee 362
Bellewstown Races 363
The Boys of Kilkenny 365

Brian O'Linn 365
By Memory Inspired 367
Charming Judy Callaghan 369
Colleen Rue 371
The Croppy Boy 373
The Cruiskeen Lawn 374
Cushla Ma Chree 376
The Dear and Darling Boy 376
Drimmin Dubh Dheelish 378
The Emigrant Mother 379
Garryowen 380
General Monro 382
Hannah Healy, the Pride of Howth 383
The Holy Well 385
Irish Molly O 387
Jenny From Ballinasloe 388
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye 390
Kitty of Coleraine 393
The Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds 394
A Lay of the Famine 396
The Maid of Cloghroe 398
My Connor 400
The Native Irishman 401
Nell Flaherty's Drake 403
The Night Before Larry Was Stretched 406
Nurse's Song 409
Ould Orange Flute 410
Paddies Evermore 412
The Rakes of Mallow 414
The Rose of Kenmare 415
The Shan Van Vocht 417
Shule Aroon 420
The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally and Mullen 421
The Star of Slane 423
Trust to Luck 425
The Twisting of the Rope 427
The Wearin' o' the Green 427

SULLIVAN, ALEXANDER MARTIN 429
Farewell 429

SULLIVAN, TIMOTHY DANIEL 431
Dear Old Ireland 431
God Save Ireland 433

TODHUNTER, JOHN 436
Fairy Gold 436
Longing 437
Song 438
The Waves' Legend of the Strand of Bala 438
Waiting 441

TRENCH, HERBERT 442
The Night 442

TRENCH, RICHARD CHENEVIX 444
Harmosan 444
Some Murmur 445

TYNAN-HINKSON, KATHERINE 447
An Island Fisherman 447
August Weather 448
De Profundis 449
Larks 450
Oh, Green and Fresh 450
Summer-Sweet 451
The Children of Lir 451

WALLER, JOHN FRANCIS 454
Love in Reality 454
Mary of the Curls 456
St. Patrick's Day 457
The First Cuckoo in Spring 459

WALSH, EDWARD 461
Brighidin Ban Mo Store 461
Have You Been at Carrick? 462
Mo Craoibhin Cno 464
Nelly Ban 465
Ros Geal Dubh 467
The Dawning of the Day 469
The Fair Hills of Eire Ogh 470
The Fairy Nurse 471

WALSH, JOHN 473
Drimin Donn Dilis 473
To My Promised Wife 475

WEEKES, CHARLES 477
That 477
Think 477

WILDE, LADY (Speranza) 478
Related Souls 478
The Exodus 480
To Ireland 483

WILDE, OSCAR 485
Amor Intellectualis 485
Apologia 485
Ave Imperatrix 487
Helas 491
Her Voice 492

WILDE, RICHARD HENRY 494
A Farewell to America 494
My Life is Like the Summer Rose 495

WILKINS, WILLIAM 497
Disillusion 497

WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON 499
The Munster War-Song 499
The Rath of Mullaghmast 501

WILLS, REV. JAMES 504
The Minstrel's Walk 504

WILSON, ROBERT A. (Barney Maglone) 507
Halloweve Complaint 507
I Wish the Devil Was Dead 509
The Bee and the Floweret 511

WOLFE, CHARLES 513
Lines Written to Music 513
O Say Not that My Heart is Cold 514
The Burial of Sir John Moore 515

WYNNE, FRANCES 517
A Lesson in Geography 517
En Attendant 520
"Perhaps" 521
Whisper 522

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER 524
A Dream of a Blessed Spirit 524
A Faery Song 525
Down by the Salley Gardens 525
Into the Twilight 526
The Host of the Air 527
The Hosting of the Sidhe 528
The Lake Isle of Innisfree 529
The Lamentation of the Old Pensioner 530
The Pity of Love 530
The Rose of the World 531
The Song of the Old Mother 531
The Two Trees 532
When You Are Old 533
Where My Books Go 533

YOUNG, ELLA 535
A Dream of Tir-nan-oge 535
The Star of Knowledge 537
The Virgin Mother 538

23 WEERS'S BOOK.

The GOLDEN TREASURY *of* IRISH SONGS *and* LYRICS

CHARLES JAMES LEVER
(1806–1872)

LARRY M'HALE

OH, Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,
And never could want when the crops didn't fail;
He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a year,
And a heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale!
The soul of a party, the life of a feast,
And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail;
He would ride with the rector, and drink with the priest,
Oh! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.

It's little he cared for the Judge or Recorder;
His house was as big and as strong as a jail;
With a cruel four-pounder he kept in great order
He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.
He'd a blunderbuss too; of horse-pistols a pair!
But his favorite weapon was always a flail;
I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
For he handled it nately, did Larry M'Hale.

His ancestors were kings before Moses was born,
  His mother descended from great Grana Uaile:
He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn;
  They were mushrooms compared to old Larry
    M'Hale.
He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
  With cousins and uncles enough for a tail;
And, though loaded with debt, oh! the devil a thinner
  Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale.

With a larder supplied and a cellar well stored,
  None lived half so well, from Fair-Head to Kinsale;
As he piously said, "I've a plentiful board,
  And the Lord He is good to old Larry M'Hale."
So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,
  It's little we'd care for the tithes or Repale;
For Ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
  If we only had plenty like Larry M'Hale.

THE WIDOW MALONE

DID ye hear of the widow Malone,
  Ohone!
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
  Alone?
Oh! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts —
So lovely the widow Malone,
  Ohone!
So lovely the widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score
Or more;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the Clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were the courting the widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,
'Twas known
No one ever could see her alone,
Ohone!
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye—
So bashful the widow Malone,
Ohone!
So bashful the widow Malone.

Till one Mr. O'Brien from Clare—
How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there—
Put his arm round her waist,
Took ten kisses at laste—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone—
My own!"
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye!
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
For why?

But, "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Molly Malone,
Ohone!
You may marry your Molly Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong,
And, one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong:
If for widows you die,
Learn *to kiss*, not to sigh
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!
Ohone!
Oh! they're very like Mistress Malone!

THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE

From the German

THE Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no cares nor marriage strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine —
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But yet not happy in his life —
He loves no maid or wedded wife,
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope —
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
He leads a life of jollity
Has wives as many as he will —
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But yet he's not a happy man —
He must obey the Alcoran :
And dares not taste one drop of wine —
I would not that his lot were mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,
I'll drink my own, my native land ;
I'll kiss my maiden's lips divine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

And when my maiden kisses me
I'll fancy I the Sultan be ;
And when my cheering glass I tope
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

JOHN LOCKE
(1847–1889)

THE EXILE'S RETURN, OR MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST

TH' anám an Dhia.[1] But there it is —
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
O Ireland isn't it grand you look —
Like a bride in her rich adornin'?
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning —
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scornin':
O Ireland! don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Ho, ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out

[1] *Th' anám an Dhia*, my soul to God.

To give us the kindly greeting;
In to the shore the seabirds fly
On pinions that know no drooping,
And out of the cliffs, with welcomes charged,
A million of waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous, Irish land
So leal and fair and loving!
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving.
The alien home may have gems and gold
Shadows may never have gloomed it;
But the heart will sigh for the absent land
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills,
And the tip of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells —
Ah! maybe their chiming's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, *asthore machree*,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on
Ne'er met my vision save when they rose
Over memory's dim horizon.
E'en so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Oh! often upon the Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
And around this coast-line hover;
And the prayer would rise that some future day—
All danger and doubting scornin'—
I'd help to win for my native land
The light of Young Liberty's mornin'!

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid!
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze;
Thank God that my exile's ended!
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in—
O Ireland! up from my heart of hearts
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

SAMUEL LOVER
(1797–1868)

BARNEY O'HEA

NOW let me alone, though I know you won't,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!
It makes me outrageous
When you're so contagious,
And you'd better look out for the stout Corney Creagh;
For he is the boy
That believes I'm his joy,
So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea!
Impudent Barney,
None of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

I hope you're not going to Bandon Fair,
For indeed I'm not wanting to meet you there,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!
For Corney's at Cork,
And my brother's at work,
And my mother sits spinning at home all the day,
So no one will be there
Of poor me to take care,
So I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea!
Impudent Barney,
None of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

But as I was walking up Bandon Street,
Just who do you think that myself should meet,
But impudent Barney O'Hea!
He said I looked killin',
I called him a villain,
And bid him that minute get out of the way.
He said I was joking,
And grinned so provoking,
I couldn't help laughing at Barney O'Hea!
Impudent Barney,
None of your blarney,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!

He knew 'twas all right when he saw me smile,
For he was the rogue up to ev'ry wile,
Impudent Barney O'Hea!
He coaxed me to choose him,
For if I'd refuse him
He swore he'd kill Corney the very next day;
So, for fear 'twould go further,
And just to save murther,
I think I must marry that madcap, O'Hea!
Bothering Barney,
'Tis he has the blarney
To make a girl Mistress O'Hea.

I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL!

O I'M not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
I'm not myself at all!
Nothin' carin', nothin' knowing, 'tis after you I'm goin',
Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growin', Molly dear,

And I'm not myself at all!
Th' other day I went confessin', and I asked the father's blessin',
"But," says I, "don't give me one entirely,
For I fretted so last year but the half of me is here,
So give the other half to Molly Brierley."
O I'm not myself at all!

O I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
My appetite's so small.
I once could pick a goose, but my buttons is no use,
Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
If thus it is I waste, you'd better, dear, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away entirely;
If you don't soon change your mind, not a bit of me you'll find —
And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierley?
O I'm not myself at all!

O my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all.
For I've got so very thin, myself says 'tisn't him,
But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all!
If thus I smaller grow, all fretting, dear, for you,
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency;
So just let Father Taaffe make you my better-half,
And you will not the worse of the addition be —
O I'm not myself at all!

I'll be not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,
Till you my own I call!

Since a change o'er me there came, sure you might
change your name —
And 'twould just come to the same, Molly dear,
'Twould just come to the same;
For if you and I were one, all confusion would be
gone,
And 'twould simplify the matter entirely;
And 'twould save us so much bother when we'd both
be one another —
So listen now to reason, Molly Brierley.
O I'm not myself at all!

MOLLY CAREW

OCH hone! and what will I do?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost;
And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
For 'tis *dhrames* and not sleep comes into my head,
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew —
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame;
You're complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky;
And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme?
Though there's one Burke, he says, that would call it
*snub*lime.
And then for your cheek!
Throth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.
Then your lips! oh, *machree!*
In their beautiful glow,
They patthern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose long ago;
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say
Such cherries might tempt a man's father!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,
You *tase* me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat
Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
Though the piper I bate,
For fear the owld chate
Wouldn't play you your favorite tune;
And when you're at mass
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew,

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep:—
Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandherin' sowl!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That love me—and more,
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet
My weddin' all marchin' in pride down the sthreet;
Throth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise,
To think 'twasn't you was come to it!
And faith Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
"Katty Naile, name the day."
And though you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cowld winter's day,
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easther, when Lent
Is over I'll marry for spite!
Och hone! *weirasthru!*
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night.

MY MOTHER DEAR

THERE was a place in childhood that I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy-tales did tell,
And gentle words and fond embrace were giv'n with joy to me,
When I was in that happy place—upon my mother's knee.

When fairy-tales were ended, "Good-night," she softly said,
And kissed and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed;
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother's knee.

In the sickness of my childhood—the perils of my prime—
The sorrows of my riper years—the cares of every time—
When doubt and danger weighed me down—then pleading all for me,
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my mother's knee.

RORY O'MORE

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn,
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about;
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day,
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothering Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so!"
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhrames always go by contrairies, my dear!
Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teazed me enough,
Sure I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,

So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips,—don't you think he was right?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more;
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," said Rory O'More.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;
"Oh! blest be that warning, my child's sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

"And while they are keeping bright watch o'er thy sleeping,

Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me —
And say thou wouldst rather, they'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee."

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering with thee!"

THE LOW-BACKED CAR

WHEN first I met sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay.
But when that hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in the low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his owld poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death—in warlike cars;

While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
  Has darts in her right eye,
That knock men down in the market town,
  As right and left they fly,—
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
    For the doctor's art
    Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
  Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
  By far outnumber these,
While she among her poultry sits,
  Just like a turtle dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
  Of the blooming god of love!
While she sits in her low-back car
The lovers come near and far,
    And envy the chicken
    That Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in the low-backed car.

O I'd rather own that car, sir,
  With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four, and gold galore,
  And a lady for my bride.
For the lady would sit fornenst me
  On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me
  With my arm around her waist,—
While we drove in the low-backed car

To be married by Father Mahar.
O my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car!

THE WAR-SHIP OF PEACE

The Americans exhibited much sympathy towards Ireland when the famine raged there in 1847. A touching instance was then given how the better feelings of our nature may employ even the enginery of destruction to serve the cause of humanity: an American frigate (the *Jamestown* I believe) was dismantled of all her warlike appliances, and placed at the disposal of the charitable to carry provisions.—*Author.*

SWEET Land of Song! thy harp doth hang
Upon the willows now,
While famine's blight and fever's pang
Stamp misery on thy brow;
Yet take thy harp, and raise thy voice,
Though faint and low it be,
And let thy sinking heart rejoice
In friends still left to thee!

Look out—look out—across the sea
That girds thy emerald shore,
A ship of war is bound for thee,
But with no warlike store;
Her thunder sleeps—'tis Mercy's breath
That wafts her o'er the sea;
She goes not forth to deal out death,
But bears new life to thee!

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike
  The chords of grateful praise;
Thy plaintive tone is now unlike
  Thy voice of former days;
Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still,
  Let Erin's voice proclaim
In bardic praise, on every hill,
  Columbia's glorious name!

THE WHISTLIN' THIEF

WHEN Pat came over the hill,
  His colleen fair to see,
His whistle low, but shrill,
The signal was to be.
  (*Pat whistles.*)

"Mary," the mother said,
  "Some one is whistling sure."
Says Mary, "'Tis only the wind
  Is whistling through the door."
  (*Pat whistles "Garryowen."*)

"I've lived a long time, Mary,
  In this wide world, my dear,
But a door to whistle like *that*
  I never yet did hear."

"But, mother, you know the fiddle
  Hangs close beside the chink,
And the wind upon the strings
  Is playing the tune, I think."
  (*The pig grunts.*)

"Mary, I hear the pig,
Unaisy in his mind."
"But, mother, you know, they say
The pigs can see the wind."

"That's true enough *in the day*,
But I think you may remark
That pigs, no more nor we,
Can see anything in the dark."
(*The dog barks.*)

"The dog is barking now,
The fiddle can't play the tune."
"But, mother, the dogs will bark
Whenever they see the moon."

"But how could he see the moon,
When, you know, the dog is blind?
Blind dogs won't bark at the moon,
Nor fiddles be played by the wind.

"I'm not such a fool as you think,
I know very well it is Pat:—
Shut your mouth, you whistlin' thief,
And go along home out o' that!

"And you be off to your bed,
Don't play upon me your jeers;
For though I have lost my eyes,
I haven't lost my ears!"

WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

"WHAT will you do, love, when I am going,
With white sail flowing,
The seas beyond?—
What will you do, love, when waves divide us,
And friends may chide us
For being fond?"
"Though waves divide us, and friends be chiding,
In faith abiding,
I'll still be true!
And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,
In deep devotion —
That's what I'll do!"

"What would you do, love, if distant tidings
Thy fond confidings
Should undermine?—
And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,
Should think other eyes
Were as bright as thine?"
"Oh, name it not!—though guilt and shame
Were on thy name,
I'd still be true:
But that heart of thine—should another share it—
I could not bear it!
What would I do?"

"What would you do, love, when home returning,
With hopes high-burning,
With wealth for you,
If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,
Should be lost near home—
Ah! what would you do?"

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

"So thou wert spared—I'd bless the morrow
In want and sorrow,
That left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,
This heart thy pillow —
That's what I'd do!"

WIDOW MACHREE

WIDOW MACHREE, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
Faith it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
How altered your air
With that close cap you wear,
'Tis destroying your hair
That should be flowing free;
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?
Och hone! Widow Machree.
See, the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree —
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish —
Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
While the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee!
Yet alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowld?
Och hone! Widow Machree.
With such sins on your head
Sure your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed
Without thinking to see
Some ghost or some sprite
That would wake you at night,
Crying, "Och hone! Widow Machree!"

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
And, with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me.
Och hone! Widow Machree!
You'd have me to desire
Then to stir up the fire;
And sure Hope is no liar
In whisp'ring to me
That the ghosts would depart
When you'd me near your heart,
Och hone! Widow Machree!

T. J. LYNCH
(Living)

TIME AND THE VIRGIN

"OH Time, be kind and be my guide, now prithee come with me,
To where my love expectant waits beside the moonlit sea."
And Time consents,—and on they move; it was a sight most rare,
To see old Time with scythe and glass trip with this Virgin fair.

Through woods they pass, till near the path a little streamlet roll'd,
Still Time went on:—the maiden paused to deck her locks of gold.
Her form within the star-bright wave she view'd with fond delight;
She linger'd long—and when she rose old Time was out of sight.

With beating heart she eager sought the moonlit beach so fair;
But Time had pass'd;—her love was gone, and all was silence there.
"Ah, me!" she sigh'd in accents sweet, "too late I see my crime,
By trifling thus I have lost my love, as well as losing Time."

EDWARD LYSAGHT
(1763–1810)

KATE OF GARNAVILLA

Air—Roy's Wife

HAVE you been at Garnavilla?
Have you seen at Garnavilla
Beauty's train trip o'er the plain
With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?
Oh! she's pure as virgin snows
Ere they light on woodland hill-O;
Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose
Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Philomel, I've listened oft
To thy lay, nigh weeping willow:
Oh! the strain more sweet, more soft,
That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, etc.

As a noble ship I've seen
Sailing o'er the swelling billow,
So I've marked the graceful mien
Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.
Have you been, etc.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,
No cares shall come to Garnavilla;
Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,
And dove-like peace perch on her pillow.

Charming maid of Garnavilla!
Lovely maid of Garnavilla!
Beauty, grace, and virtue wait
On lovely Kate of Garnavilla.

MY AMBITION

EASE often visits shepherd-swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
To take a bit of dinner;
But would not for a turtle-treat,
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
Or cankered party sinner.

Ease makes the sons of labor glad,
Ease travels with the merry lad
Who whistles by his wagon;
With me she prattles all day long,
And choruses my simple song,
And shares my foaming flagon.

The lamp of life is soon burnt out;
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
Except a doating blockhead?
When Charon takes 'em both aboard,
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard
And spendthrift's empty pocket.

In such a scurvy world as this
We must not hope for perfect bliss,
And length of life together;
We have no moral liberty
At will to live, at will to die,
In fair or stormy weather.

Many, I see, have riches plenty —
Fine coaches, livery, servants twenty ;—
Yet envy never pains me ;
My appetite's as good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from fears ;
I've only what maintains me !

And while the precious joys I prove
Of Tom's true friendship—and the love
Of bonny black-eyed Jenny,—
Ye gods ! my wishes are confined
To—health of body, peace of mind,
Clean linen, and a guinea !

SWEET CHLOE

SWEET Chloe advised me, in accents divine,
The joys of the bowl to surrender ;
Nor lose, in the turbid excesses of wine,
Delights more ecstatic and tender ;
She bade me no longer in vineyards to bask,
Or stagger, at orgies, the dupe of a flask,
For the sigh of a sot's but the scent of the cask,
And a bubble the bliss of the bottle.

To a soul that's exhausted, or sterile, or dry,
The juice of the grape may be wanted ;
But mine is revived by a love-beaming eye,
And with fancy's gay flow'rets enchanted.
Oh ! who but an owl would a garland entwine
Of Bacchus's ivy—and myrtle resign ?
Yield the odors of love, for the vapors of wine,
And Chloe's kind kiss for a bottle !

D. A. MAC ALEESE
(1833–)

A MEMORY

ADOWN the leafy lane we two,
One brown October eve, together sped;
The clustered nuts were hanging overhead,
And ever and anon, the deep woods through,
The gray owl piped his weird "Tu whut! tu whoo!"

Adown the leafy lane we two
Strolled on and on, till sank the setting sun
In sapphire beauty round Tyleden dun,
And shadows long and longer round us grew;
Had earth a pair so happy as we two?

Adown the leafy lane we two
Loitered and laughed, and laughed and loitered more,
And talked of "gentle folk" and fairy lore.
Till, one by one, from out the vaulted blue,
The diamond stars came softly forth to view.

Adown the leafy lane we two
Saw figures flitting 'mong the quicken trees,
Tall Finian forms, holding high revelries,
And dogs, like Bran in sinew and in thew,
Chased shadowy deer the vista'd woodlands through.

Adown the leafy lane we two
Heard fairy pipes play fairy music swee
And now and then the tramp of fairy foo
And screams of laughter 'mong the fairy
crew--
The elves and fays that haunt old Corradh

Adown the leafy lane no more
We two go loitering in the autumn eves,
When merry reapers tie the golden sheav
And kine come lowing to the cottage door,
Where ready pails await the milky store.

Astoireen, no, far, far away,
Secluded lies that golden-memoried lane
Where ceaseless flows the bright and
sparkling Main
Through scenes of beauty to the storied
Here by the Hudson's banks we two grow

WILLIAM B. McBURNEY
(--- 1902)

THE CROPPY BOY

"Good men and true! in this house who dwell,
To a stranger bouchal, I pray you tell
Is the Priest at home? or may he be seen?
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green;
But you must wait, till I go and see
If the holy Father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall--
What a lonely sound has his light footfall!
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins.
"Mea culpa," the youth begins;
But "mea culpa" he beats his breast
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorey my loving brothers all.

I alone am left of my name and race;
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter Day--
At Mass-time once I went to play;
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing;
But I love my country above my King.
Now, Father! bless me, and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so."

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look above in wild surprise;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse:
"'Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive;
For one short hour is your time to live.

"Upon yon river three tenders float;
The Priest's in one, if he isn't shot;
We hold his house for our Lord the King,
And--'Amen' say I--may all traitors swing!"

At Geneva barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the croppy boy.

THE GOOD SHIP CASTLE DOWN
A Rebel Chaunt, A.D. 1776

Oh, how she plowed the ocean, the good
ship Castle Down,
That day we hung our colors out, the
Harp without the Crown!
A gallant barque, she topped the wave,
and fearless hearts were we,
With guns and pikes and bayonets, a
stalwart company.
'Twas a sixteen years from BIRTH; and
sweeping down the bay
The "Siege of Carrickfergus" so merrily
we did play:
And by the old castle's foot we went,
with three right hearty cheers,
And waved aloft our green cockades, for
we were Volunteers,
Volunteers!
Oh, we were in our prime that day, stout
Irish Volunteers.

'Twas when we heaved our anchor on the
breast of smooth Carmel
Our guns spoke out in thunder: "Adieu,
sweet Irish soil!"
At Whiteabbey and Greencastle, and Holy-
wood so gay,
Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs and
many a loud huzza.
Our voices o'er the water struck the hol-
low mountains round--
Young Freedom, struggling at her birth,
might utter such a sound.

By that green slope beside Belfast, we cheered and
cheered it still —
For they had changed its name that year, and they
called it Bunker's Hill —
Bunker's Hill !
Oh, were our hands but with our hearts in the trench
at Bunker's Hill !

Our ship cleared out for Quebec; but thither little
bent,
Up some New England river, to run her keel we
meant;
So we took a course due north as round the old Black
Head we steered,
Till Ireland bore southwest by south, and Fingal's
rock appeared.
Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung
flutteringly,
About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean
sea —
He pointed to th' Atlantic: "Sure, yon's no place for
slaves:
Haul down these British badges, for Freedom rules the
waves —
Rules the waves ! "
Three hundred strong men answered, shouting, "Free-
dom rules the waves ! "

Then all together rose and brought the British ensign
down,
And up we hauled our Irish Green, without the British
Crown.

Emblazoned there a Golden Harp like a maiden undefiled,
A shamrock wreath around her head, looked o'er the sea and smiled.
A hundred days, with adverse wind, we kept our course afar,
On the hundredth day came bearing down a British sloop of war.
When they spied our flag they fired a gun, but as they neared us fast,
Old Andrew Jackson went aloft and nailed it to the mast —
To the mast!
A soldier was old Jackson, and he made our colors fast.

Patrick Henry was our captain, as brave as ever sailed.
"Now we must do or die," said he, "for the Green Flag is nailed."
Silently came the sloop along; and silently we lay
Flat, till with cheers and loud broadside the foe began the fray.
Then the boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks, we cast;
One close discharge from all our guns cut down the tapering mast.
"Now, British tars! St. George's Cross is trailing in the sea —
How d'ye like the greeting and the handsel of the Free? —
Of the Free!
How like you, lads, the greeting of the men who will be free?"

They answered us with cannon, as befitted well their fame;
And to shoot away our Irish flag each gunner took his aim;
They ripped it up in ribbons till it fluttered in the air,
And riddled it with shot-holes till no Golden Harp was there;
But through the ragged holes the sky did glance and gleam in light,
Just as the twinkling stars shine through God's unfurled flag at night.
With dropping fire we sang, "Good-night, and fare ye well, brave tars!"
Our captain looked aloft: "By Heaven! the flag is Stripes and Stars!"
Stripes and Stars!
So into Boston port we sailed, beneath the Stripes and Stars.

PATRICK J. McCALL
(1861–)

HERSELF AND MYSELF

An Old Man's Song

'TWAS beyond at Macreddin, at Owen Doyle's weddin',
The boys got the pair of us out for a reel.
Says I: "Boys, excuse us." Says they: "Don't refuse us."
"I'll play nice and aisy," says Larry O'Neil.
So off we went trippin' it, up an' down steppin' it—
Herself and Myself on the back of the doore;
Till Molly—God bless her!—fell into the dresser,
An' I tumbled over a child on the floore.

Says Herself to Myself: "We're as good as the best of them."
Says Myself to Herself: "Sure, we're betther than gold."
Says Herself to Myself: "We're as young as the rest o' them."
Says Myself to Herself: "Troth, we'll never grow old."

As down the lane goin', I felt my heart growin'
As young as it was forty-five years ago.
'Twas here in this *bóreen* I first kissed my *stóireen*—

A sweet little colleen with skin like the snow.
I looked at my woman—a song she was hummin'
As old as the hills, so I gave her a *pogue;*
'Twas like our old courtin', half sarious, half sportin',
When Molly was young, an' when hoops were in vogue.

When she'd say to Myself: "You can court with the best o' them."
When I'd say to Herself: "Sure, I'm betther than gold."
When she'd say to Myself: "You're as wild as the rest o' them."
And I'd say to Herself: "Troth, I'm time enough old."

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SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

MICHAEL JOSEPH McCANN
(1824–1883)

O'DONNELL ABOO

PROUDLY the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale;
Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding,
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale.
On, ev'ry mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear!
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!
Bonnaught and gallowglass,
Throng from each mountain pass;
On for old Erin, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing
With many a chieftain and warrior clan,
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing
'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann;
Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail;
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring,
Borne on the breezes' wing,
Tir Connell's dread war-cry, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling;
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain;
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling;

All, all who would scare them are banished or slain.
Grasp every stalwart hand
Hackbut and battle brand,
Pay them all back the debt so long due;
Norris and Clifford well
Can of Tir Connell tell;
Onward to glory, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Sacred the cause of Clan Connaill's defending,
The altars we kneel at, the homes of our sires;
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending,
Midnight is red with the plunderers' fires.
On with O'Donnell, then,
Fight the old fight again,
Sons of Tir Connell, all valiant and true.
Make the false Saxon feel
Erin's avenging steel!
Strike for your country, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

DENIS A. McCARTHY

(*Living*)

AH, SWEET IS TIPPERARY

AH, sweet is Tipperary in the spring-time of the year,
When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feathered folk assemble and the air is all a-tremble
With their singing and their winging to and fro.
When queenly Slievenamon puts her verdant vesture on
And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets that dance —
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring-time of the year,
When the mists are rising from the lea,
When the golden vale is smiling with a beauty all beguiling
And the Sair goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multiply the flowers
That the lavish hand of May will fling;
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly plays —
Ah! sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring-time of the year,
When life like the years is young,
When the soul is just awaking, like a lily blossom breaking
And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish eyes
And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of pleasure half of pain —
Ah! sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

DENIS FLORENCE MacCARTHY
(1817–1882)

BLESS THE DEAR OLD VERDANT LAND

BLESS the dear old verdant land!
Brother, wert thou born of it!
As thy shadow life doth stand
Twining round its rosy band,
Did an Irish mother's hand
Guide thee in the morn of it?
Did a father's first command
Teach thee love or scorn of it?

Thou who tread'st its fertile breast,
Dost thou feel a glow for it?
Thou of all its charms possest,
Living on its first and best,
Art thou but a thankless guest
Or a traitor foe for it,
If thou lovest, where's the test?
Wilt thou strike a blow for it?

Has the past no goading sting
That can make thee rouse for it?
Does thy land's reviving spring,
Full of buds and blossoming,
Fail to make thy cold heart cling,
Breathing lover's vows for it?

With the circling ocean's ring
Thou wert made a spouse for it.

Hast thou kept as thou shouldst keep
Thy affections warm for it,
Letting no cold feeling creep
Like an ice-breath o'er the deep,
Freezing to a stony sleep.
Hopes the heart would form for it,
Glories that like rainbows peep
Through the darkening storm for it?

Son of this down-trodden land,
Aid us in the fight for it.
We seek to make it great and grand,
Its shipless bays, its naked strand,
By canvas-swelling breezes fanned:
Oh! what a glorious sight for it,
The past expiring like a brand
In morning's rosy light for it!

Think, this dear old land is thine,
And thou a traitor slave of it:
Think how the Switzer leads his kine,
When pale the evening star doth shine;
His song has home in every line,
Freedom in every stave of it;
Think how the German loves his Rhine!
And worships every wave of it!

Our own dear land is bright as theirs,
But oh! our hearts are cold for it;
Awake! we are not slaves but heirs.
Our fatherland requires our cares,

Our speech with men, with God our prayers
Spurn blood-stained Judas gold for it,
Let us do all that honor dares —
Be earnest, faithful, bold for it !

FROM THE CENTENARY ODE TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS MOORE

AND as not only by the Calton Mountain,
Is Scotland's bard remembered and revered,
But wheresoe'er, like some o'erflowing fountain,
Its hardy race a prosperous path has cleared,

There, 'mid the roar of newly rising cities,
His glorious name is heard on every tongue,
There, to the music of immortal ditties,
His lays of love, his patriot songs are sung.

So not alone beside that Bay of beauty
That guards the portals of his native town,
Where, like two watchful sentinels on duty,
Howth and Killiney from their heights looked down,—

But wheresoe'er the exiled race hath drifted,
By what far sea, what mighty stream beside,
There shall to-day the poet's name be lifted,
And Moore proclaimed its glory and its pride.

There shall his name be held in fond memento,
There shall his songs resound for evermore,
Whether beside the golden Sacramento,
Or where Niagara's thunder shakes the shore ;—

For all that's bright indeed must fade and perish,
And all that's sweet when sweetest not endure,
Before the world shall cease to love and cherish
The wit and song, the name and fame of MOORE.

IRELAND

(*1847*)

THEY are dying! they are dying! where the golden corn is growing;
They are dying! they are dying! where the crowded herds are lowing:
They are gasping for existence where the streams of life are flowing,
And they perish of the plague where the breeze of health is blowing!

God of justice! God of power!
Do we dream? can it be,
In this land, at this hour,
With the blossom of the tree,
In the gladsome month of May,
When the young lambs play,
When Nature looks around
On her waking children now,
The seed within the ground,
The bud upon the bough?
Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair
In this land, on this soil
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil,
And watered with our sweat?

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We have ploughed, we have sown
But the crop was not our own;
We have reaped, but harpy hands
Swept the harvest from our lands;
We were perishing for food,
When lo! in pitying mood
Our kindly rulers gave
The fat fluid of the slave,
While our corn filled the manger
Of the war-house of the stranger!
God of mercy! must this last?
Is this land preordained,
For the present and the past
And the future, to be chained,—
To be ravaged, to be drained,
To be robbed, to be spoiled,
To be hushed, to be whipt,
Its soaring pinions clipt,
And its every effort foiled?

Do our numbers multiply
But to perish and to die?
Is this all our destiny below,—
That our bodies, as they rot,
May fertilize the spot
Where the harvest of the stranger grow?
If this be, indeed, our fate,
Far, far better now, though late,
That we seek some other land and try some other zone;
The coldest, bleakest shore
Will surely yield us more
Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare not call our own.

Kindly brothers of the West
Who from Liberty's full breast
Have fed us, who are orphans beneath a stepdame's frown,
Behold our happy state
And weep your wretched fate
That you share not in the splendors of an empire and our crown !

Kindly brothers of the East,—
Thou great tiaraed priest,
Thou sanctified Rienzi of Rome and of the earth,—
O thou who bear'st control
Over golden Istambol
Who felt for our misfortunes and helped us in our dearth,—

Turn here your wondering eyes,
Call your wisest of the wise,
Your muftis and your ministers, your men of deepest lore;
Let the sagest of your sages
Ope our island's mystic pages,
And explain unto your highness the wonders of our shore.

A fruitful, teeming soil,
Where the patient peasants toil
Beneath the summer's sun and the watery winter sky;
Where they tend the golden grain
Till it bends up on the plain,
Then reap it for the stranger, and turn aside to die;

Where they watch their flocks increase,
And store the snowy fleece
Till they send it to their masters to be woven o'er the waves;
Where, having sent their meat,
For the foreigner to eat,
Their mission is fulfilled, and they creep into their graves.

'Tis for this they are dying where the golden corn is growing,
'Tis for this they are dying where the crowded herds are lowing,
'Tis for this they are dying where the streams of life are flowing,
And they perish of the plague where the breeze of health is blowing!

WAITING FOR THE MAY

AH! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May,—
Waiting for the pleasant rambles,
Where the fragrant hawthorn brambles,
With the woodbine alternating,
Scent the dewy way.
Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May,—
Longing to escape from study
To the fair young face and ruddy,

And the thousand charms belonging
To the summer's day.
Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May,—
Sighing for their sure returning,
When the summer beams are burning,
Hopes and flowers that dead or dying
All the winter lay.
Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May,—
Throbbing for the seaside billows,
Or the water-wooing willows,
Where in laughter and in sobbing
Glide the streams away.
Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing,
Throbbing for the May.

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
Waiting for the May.
Spring goes by with wasted warnings,—
Moonlit evenings, sun-bright mornings,—
Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
Life still ebbs away.
Man is ever weary, weary,
Waiting for the May.

JUSTIN McCARTHY
(1830–)

TO MY BURIED RIFLE

From "Monomia"

DEEP, deep in the earth you must lie, my old friend,
Though I once fondly hoped for a test of your worth.
But alas for our hopes! they are all at an end,
All gone like the smoke you so often sent forth.
Your barrel will soon grow all yellow with rust,—
That barrel whose radiance I used to admire;
But be not ashamed, though down in the dust;
'Twas not my old rifle, but we who hung fire.

Yet call us not cowards: the spirit was strong,
But famine our weakness too sorely had tried;
And our arms had been cramped by the shackles so long
They could only hang powerless down by our side.
It may have but needed one brave upward bound,—
Our limbs were too feeble to compass it then;
For you know that to lie very long on the ground,
Corrodes the best metal in rifles or men.

Yet our masters, all crushed as we are, should beware!
They have tried us too long; we may rally at length;

There are wrongs that man's patience could never yet
bear;
There are insults that change the slave's weakness to
strength;
I know by experience your barrel is strong;
One might overcharge you with safety at first;
But, should he continue to try you too long,
Why, tough as you are, you'd infallibly burst!

A bright day is coming, old rifle of mine,
And trust me its morning ere long will have birth!
God never made nations in serfdom to pine,
Men never made rifles to lie in the earth.
The summons will come, we shall answer its call,
Prepared for our country to do or to die.
So till that bright moment, for you and for all,
Dear trusty old rifle, I bid you good-bye.

JUSTIN H. McCARTHY
(1860–)

ARCADIAN

HIS surely is a happy lot who dwells
In pleasant pastures, far removed from town,
Whose life from sunrise till the sun goes down,
The same unchanging peaceful story tells;
Deep in the rustic lore of fleecy fells;
Proud of the harvest he himself has sown,
The spreading meadows that his hands have mown,

And the great cattle that he buys and sells,
For whom the placid night brings slumbers sweet,
Stirred by no sound of any dancing feet,
Lit by no light of any laughing eyes,
Whose quiet days unmoved by vain desire,
From summer's sunlight to the winter's fire,
Creep slowly on, until at last he dies.

MARTIN MacDERMOTT
(1823–)

GIRL OF THE RED MOUTH

GIRL of the red mouth,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the red mouth,
Love me!
'Tis by its curve, I know,
Love fashioneth his bow,
And bends it—ah, even so!
Oh, girl of the red mouth, love me!

Girl of the blue eye,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the dew eye,
Love me!
Worlds hang for lamps on high;
And thought's world lives in thy
Lustrous and tender eye—
Oh, girl of the blue eye, love me!

Girl of the swan's neck,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the swan's neck,
Love me!
As a marble Greek doth grow
To his steed's back of snow,
Thy white neck sits thy shoulder so,—
Oh, girl of the swan's neck, love me!

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Girl of the low voice,
Love me! Love me!
Girl of the sweet voice,
Love me!
Like the echo of a bell,—
Like the bubbling of a well —
Sweeter! Love within doth dwell,—
Oh, girl of the low voice, love me!

THE IRISH EXILE

WHEN round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured,— wine, melody, and mirth —
When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more —
Oh, in that hour 'twere kindly done, some woman's voice would say —
"Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor exiles, far away."

Alas, for them; this morning's sun saw many a moist eye pour
Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er,
And when he turned his lion-eye this ev'ning from the West,
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his couchèd crest;

But not to share his glory, then, or gladden in his ray,
They bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles, far away.

It was—oh; how the heart will cheat; because they thought, beyond
His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts were fond;
And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,
And through each breast poured many a thought that filled it like a sigh.
'Twas then—'twas then, all warm with love, they knelt them down to pray
For Irish home and kith and kin—poor exiles, far away.

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid,
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the whilst he prayed,
And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as summer rose,
And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep for Erin's woes.
And, oh, but then warm vows were breathed, that come what might or may,
They'd right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles, far away.

And some who were around the board, like loving brothers met,

The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can
forget;
They pledged—"The girls we left at home, God bless
them!" and they gave,
"The memory of our absent friends, the tender and
the brave!"
Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip—
hurray!
Drank—"Erin slantha gal go bragh,"—those exiles,
far away.
Then oh; to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music
rise,
Like memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,
Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised
vine,
The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark Canadian
pine—
Oh! don't these old familiar tones—now sad, and now
so gay—
Speak out your very, very hearts,—poor exiles, far
away!"

But, Heavens! how many sleep afar, all heedless of
these strains—
Tired wanderers, who sought repose through Europe's
battle plains;
In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell—as ships go
down in storms;
They fell—and human whirlwinds swept across their
shattered forms.
No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round; nor prayer,
nor tear had they,
Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor
exiles, far away.

And might the singer claim a sigh, he too, could tell how, tost
Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were lost;
How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friendship greet his ear,
And pined, to walk the riverside, to youthful musing dear,
And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst his own to stay —
Alas; it is so sad to be an exile far away.

Then, oh! when round the Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured,—wine, melody and mirth —
When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once more —
In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps, some woman's voice would say —
"Think—think, on those who weep to-night, poor exiles, far away."

NEIL M'DEVITT

BATTLE OF DUNDALK

LO, they come, they come; but all too late—their king is on the wave,
Bound to the mast of a Danish ship, the pirate Northman's slave.
Dundalk, on thy shore is often heard the roar of the boiling sea,
But wilder far is the madd'ning shout that now is heard by thee;
The voice of the soldier's rage when the foe with the prize is fled,
And the bursting yell of pale despair when hope itself is dead;
Then o'er that warrior-band in wrath a deathlike silence pass'd
As they gazed when Sitrick's sails unfurl'd swell'd proudly to the blast.

And must he go? Shall Monomia's king serve in a hostile land?
Oh, for one ship! with Irish hearts, to crush that Danish band!
But hark! a cheer—and the list'ning hills give back the joyous sound.
A sail—a sail is seen away where the skies the waters bound.
There's a pause anew—each searching eye is on that sail afar;
Again the cheer rings loud and high—'tis Monomia's ship of war.

Boldly they come o'er the swelling tide, their men as wild and free
As winds that play on the mountain's side, or waves that course the sea.

And well they come to free their king from robbers of the main;
His sceptre ne'er a tyrant's rod, nor his rule a tyrant's chain.
And onward towards the foe they steer—a sight sublimely grand—
War's stern array hath there an awe it never knows on land.
Soon many a sword salutes the sun, drawn in that deadly strife,
From many a heart that bounded high soon flows the tide of life.
The king—the king—to free the king bold Fionn hews his way,
And woe to him who meets his sword on this eventful day.

The king is won; but the lion heart that sets his master free
Is deeply pierced—as he cuts the cord his life-blood dyes the sea.
Brave Fionn's head is held on high, the Irish to appal,
But they rush more fiercely to the fight, led on by young Fingall.
Sternly, foot to foot and sword to sword, for death or life they meet,
And brave, though few, they long withstand the hordes of Sitrick's fleet;

But slow at last, o'er heaps of slain, the Irish yield apace,
The many have the few o'ercome, and defeat is no disgrace.

Oh! Fingall—Fingall, what dread resolve now seizes on your mind?
All, all is done that valor can—give way, and be resigned.
Swiftly he rush'd, as one possess'd, 'mid all that hostile train,
Seizing their king, with one wild bound, plung'd both into the main,
Then sudden, as if by frenzy sped, two Irish chiefs as brave,
The king's two brothers as quickly seized, and dash'd into the wave.
And Freedom smiled when she saw the deed, she knew the day was won;
But with that smile came a bitter tear—she had lost her favorite son.
With terror struck, the astonish'd Danes at every point gave way,
And few were left to tell the tale of that destructive fray.

There was joy that week o'er all the land, from Bann to Shannon's shore;
For they said those Danish chiefs will come to spoil our homes no more.
But ere the song of mirth went round, or toast in hut or hall,
A tear was shed, and a prayer was said, for Fionn and Fingall.

And thro' the wars of after years their names were the
battle-cry,
And many a heart that else had quail'd, by them was
taught to die;
And oft as Freedom broke a chain, or tyrants met
their fall,
A tear was shed, a prayer was said for Fionn and
Fingall.

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THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE
(1825–1868)

DEATH OF THE HOMEWARD BOUND

PALER and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew—
The pole-star had set in a forest of cloud,
And the icicles cracked on spar and on shroud,
When a voice from below we heard feebly cry,
"Let me see—let me see—my own Land ere I die.

"Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?
Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?
You are young, my brave boy; thanks, thanks, for your hand,
Help me up, till I get a last glimpse of the land—
Thank God, 'tis the sun that now reddens the sky,
I shall see—I shall see—my own Land ere I die.

"Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,
And one-half of my heart is already stone cold—
Forty years work a change! when I first crossed the sea
There were few on the deck that could grapple with me;
But my prime and my youth in Ohio went by
And I'm come back to see the old spot ere I die."

'Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,
His arm round a kindly young mariner's neck,

His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east,
As a starveling might stare at the sound of a feast;
The morn quickly rose, and revealed to his eye
The Land he had prayed to behold, and then die!

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done—
High and haughty the capes the white surf dashed upon—
A gray ruined convent was down by the strand,
And the sheep fed afar, on the hills of the land!
"God be with you, dear Ireland," he gasped with a sigh,
"I have lived to behold you—I'm ready to die."

MEMORIES

I LEFT two loves on a distant strand,
One young, and fond, and fair, and bland;
One fair, and old, and sadly grand,—
My wedded wife and my native land.

One tarrieth sad and seriously
Beneath the roof that mine should be;
One sitteth sibyl-like, by the sea,
Chanting a grave song mournfully.

A little life I have not seen
Lies by the heart that mine hath been;
A cypress wreath darkles now, I ween,
Upon the brow of my love in green.

The mother and wife shall pass away,
Her hands be dust, her lips be clay;
But my other love on earth shall stay,
And live in the life of a better day.

Ere we were born my first love was,
My sires were heirs to her holy cause;
And she yet shall sit in the world's applause,
A mother of men and blessèd laws.

I hope and strive the while I sigh,
For I know my first love cannot die:
From the chain of woes that loom so high
Her reign shall reach to eternity.

SALUTATION TO THE CELTS

HAIL to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,
In the far woods of Oregon or o'er the Atlantic sea;
Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales,
Or spread beneath the nightless North experimental sails —
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scottish land,
Though small the power of Mona, though unawaked Llewellyn's band,

Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle tales,
Though Iona's ruined cloisters are swept by northern gales:
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

In Northern Spain and Italy our brethren also dwell
And brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell:
The Eagle or the Crescent in the dawn of history pales
Before the advancing banners of the great Rome-conquering Gaels.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send:
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end —
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails
The glory or the story of the sea-divided Gaels.
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

THE CELTS

LONG, long ago beyond the misty space
Of twice a thousand years,
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,
Taller than Roman spears;
Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace,
Were fleet as deers,
With winds and waves they made their 'biding place,
These western shepherd seers.

Their ocean-god was Mân-â-nân M'Lir,
Whose angry lips,
In their white foam, full often would inter
Whole fleets of ships;
Cromah their day-god, and their thunderer,
Made morning and eclipse;
Bride was their queen of song, and unto her
They prayed with fire-touched lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions, and their sports;
With clay and stone
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts,
Not yet o'erthrown;
On cairn-crowned hills they held their council-courts;
While youths alone,
With giant dogs, explored the elk resorts,
And brought them down.

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,
Whose ancient song
Over the clamor of all change is heard,
Sweet-voiced and strong.
Fin once o'ertook Granee, the golden-haired,
The fleet and young;
From her the lovely, and from him the feared,
The primal poet sprung.

Ossian! two thousand years of mist and change
Surround thy name —
Thy Finian heroes now no longer range
The hills of fame.
The very name of Fin and Gaul sound strange —

Yet thine the same —
By miscalled lake and desecrated grange —
Remains, and shall remain!
The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed
We scarce can trace.
There is not left an undisputed deed
Of all your race,
Save your majestic song, which hath their speed,
And strength, and grace;
In that sole song, they live and love, and bleed —
It bears them on thro' space.

Oh, inspired giant! shall we e'er behold,
In our own time,
One fit to speak your spirit on the wold,
Or seize your rhyme?
One pupil of the past, as mighty souled
As in the prime,
Were the fond, fair, and beautiful, and bold —
They, of your song sublime!

THE DEAD ANTIQUARY O'DONOVAN

FAR are the Gaelic tribes and wide
Scattered round earth on every side,
For good or ill;
They aim at all things, rise or fall,
Succeed or perish—but, through all,
Love Erin still.

Although a righteous Heaven decrees [1]
'Twixt us and Erin stormy seas

[1] These lines were written in America.

And barriers strong —
Of care, and circumstance, and cost —
Yet count not all your absent lost,
Oh, Land of Song!

Above *your* roofs no star can rise
That does not lighten in *our* eyes;
Nor any set,
That ever shed a cheering beam
On Irish hillside, street or stream,
That we forget.

And thus it comes that even I,
Though weakly and unworthily,
Am moved by grief
To join the melancholy throng
And chant the sad entombing song
Above the Chief.

I would not do the dead a wrong:
If graves could yield a growth of song
Like flowers of May,
Then Mangan from the tomb might raise
One of his old resurgent lays —
But, well-a-day!

He, close beside his early friend,
By the stark shepherd safely penned,
Sleeps out the night;
So his weird numbers never more
The sorrow of the isle shall pour,
In tones of might.

Though haply still, by Liffey's tide,
That mighty master must abide,
Who voiced our grief
O'er Davis lost; [1] and he who gave
His free frank tribute to the grave
Of Eire's Chief; [2]

Yet must it not be said that we
Failed in the rites of minstrelsy,
So dear to souls
Like his whom lately death had ta'en,
Altho' the vast Atlantic main
Between us rolls!

Too few, too few, among our great,
In camp or cloister, Church or State,
Wrought as he wrought;
Too few, of all the brave we trace
Among the champions of our race,
Gave us his thought.

He toiled to make our story stand,
As from Time's reverent, Runic hand
It came undecked
By fancies false; erect, alone,
The monumental Arctic stone
Of ages wrecked.

He marshaled Brian on the plain,
Sailed in the galleys of the Dane;

[1] Sir Samuel Ferguson.

[2] Denis Florence MacCarthy, whose poem on the death of O'Connell was one of the noblest tributes paid to the memory of the great Tribune.—*Author's note.*

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Earl Richard too,
Fell Norman as he was and fierce —
Of him and his he dared rehearse
The story true.

O'er all low limits still his mind
Soared catholic and unconfined,
From malice free.
On Irish soil he only saw
One State, One People, and One Law,
One Destiny.

Truth was his solitary test,
His star, his chart, his east, his west;
Nor is there aught
In text, in ocean, or in mine,
Of greater worth, or more divine
Than this he sought.

With gentle hand he rectified
The errors of old bardic pride,
And set aright
The story of our devious past.
And left it, as it now must last,
Full in the light.

THE GOBBAN SAOR

HE stepped a man, out of the ways of men,
And no one knew his sept, or rank, or name,
Like a strong stream far issuing from a glen,
From some source unexplored the Master came;

Gossip there were who, wondrous keen of ken,
Surmised that he must be a child of shame;
Others declared him of the Druids, then —
Thro' Patrick's labors—fallen from power and fame.

He lived apart, wrapt up in many plans;
He wooed not women, tasted not of wine;
He shunned the sports and councils of the clans;
Nor ever knelt at a frequented shrine.
His orisons were old poetic ranns
Which the new Olamhs deem'd an evil sign;
To most he seemed one of those Pagan Khans
Whose mystic vigor knows no cold decline.

He was the builder of the wondrous Towers,
Which, tall and straight and exquisitely round,
Rise monumental round this isle of ours,
Index-like, marking spots of holy ground.
In glooming silent glens, in lowland bowers,
On river banks, these *Cloichteachs* old abound,
Where Art, enraptured, meditates long hours
And Science ponders, wondering and spell-bound.

Lo, wheresoe'er these pillar-towers aspire,
Heroes and holy men repose below;
The bones of some, gleaned from a pagan pyre,
Others in armor lie, as for a foe;
It was the mighty Master's life-desire
To chronicle his great ancestors so;
What holier duty, what achievement higher
Remains to us, than this he thus doth show?

Yet he, the builder, died an unknown death;
His labors done, no man beheld him more;
'Twas though his body faded like a breath —
Or, like a sea-mist, floated off Life's shore.
Doubt overhangs his fate, and faith, and birth:
His works alone attest his life and love,
They are the only witnesses he hath,
All else Egyptian darkness covers o'er.

Men called him Gobban Saor, and many a tale
Yet lingers in the byways of the land,
Of how he cleft the rock, and down the vale
Led the bright river, childlike, in his hand;
Of how on giant ships he spread great sail
And many marvels else, by him first planned,
And tho' these legends fail, in Innisfail
His name and Towers for centuries still shall stand.

MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS "ETHNA CARBERY"

Anna Johnston
(1866–1902)

FEITHFAILGE

THE blue lake of Devenish !
I put my thousand blessings there ;
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
On shadow waters all a-stir,
And on the wind-blown honeysuckle
Beauty of Feithfailge's hair.

The blue lake of Devenish !
I pray, if God but grant the grace,
(*The blue lake of Devenish*),
To win that dear enchanted place,
Where spring bides in the apple-blossom,
Beauty of Feithfailge's face.

The blue lake of Devenish !
I vex the purple dark with sighs —
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
Across the world my sorrow flies,
A-hunger for the gray and wistful
Beauty of Feithfailge's eyes.

The blue lake of Devenish !
I wander far, yet find no rest —
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
Sore-haunted ever, and oppressed
By dreams that pillow on the snow-white
Beauty of Feithfailge's breast.

The blue lake of Devenish,
She walks there in the quiet, meet
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
For prayerful thoughts, and visions sweet,
And cool green grasses kiss the lightsome
Beauty of Feithfailge's feet.

The blue lake of Devenish,
I would the red gold were my part,
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)
Ripe fields, and herds upon Drimart,
That by my fire might shine the lovelit
Beauty of Feithfailge's heart.

I–BREASIL

THERE is a way I am fain to go—
To the mystical land where all are young,
Where the silver branches have buds of snow,
And every leaf is a singing tongue.

It lies beyond the night and day,
Over shadowy hill, and moorland wide,
And whoso enters casts care away,
And wistful longings unsatisfied.

There are sweet white women, a radiant throng,
Swaying like flowers in a scented wind:
But between us the veil of earth is strong,
And my eyes to their luring eyes are blind.

A blossom of fire is each beauteous bird,
Scarlet and gold on melodious wings,
And never so haunting a strain was heard
From royal harp in the Hall of Kings.

The sacred trees stand in rainbow dew,
  Apple and ash and the twisted thorn,
Quicken and holly and dusky yew,
  Ancient ere ever gray Time was born.

The oak spreads mighty beneath the sun
  In a wonderful dazzle of moonlight green —
O would I might hasten from tasks undone,
  And journey whither no grief hath been!

Were I past the mountains of opal flame,
  I would seek a couch of the king-fern brown,
And when from its seed glad slumber came,
  A flock of rare dreams would flutter down.

But I move without in an endless fret,
  While somewhere beyond earth's brink, afar,
Forgotten of men, in a rose-rim set,
  I-Breasil shines like a beckoning star.

OUR ROAD

HERE is the road that you must climb with me,
  This road that winds between the hill and sea,
  And leads to where our quiet home shall be.

Love waits us there—not proud, nor kingly clad,
Oh! just a little joyous country lad,
With tender wiles to make our tired hearts glad.

No barbèd arrow doth he hold for us —
But outstretched hands, divine and generous.
Would all sad wayfarers were welcomed thus!

The world hath tortured—yet immense our gain
To find enduring peace around us twain,
I, weary of my wanderings, you of your disdain.

SHIELA–NI–GARA

SHIELA-NI-GARA,[1] it is lonesome where you bide,
With the plovers circling over and the sagans spreading wide,
With an empty sea before you and behind a wailing world,
Where the sword lieth rusty and the Banner Blue is furled.

Is it a sail you wait, Shiela? 'Tea, from the Westering sun.
Shall it bring joy or sorrow? Oh, joy sadly won.
Shall it bring peace or conflict? The pibroch in the glen
And the flash and crash of battle round a host of fighting men.

Green spears of Hope rise round you like grass blades after drouth,
And there blows a white wind from the East, a red wind from the South,
A brown wind from the West, *Agra*, a brown wind from the West —
But the black, black wind from the Northern hills, how can you love it best?

[1] *Shiela-ni-Gara*, one of the allegorical names of Ireland.

Said Shiela-ni-Gara, " 'Tis a kind wind and a true,
For it rustled soft through Aileach's Halls and stirred
the hair of Hugh ;
Then blow, wind ! and snow, wind ! What matters
storm to me
Now I know the fairy sleep must break and set the
sleepers free ! "

But, Shiela-ni-Gara, why rouse the stony dead,
Since at your call a living host shall circle you in-
stead ?
Long is our hunger for your voice—the hour is draw-
ing near —
*O Dark Rose of our Passion ! call and our hearts
shall hear.*

THE BROWN WIND OF CONNACHT

THE brown wind of Connacht
Across the bogland blown
(The brown wind of Connacht)
Turns my heart to a stone ;
For it cries my name at twilight,
And cries it at the noon —
" O Mairgread Ban ! O Mairgread Ban ! "
Just like a fairy tune.

The brown wind of Connacht,
When Dermot came to woo
(The brown wind of Connacht)
It heard his whispers too ;

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And while my wheel goes whirring,
It taps on my window-pane,
Till I open wide to the Dead outside,
And the sea-salt misty rain.

The brown wind of Connacht
With women wailed one day
(The brown wind of Connacht)
For a wreck in Galway Bay;
And many the dark-faced fishers
That gathered their nets in fear,
But one sank straight to the Ghostly Gate —
And he was my Dermot Dear.

The brown wind of Connacht,
Still keening in the dawn
(The brown wind of Connacht)
For my true love that's gone.
Oh, cold green wave of danger,
Drift him a restful sleep —
O'er his young black head on its lowly bed,
While his weary wake I keep.

THE COLD SLEEP OF BRIGHIDIN[1]

THERE'S a sweet sleep for my love by yon glimmering blue wave,
But alas! it is a cold sleep in a green-happed narrow grave.

[1] In the light of after-events, this song—even in the very particulars of season and month—proves to have been the singer's own inspired death lament.

O shadowy Finn, move slowly,
Break not her peace so holy,
Stir not her slumber in the grass your restless ripples lave.

My Heart's Desire, my Treasure, our wooing time was brief,
From the misty dawns of April till the fading of the leaf,
From the first clear cuckoo calling
Till the harvest gold was falling,
And my store of joy was garnered at the binding of the sheaf.

There came another lover, more swift than I, more strong,
He bore away my little love in middle of her song;
Silent, ah me! his wooing,
And silent his pursuing,
Silent he stretched his arms to her who did not tarry long.

So in his House of Quiet she keeps her troth for aye
With him, the stronger lover, until the Judgment Day:
And I go lonely, lonely,
Bereft of my one only
Bright star, Rose-blossom, Singing-bird that held the year at May.

The purple mountains guard her, the valley folds her in,
In dreams I see her walking with angels cleansed of sin.

Is heaven too high and saintly
For her to hear, though faintly,
One word of all my grieving on her grave beside Loch Finn?

THE PASSING OF THE GAEL

THEY are going, going, going from the valleys and the hills,
They are leaving far behind them heathery moor and mountain rills,
All the wealth of hawthorn hedges where the brown thrush sways and trills.

They are going, shy-eyed colleens and lads so straight and tall,
From the purple peaks of Kerry, from the crags of wild Imaal,
From the greening plains of Mayo and the glens of Donegal.

They are leaving pleasant places, shores with snowy sands outspread;
Blue and lonely lakes a-stirring when the wind stirs overhead;
Tender living hearts that love them, and the graves of kindred dead.

They shall carry to the distant land a tear-drop in the eye,
And some shall go uncomforted—their days an endless sigh
For Kathaleen Ní Houlihan's sad face, until they die.

Oh, Kathaleen Ní Houlihan, your road's a thorny way,
And 'tis a faithful soul would walk the flints with you for aye,
Would walk the sharp and cruel flints until his locks grew gray.

So some must wander to the East, and some must wander West;
Some seek the white wastes of the North, and some a Southern nest:
Yet never shall they sleep so sweet as on your mother breast.

The whip of hunger scourged them from the glens and quiet moors,
But there's a hunger of the heart that plenty never cures;
And they shall pine to walk again the rough road that is yours.

Within the city streets, hot, hurried, full of care,
A sudden dream shall bring them a whiff of Irish air —
A cool air, faintly-scented, blown soft from otherwhere.

Oh, the cabins long-deserted!—Olden memories awake —
Oh, the pleasant, pleasant places!—Hush! the blackbird in the brake!
Oh, the dear and kindly voices!—Now their hearts are fain to ache.

They may win a golden store—sure the whins were
golden too;
And no foreign skies hold beauty like the rainy skies
they knew;
Nor any night-wind cool the brows as did the foggy
dew.

* * * * * *

They are going, going, going, and we cannot bid them
stay;
The fields are now the strangers' where the strangers'
cattle stray.
*Oh! Kathaleen Ni Houlihan, your way's a thorny
way!*

THINKING LONG

OH, thinkin' long's the weary work!
It breaks my heart from dawn
Till all we wee, wee, friendly stars
Come out at dayli' gone.
An' thinkin' long's the weary work,
When I must spin, and spin,
To drive the fearsome fancies out
An' hold the hopeful in!

Ah, sure my lad is far away!
My lad who left our glen
When from the soul of Ireland came
A call for fightin' men;
I miss his gray eyes glancin' bright,
I miss his liltin' song,
And that is why, the lonesome day,
I'm always thinkin' long.

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May God's kind angels guard him
When the fray is fierce and grim,
And blunt the point of every sword
That turns its hate on him,
Where round the torn yet dear green flag
The grave and lovin' throng —
But the lasses of Glenwherry smile
At me for thinkin' long.

TURLOUGH MacSWEENEY

A HEALTH to you, Piper
and your pipes silver-tongued, clear and
sweet in their crooning.

Full of the music they gathered at morn
On your high heather hills from the lark on the wing,
From the blackbird at eve on the blossoming thorn,
From the little green linnet whose plaining they sing,
And the joy and the hope in the heart of the spring,
O Turlough MacSweeney!

Play us our Eire's most sorrowful songs,
As she sits by her reeds near the wash of the wave,
That the coldest may thrill at the count of her wrongs,
That the sword may flash forth from the scabbard to save,
And the wide land awake at the wrath of the brave,
O Turlough MacSweeney!

Play as the bards played in days long ago,
When O'Donnell, arrayed for the foray or feast,
With your kinsmen from Bannat and Fannat and Doe

With piping and harping, and blessing of priest,
Rode out in the blaze of the sun from the East,
O Turlough MacSweeney!

Play as they played in that rapturous hour
When the clans heard in gladness his young fiery call
Who burst from the gloom of the Sassenach tower,
And sped to the welcome in dear Donegal,
Then on to his hailing as chieftain of all —
O Turlough MacSweeney!

Play as they played, when, a trumpet of war,
His voice for the rally, pealed up to the blue,
And the Kerns from the hills and the glens and the scaur
Marched after the banner of conquering Hugh —
Led into the fray by a piper like you,
O Turlough MacSweeney!

And surely no note of such music shall fail,
Wherever the speech of our Eire is heard,
To foster the hope of the passionate Gael,
To fan the old hatred, relentless when stirred,
To strengthen our souls for the strife to be dared,
O Turlough MacSweeney!

May your pipes, silver-tongued, clear and sweet in their crooning,
Keep the magic they captured at dawning and even
From the blackbird at home, and the lark on its journey,
From the thrush on its spray, and the little green linnet.
A health to you, Piper!

JAMES (SEUMAS) MACMANUS
(1868–)

A STOR, GRA GEAL MOCHREE[1]

THE braes they are aflame with whin,
The glens with flowers rejoice;
In every bush a gladsome bird
Lifts up a tuneful voice.
But whin and flower and bonny bird,
And each sweet melody,
But adds an ache to my sore heart,
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

For, whins may flame and flowers may bloom,
And sun flood hill and plain,
And birds on every bough may sing
"Sweet Summer's come again;"
Yet I shall shiver for the chill
That holds the heart of me —
My Sun has set, my Summer fled,
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

You were my cherished Flower of Flowers,
You were my Warbler sweet,
You were my Sun of Summer kind,
You were my world complete;
'Twas Nothingness beyond you, when
Those arms enfolded me —
Now I'm alone with loneliness,
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

[1] *A stor, gra geal mochree*, bright treasure of my heart.

The Flower has withered on the brae,
The Bird has quit the tree,
And all the world has weary grown,
For my sad heart and me:
Yet patiently through empty years
My sorrow would I dree,
Did you but look your love once more,
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

The grass waves o'er your dear black head,
The cold clay wraps you round,
It's lonesome for you lying there
So deep in the dark ground,
Where my arms can never reach you,
Where you can never see
The blinding love that fills my eyes,
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

'Tis sad to think those eyes don't light,
And I, your Heart, so near;
'Tis sore that I should call and call,
And you refuse to hear,
But sleep, *a rúin*,[1] for sure 'tis Night:
And soon glad Dawn shall be,
When lips will meet and souls will greet,
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

MY INVER BAY

OH! Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;
When with many's a laugh the boats put off,
And many's the merry cry!

[1] *A rúin*, my dear.

To Cork's own cove though one may rove,
They will not find *mo croidhe!*[1]
A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
A sweeter bay nor thee.
For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,
I wouldn't swap, not I,
My Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

A purtier boat there's not afloat
Than Donal Rose's "Nan,"
A boulder crew, nor boys more true
There's not in wide Irelan'.
A long, long pull, a sthrong, sthrong pull,
And one right hearty cheer,
Our "Nan" so brave, she tops the wave,
And our comrades' boats we clear;
We lead the throng, we sthrike a song,
We rise it loud and high
On Inver Bay, of a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

Till we reach away where the herrin's play,
There's neither slack nor slow;
As quick as thought our nets are shot,
On the thwarts, then we lie low,
And many's the stave rolls over the wave,
And many's the yarn is told;
The sea all white, with silver bright,
The air all filled with gold —

[1] *Mo croidhe*, pronounced *machree*, my heart.

A scene so grand, God's good right hand
It ne'er reached from on high,
As Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

O'er Norroway it's give me sway,
With a palace wide and broad,
With silks and wine and jewels fine,
And hundreds at my nod —
In robes all gay, with golden spray
It's dhress me you might do;
But I'd loathe your wine, your jewels fine,
Your gold and your kingdom too;
For a ragged coat, in Donal's boat,
It's I'd lament and sigh,
And Inver Bay of a harvest day,
With the sun goin' down the sky.

Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones
Have rushed across the say,
And God He knows each wind that blows
Is waftin' more away!
It's sore distress does them hard press,
They dhrop their heads and go —
Oh, Sorrow's Queen, it's you has seen
Their hearts big swelled with woe!
Though gold they make, their hearts they break,
And they sit them down and cry,
For Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;

Oh! Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky;
When with many's the laugh the boats put off,
And many's the merry cry!

To Cork's own cove though one may rove,
They will not find, *mo croidhe !*
A rarer bay, a fairer bay,
A sweeter bay nor thee !
For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad
I wouldn't swap, not I,
My Inver Bay on a harvest day,
And the sun goin' down the sky.

DR. R. R. MADDEN

THE UNITED BROTHERS

Henry and John Sheares

THE brothers in love are united in death,
And they sealed with their blood that alliance;
The ties of one cause, of one kindred, and faith,
And affliction, bid despots defiance.
They joined, heart and hand, in one struggle, and gave
Their young blood to maintain it; while others,
Who urged on the strife, soon abandoned the brave,
But they—stood by their country like brothers!

When Freedom, by treachery foully betrayed,
Found the friends fall away who had plighted
Their faith to her cause, still one spirit prevailed
In the hearts of the brothers united —
They clung to that cause in the midst of despair,
When the tempest had terrified others;
And, like comrades in danger, endeared, as they were,
They went down with the wreck like true brothers!

DR. WILLIAM MAGINN
(1794–1841)

THE SOLDIER-BOY

I GIVE my soldier-boy a blade,
In fair Damascus fashioned well
Who first the glittering falchion swayed,
Who first beneath its fury fell,
I know not, but I hope to know
That for no mean or hireling trade,
To guard no feeling base or low,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

Cool, calm and clear, the lucid flood
In which its tempering work was done,
As calm, as clear, as cool of mood,
Be thou whene'er it sees the sun:
For country's claim, at honor's call,
For outraged friend, insulted maid,
At mercy's voice to bid it fall,
I give my soldier-boy a blade.

The eye which marked its peerless edge,
The hand that weighed its balanced poise,
Anvil and pincers, forge and wedge,
Are gone with all their flame and noise —
And still the gleaming sword remains;
So, when in dust I low am laid,
Remember by those heart-felt strains,
I gave my soldier-boy a blade.

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FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY

Father Prout

(1805–1866)

THE BELLS OF SHANDON

Sabbata Pango,
Funera Plango,
Solemnia Clango.
—*Inscription on an old bell.*

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think on
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;

While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

I've heard the bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious,
Singing uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk, O!
In Saint Sophia
  The Turkman gets,

And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem
  More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the River Lee.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN
(1803–1849)

A VISION

Translated from Conor O'Riordan

Conor O'Riordan was a native of West Muskerry, County Cork, and flourished about 1760. He was a schoolmaster, like most of his associates.

ONCE I strayed from Charleville,
As careless as could be;
I wandered over plain and hill
Until I reached the Lee,—
And there I found a flowery dell
Of beauty rare to tell,
With woods around as rich in swell
As eye shall ever see.

Wild-birds warbled in their bower
Songs passing soft and sweet,
And brilliant hues adorned each flower
That bloomed beneath my feet.
All sickness, feebleness, and pain,
The wounded heart and tortured brain,
Would vanish, ne'er to come again,
In that serene retreat!

Lying in my lonely lair
In sleep medreamt I saw
A damsel wonderfully fair,
Whose beauty waked my awe.

Her eyes were lustrous to behold,
Her tresses shone like flowing gold,
And nigh her stood that urchin bold,
Young Love, who gives earth law.

The Boy drew near me, smiled, and laughed,
And from his quiver drew
A delicately pointed shaft
Whose mission I well knew.
But that bright maiden raised her hand,
And in a tone of high command
Exclaimed, "Forbear! put up your brand,—
He hath not come to woo."

"Damsel of the queenly brow,"
I spake, "my life, my love,
What name, I pray thee, bearest thou
Here or in heaven above?"
"Banba and Eire am I called,
And Heber's kingdom, now enthralled,
I mourn my heroes, fetter-galled,
While all alone I rove."

Together then in that sweet place
In saddest mood we spoke,
Lamenting much the valiant race
Who wear the exile's yoke,
And never hear aught glad or blithe,
Naught but the sound of spade or scythe,
And see naught but the willow withe,
Or gloomy grove of oak.

"But hear,—I have a tale to tell,"
She said,—"a cheering tale;
The Lord of Heaven, I know full well,
Will soon set free the Gael.
A band of warriors, great and brave,
Are coming o'er the ocean wave;
And you shall hold the lands God gave
Your sires, both hill and vale."

ALDFRID'S ITINERARY

During the seventh century so great was the fame of the Irish schools that many foreign princes were sent to Ireland to receive their education. Among them was Aldfrid, King of Northumbria, who was trained in all the learning of Erin, and who always aided and abetted the Irish in England. On leaving Ireland he composed a poem in the Irish language and meter, which Mangan translated "more closely than was his wont," as Mr. Douglas Hyde says.

I FOUND in Innisfail the fair,
In Ireland, while in exile there,
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,
Many clerics and many laymen.

I traveled its fruitful provinces round,
And in every one of the five I found,
Alike in church and in palace hall,
Abundant apparel, and food for all.

Gold and silver I found in money;
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;
I found God's people rich in pity,
Found many a feast, and many a city.

I also found in Armagh the splendid,
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended,
Fasting as Christ hath recommended,
And noble councilors untranscended.

I found in each great church moreo'er,
Whether on island or on shore,
Piety, learning, fond affection,
Holy welcome and kind protection.

I found the good lay monks and brothers
Ever beseeching help for others,
And, in their keeping, the Holy Word,
Pure as it came from JESUS the LORD.

I found in Munster, unfettered of any,
Kings and queens and poets a many,
Poets well-skilled in music and measure,
Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.

I found in Connaught the just, redundance
Of riches, milk in lavish abundance;
Hospitality, vigor, fame,
In Cruachan's land of heroic name.

* * * * * *

I found in Ulster from hill to glen,
Hardy warriors, resolute men;
Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,
And strength transmitted from sire to son.

* * * * * *

I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek,
From Dublin to Slewmargy's peak,
Flourishing pastures, valor, health,
Song-loving worthies, commerce, wealth.

I found besides from Ara to Glea
In the broad rich country of Ossorie,
Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,
Great chess-players, men of truthful speech.

I found in Meath's fair principality,
Virtue, vigor, and hospitality;
Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity —
Ireland's bulwark and security.

I found strict morals in age and youth,
I found historians recording truth;
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth
I found them all I have written sooth.

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DARK ROSALEEN

From "The Irish"

OH! my dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green,
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green,
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!

Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.
The Erne, at its highest flood,
I dashed across unseen,
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move.
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my Queen,
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.

But yet will I rear your throne
  Again in golden sheen;
'Tis you shall reign, shall reign alone,
  My dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
  My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
  Will I fly for your weal:
Your holy delicate white hands
  Shall girdle me with steel.
At home in your emerald bowers,
  From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
  My dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
  My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
  I could plow the high hills,
Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer,
  To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
  Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
  My dark Rosaleen!
  My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
  My dark Rosaleen!

Oh! the Erne shall run red
With redundance of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gun-peal and slogan-cry
Wake many a glen serene,
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,
My dark Rosaleen!

GONE IN THE WIND[1]

I

SOLOMON! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the blind,
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

II

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;

[1] Mangan describes this as a translation from the German of Rückert. It has, however, no German original—the phrase "gone in the wind" being practically all that it possesses in common with a certain poem of Rückert's, and there the phrase is used differently.

Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed
and enshrined,
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

III

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the
wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the
wind.

IV

Say, what is Pleasure! A phantom, a mask undefined.
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the
rind.
Honor and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath
signed,
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

V

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

VI

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are en-
twined;
Woe to the miners for Truth—where the Lampless
have mined!
Woe to the seekers on earth for—what none ever find!
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on
the wind.

VII

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned
All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

VIII

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor humankind,
Raving of knowledge—and Satan so busy to blind!
Raving of glory,—like me,—for the garlands I bind
(Garlands of Song) are but gathered, and strewn in the wind.

IX

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.
I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,
And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN[1]

A Jacobite relic—from the Irish.

LONG they pine in weary woe—the nobles of our land—
Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and banned;

[1] One of the numerous poetic names for Ireland.

Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand,
But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Think not her a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen;
Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;
Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,
Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Sweet and mild would look her face—Oh! none so sweet and mild—
Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled;
Woolen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her child,
If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones
Vassal to a Saxoneen of cold and sapless bones!
Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs and groans
We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Let us pray to him who holds life's issues in his hands,
Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand lands:
Girding them with sea and mountains, rivers deep, and strands,
To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

He who over sands and waves led Israel along —
He who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe
and throng;
He who stood by Moses when his foes were fierce and
strong,
May he show forth his might in saving Kathaleen
Ny-Houlahan!

KINKORA[1]

From the Irish of Mac-Liag.

O WHERE, Kinkora! is Brian the Great,
And where is the beauty that once was thine?
O where are the princes and nobles that sate
At the feasts in thy halls, and drank the red wine?
Where, O Kinkora?

O where, Kinkora! are thy valorous lords?
O whither, thou hospitable! are they gone?
O where are the Dalcassians of the golden swords?[2]
And where are the warriors Brian led on?
Where, O Kinkora?

[1] This poem is ascribed to Mac-Liag, the secretary of Brian Boruimha, who fell at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014; and the subject of it is a lamentation for the fallen condition of Kinkora, the palace of that monarch, consequent on his death. The decease of Mac-Liag is recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters," as having taken place in 1015. A great number of his poems are still in existence, but none of them has obtained a popularity so widely extended as his "Lament." The palace of Kinkora, which was situated on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe, is now a heap of ruins.

[2] *Colg n-or*, or the swords of gold, *i. e.*, of the gold-hilted swords.

And where is Morrough, the descendant of kings,
The defeater of a hundred, the daringly brave,
Who set but slight store by jewels and rings,
Who swam down the torrent and laughed at its wave?
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's worthy son?
And where is Conaing, the beautiful chief?
And Kian and Corc? Alas! they are gone:
They have left me this night alone with my grief!
Left me, Kinkora!

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian went forth?
The sons never-vanquished of Evin the brave,
The great King of Osnacht, renowned for his worth,
And the hosts of Baskinn from the western wave?
Where, O Kinkora?

O where is Duvlann of the swift-footed steeds?
And where is Kian who was son of Molloy?
And where is King Lonergan, the fame of whose deeds
In the red battle-fields no time can destroy?
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is that youth of majestic height,
The faith-keeping Prince of the Scots? Even he
As wide as his fame was, as great was his might,
Was tributary, Kinkora, to thee!
Thee, O Kinkora!

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth
Who plundered no churches, and broke no trust;
'Tis weary for me to be living on earth
When they, O Kinkora, lie low in the dust.
Low, O Kinkora!

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O never again will princes appear,
To rival the Dalcassians[1] of the cleaving swords;
I can never dream of meeting afar or anear,
In the east or the west, such heroes and lords!
Never, Kinkora!

O dear are the images my memory calls up
Of Brian Boru! how he never would miss
To give me at the banquet the first bright cup.
Ah! why did he heap on me honor like this?
Why, O Kinkora?

I am Mac-Liag, and my home is on the lake:
Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,
Came Brian to ask me, and I went for his sake.—
O my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!
Dead, O Kinkora!

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH[2]

AT Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the holy Trinity:
Glory to him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah to-day I call on the Lord,
On Christ, the omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from death and sin

[1] *Dalcassians*, Brian's body-guard.

[2] See also the very much closer rendering by Dr. Whitley Stokes.

Our fallen race;
And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His incarnation lowly,
His baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil and tears and affliction,
His dolorous death—his crucifixion,
His burial, sacred and sad and lone,
His resurrection to life again,
His glorious ascension to Heaven's high throne,
And, lastly, his future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men —
Both the living and dead. . . .

At Tarah to-day I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the seraphim's love,
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the archangels and angels above,
And in the hope of the resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the fathers of old,
And in the truths the prophets foretold,
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the confessors' faith and teachings;
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling
Of all good men, the just and the blest. . . .

At Tarah to day, in this fateful hour,
I place all heaven with its power,

And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness,—
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the powers of darkness.

At Tarah to-day
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
And ward me,
And guard me
Against the wiles of demons and devils,
Against the temptations of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,—
Against every man who designs me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

In this hour of hours,
I place all those powers
Between myself and every foe
Who threaten my body and soul
With danger or dole,
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From heresy's hateful innovations,
From idolatry's rites and invocations.
Be those my defenders,
My guards against every ban —
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of man!

May Christ, I pray,
Protect me to-day
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding;
That so, in His grace abounding,
I may earn the preacher's hire!

Christ as a light
Illumine and guide me!
Christ as a shield o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me!—Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me,
On left hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me;
Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ the All-Powerful be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me or hear me!

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ, the omnipotent word.
From generation to generation
Grant us, O Lord, Thy grace and salvation!

SIBERIA

IN Siberia's wastes
The ice-wind's breath
Woundeth like the toothèd steel.
Lost Siberia doth reveal
Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone.
No Summer shines.
Night is interblent with Day.
In Siberia's wastes alway
The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes
No tears are shed,
For they freeze within the brain.
Nought is felt but dullest pain,
Pain acute, yet dead;

Pain as in a dream,
When years go by
Funeral-paced, yet fugitive —
When man lives and doth not live
Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes
Are sands and rocks.
Nothing blooms of green or soft,
But the snowpeaks rise aloft
And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there
Is one with those;
They are part, and he is part,
For the sands are in his heart,
And the killing snows.

Therefore in those wastes
None curse the Czar;
Each man's tongue is cloven by
The North Blast, which heweth nigh
With sharp scimitar.

And such doom each drees,
Till, hunger-gnawn
And cold-slain, he at length sinks there
Yet scarce more a corpse than ere
His last dreath was drawn.

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

'TWAS a balmy summer morning,
Warm and early,
Such as only June bestows;
Everywhere the earth adorning,
Dews lay pearly
In the lily-bell and rose.
Up from each green leafy bosk and hollow
Rose the blackbird's pleasant lay,
And the soft cuckoo was sure to follow —
'Twas the Dawning of the Day.

Through the perfumed air the golden
Bees flew round me,
Bright fish dazzled from the sea;
Till medreamt some fairy olden
World spell-bound me
In a trance of witcherie.
Steeds pranced round anon with stateliest housings,
Bearing riders prankt in rich array,
Like flushed revelers after wine carousings —
'Twas the Dawning of the Day.

Then a strain of song was chanted,
And the lightly
Floating sea-nymphs drew anear.
Then again the shore seemed haunted
By hosts brightly
Clad, and wielding shield and spear!
Then came battle shouts, an onward rushing —

Swords, and chariots, and a phantom fray:
Then all vanished. The warm skies were blushing
In the Dawning of the Day.

Cities girt with glorious gardens,
Whose immortal
Habitants in robes of light
Stood, methought, as angel-wardens
Nigh each portal,
Now arose to daze my sight.
Eden spread around, revived and blooming,
When lo! as I gazed, all passed away —
I saw but black rocks and billows looming
In the dim chill Dawn of Day.

THE GRAVE, THE GRAVE

Mahlmann.

BLEST are the dormant
In death: they repose
From bondage and torment,
From passions and woes,
From the yoke of the world and the snares of the traitor.
The grave, the grave is the true liberator!

Griefs chase one another
Around the earth's dome:
In the arms of the mother
Alone is our home.
Woo pleasure, ye triflers! The thoughtful are wiser:
The grave, the grave is their one tranquillizer!

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Is the good man unfriended
On life's ocean-path,
Where storms have expended
Their turbulent wrath?
Are his labors requited by slander and rancor?
The grave, the grave is his sure bower-anchor!

To gaze on the faces
Of lost ones anew,
To lock in embraces
The loved and the true,
Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter.
The grave, the grave is the great reuniter!

Crown the corpse then with laurels,
The conqueror's wreath,
Make joyous with carols
The chamber of death,
And welcome the victor with cymbal and psalter:
The grave, the grave is the only exalter!

THE NAMELESS ONE

ROLL forth, my song, like the rushing river
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul to thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That there once was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after-ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song —

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid —
A mountain stream.

Tell how the Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the Devil's dismal
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood in his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,
Here and in hell.

THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES

MY eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,
I am bowed with the weight of years;
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay
With my long-lost Youth's compeers!
For back to the past, though the thought brings woe
My memory ever glides —
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!
To the old, old time, long, long ago,
The time of the Barmecides!

Then youth was mine, and a fierce wild will
And an iron arm in war,
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,
When the watch-lights glimmered afar,
And a barb as fiery as any I know
That Khoord or Beddaween rides,
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides;
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,
One silver dish was there;
At hand my tried Karamanian sword
Lay always bright and bare.
For those were the days when the angry blow
Supplanted the word that chides —
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides;
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,
In the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I
  Were free to rove and roam,
Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky
  Or the roof of the palace dome —
Oh! ours was that vivid life to and fro
  Which only sloth derides —
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
  In the time of the Barmecides;
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,
  In the time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,
  With its turrets of Moorish mold,
And the Kailif's twice five hundred men
  Whose binishes flamed with gold;
I call up many a gorgeous show
  Which the Pall of Oblivion hides —
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
  With the time of the Barmecides;
All passed like snow, long, long ago,
  With the time of the Barmecides.

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,
  And I bend with the weight of years —
May I soon go down to the House of Clay,
  Where slumber my Youth's compeers!
For with them and the Past, though the thought wakes woe,
  My memory ever abides;
And I mourn for the times gone long ago —
  For the times of the Barmecides!
I mourn for the times gone long ago,
  For the times of the Barmecides.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS[1]

From the Irish.

O WOMAN of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

[1] First published by O'Curry in the *Irish Penny Journal* (Gunn & Cameron's), No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical version (pp. 68, 69).

This ballad, which is of homely cast, was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life who had airs of consequence, being the owner of three cows. Its author's name is unknown, but its age can be determined from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster may be concluded from the fact that the phrase "Easy, O woman of three cows!" has become a saying in that province on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of a boastful or consequential person.—*Louise Imogene Guiney.*

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See where Monomia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse —
Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story,
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory;

Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs —
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbor's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO

OH, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
How it plashes on the window sill!
Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,
Strass and gass[1] are grown so still.

Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
Ah! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
In the tavern where I loved to sup
Twenty golden years ago!

Twenty years ago, alas!—but stay—
On my life, 'tis half-past twelve o'clock!
After all, the hours *do* slip away;
Come, here goes to burn another block!
For the night, or morn, is wet and cold,
And my fire is dwindling rather low:
I had fire enough when young and bold
Twenty golden years ago.

Dear! I don't feel well at all somehow:
Few in Weimar dream how bad I am;
Floods of tears grow common with me now—
High-Dutch floods, that reason cannot dam.
Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive
If I mope at home so. I don't know—
Am I living *now?* I *was* alive
Twenty golden years ago!

[1] *Strass and gass*, street and lane.

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone —
Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose —
Left with naught to do, except to groan,
Not a soul to woo, except the Muse—

Oh! this is hard for me to bear,
Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,
Me, who broke all hearts like China ware,
Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 'tis better—time's defacing waves
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves
Scarce could love me were they living now.
But my loneliness hath darker ills —
Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought, and Co.,
Awful Gorgons! worse than tailors' bills
Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
Oh, how plaintive you would ween I was!
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Kerner has!
Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
Mine for withered hopes—my scroll of woe
Dates, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,
Twenty golden years ago!

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long;
Me, I tweak no beak among them—hawks
Must not pounce on hawks: besides, in song
I could once beat all of them by chalks.
Though you find me, as I near my goal,

Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
Oh! I had a grand Byronian soul
Twenty golden years ago!

Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save Time's,
And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed and rest thine aching brain!
Sleep! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago!

WRITTEN IN A NUNNERY CHAPEL[1]

ME hither from moonlight
A voice ever calls,
Where pale pillars cluster
And organ tones roll—
Nor sunlight nor moonlight
E'er silver these walls;
Lives here other lustre,
The Light of the Soul.

Here budded and blossomed,
Here faded and died,
Like brief-blooming roses,
Earth's purest of pure!
Now ever embosomed
In bliss they abide—
Oh, may, when life closes,
My meed be as sure!

[1] *From O'Donoghue's "Life of Mangan."*

JOHN MARTLEY
(1844–1882)

A BUDGET OF PARADOXES

CHILD in thy beauty; empress in thy pride;
Sweet and unyielding as the summer's tide;
Starlike to tremble, starlike to abide.

Guiltless of wounding, yet more true than steel;
Gem-like thy light to flash and to conceal;
Tortoise to bear, insect to see and feel.

Blushing and shy, yet dread we thy disdain;
Smiling, a sunbeam fraught with hints of rain;
Trilling love-notes to freedom's fierce refrain.

The days are fresh, the hours are wild and sweet,
When spring and winter, dawn and darkness meet;
Nymph, with one welcome, thee and these we greet.

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THE VALLEY OF SHANGANAGH

Written for the air "The Wearing of the Green"

IN the Valley of Shanganagh, where the songs of skylarks teem,
And the rose perfumes the ocean-breeze, as love the hero's dream,
'Twas there I wooed my Maggie. In her dark eyes there did dwell
A secret that the billows knew, but yet could never tell.

Oh! light as fairy tread her voice fell on my bounding heart;
And like the wild bee to the flower still clinging we would part.
"Sweet valley of Shanganagh," then I murmured, "though I die,
My soul will never leave thee for the heaven that's in the sky!"

In the Valley of Shanganagh, where the sullen seagulls gleam,
And the pine-scent fills the sighing breeze as death the lover's dream,
'Twas there I lost my Maggie. Why that fate upon us fell
The powers above us knew, perhaps, if only they would tell.

Oh! like the tread of mournful feet it fell upon my heart,
When, as the wild bee leaves the rose, her spirit did depart.
In the Valley still I linger, though it's fain I am to die,
But it's hard to find a far-off heaven when clouds are in the sky.

REV. CHARLES P. MEEHAN

(*Living*)

BOYHOOD'S YEARS

AH! why should I recall them—the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears?
Or why should mem'ry love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way,
When those who made its charms so sweet are gather'd to decay?
The summer's sun shall come again to brighten hill and bower—
The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy shower;
But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears—
They're gone away and can't return—the friends of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me now count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each moment flew?

'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears;
And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friends of boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold churchyard, they long have stol'n to rest;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er oppress'd;
Life's sun for them in splendor set—no cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest flowers be flung,
The fittest off'ring thou canst make to hearts that perish young—
To hearts this world has never torn with racking hopes and fears;
For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years!

ALICE MILLIGAN

A MAY LOVE SONG

IT is far and it is far
To Connemara where you are,
To where its purple glens enfold you
As glowing heavens that hold a star.

But they shall shine, they yet shall shine,
Colleen, those eyes of yours on mine,
Like stars that after eve assemble
And tremble over the mountain line.

Though it be far, though it be far,
I'll travel over, to where you are,
By grasslands green that lie between
And shining lakes at Mullingar.

And we shall be, we yet shall be,
Oh, Colleen lonely, beloved by me,
For evermore on a moor of Mayo,
'Mid heather singing like the sea.

FIONNUALA

AMONG the reeds, round waters blue
White wings are spread,
And she is seen, who should have been
For ages dead;

She who ice-pierced on perilous coasts
To land and sky
Lifted the swan-song of her grief,
Yet could not die.

Enchantment fell and powerful spell
Of envious hate
Had robbed her of her maiden robes,
Her regal state,
And she in halls of kindred kind
Could walk no more,
But floated far a phantom pale
From shore to shore.

And yet the spell of hatred fell
Through centuries long
Harmed not the everlasting soul
Or power of song,
And we who grieve for bleeding breast
And broken wing,
Shall see her rise in beauty yet,
The Child of the King.

THE BURIED FORESTS OF ERIN

"*The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them.*"—ISAIAH 35 : 1.

THERE were trees in Tir-Conal of the territories
In Erin's ancient yet remembered days,
Where now to clothe the leagues of bogland lonely
Is only heather brown or gorse ablaze:

Where rivers go from source to sea unshaded,
Where shine in desolate moors the scattered lakes,
And sedges only, where once were willows,
And curlews where were deer in woodland brakes.

The spades of peasants oft the peat uplifting
Strike bog-black roots of oak or red of fir,
And then 'tis known, here the primeval forest
Was murmurous to all winds with leaves astir,
Where to the sky's blue rim the heath unending
Lies bare, before the honey-searching bees.
O'er camping hosts, once spread the giant branches
Of oaks in autumn sounding like the seas.

There was no mountain of our many mountains,
There was no voiceful-watered purple glen,
Without its share of scarlet-berried ashes,
Without its nut-trees by the river then;
Round every dún of every royal chieftain
White apple-boughs shook down their blossomy showers,
And up to craggy heights like armies climbing
Went pine trees, straight as spears and tall as towers.

Fallen in Erin are all those leafy forests,
The oaks lie buried under bogland mold;
Only in legends dim are they remembered,
Only in ancient books their fame is told.
But seers who know of things to come have promised
Forests shall rise again where perished these,
And of this desolate land it shall be spoken:
"In Tir-Conal of the territories, there are trees."

THE PHANTOM SHIP

Scene, a winter night, Dunfanaghy, County Donegal, 1891

OVER moving water and surges white
Which no star illumines and no moonlight,
A ship comes shoreward sailing, without wind blown
To a Northern strand of Eri from a land unknown.

"Keeper of the beacon that warns from Fannet's coast,
Say if there went by you a vessel like a ghost,
And told she by signal her port and her name?"
"The weird ship you ask for not this way came."

"Watchers o'er the billows from sea-girt Tor-I,
Say if at early night any ship went by?
And came she from the Northland, or came she from the West?
Or rose she like a phantom from Ocean's gray breast?"

"We saw ere utter darkness gloomed on our isle,
When the sea in twilight silver glimmered awhile;
The gulls rise up screeching from their roosts by the sea
As if a ship went by them, but no ship saw we."

The first place we saw her, was at the harbor bar,
The light at her mast-head burst like a star;
Over whitening surges she moved towards the strand.
God that ruleth Ocean, she sailed upon the land!

An old man among us crossed himself in dread:
"I alone have seen her, I and others dead.

Black woe shall follow, the ship of doom is here—
She hath not sailed the Irish hills since the famine year."

On past the sandhills, through the waving bent,
Right up the village street the tall spectre went;
And watchers by the windows saw towering sail and mast,
And a low sound of water and wind seethed past.

Like a dust-cloud of summer that whirlwinds left,
On past the houses they watched the vessel drift,
Till she rose and then sank again on a hilltop high,
And the lights of her hull vanished mid the stars of the sky.

What ship is this? Is her name on earth known
That can pass without piercing of the granite stone,
Which can sail o'er the mountains and pause not nor reel,
With Errigal's crest tossed skyward, like a wave below her keel?

In this Isle of sorrow, she is known since days of old,
No storm wind can stay her, no mountain wall withhold.
Her name is Calamity, she can come by land or sea,
And she is here, oh, Eri, dear, for anchorage in thee!

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN
(1767–1815)

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY

THE Groves of Blarney
They look so charming,
Down by the purling
Of sweet silent streams,
Being banked with posies,
That spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order
By the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy
And the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink,
And the rose so fair;
The daffodowndilly —
Likewise the lily,
All flowers that scent
The sweet fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers
That owns this station;
Like Alexander,
Or Queen Helen fair;
There's no commander
In all the nation,
For emulation,
Can with her compare.

Such walls surround her,
That no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder
  Her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell,
Her he did pommel,
And made a breach
  In her battlement.

There's gravel walks there,
For speculation,
And conversation
  In sweet solitude.
'Tis there the lover
May hear the dove, or
The gentle plover
  In the afternoon;
And if a lady
Would be so engaging
As to walk alone in
  Those shady bowers,
'Tis there the courtier
He may transport her
Into some fort, or
  All under ground.

For 'tis there's a cave where
No daylight enters,
But cats and badgers
  Are forever bred;
Being mossed by nature,
That makes it sweeter
Than a coach-and-six,
  Or a feather-bed.

'Tis there the lake is,
Well stored with perches,
And comely eels in
The verdant mud ;
Besides the leeches,
And groves of beeches,
Standing in order
For to guard the flood.

There's statues gracing
This noble place in —
All heathen gods
And nymphs so fair :
Bold Neptune, Plutarch,
And Nicodemus,
All standing naked
In the open air !
So now to finish
This brave narration,
Which my poor geni'
Could not entwine ;
But were I Homer,
Or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature
I would make it shine.

[There is an additional verse to this song by Father Prout, relating to the famous Blarney Stone. Samuel Lover says any editor who would omit it deserves to be hung up to dry on his own lines. To avoid this fate here they are :]

There is a boat on
The lake to float on,
And lots of beauties

Which I can't entwine;
But were I a preacher,
Or a classic teacher,
In every feature
I'd make 'em shine!
There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of parliament.
A clever spouter
He'll soon turn out, or
An out-an-outer,
To be let alone.
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone!

SUSAN L. MITCHELL

(*Living*)

LOVE'S MENDICANT

WHAT do I want of thee?
No gift of smile or tear
Nor casual company.
But in still speech to me
Only thy heart to hear.

Others contentedly
Go lonely here and there:
I cannot pass thee by,
Love's mendicant am I
Who meet thee everywhere.

No merchandise I make:
Thou mayst not give to me
The counterfeits they take.
I claim him for Love's sake
The Hidden One in thee.

THE ARMY OF THE VOICE

YOU cannot take me, ah, I will not go —
To what strange turmoil would you carry m
On the strong wings of the enchanted bow?
The tides and surges of your savage sea
To my tired spirit are an agony.

Broken my wings indeed, I cannot fly,
I've lived in the low valley far too long.
My heart, turned to the sea-bird's lonesome cry,
Can give no echo to your tireless song —
Voice of God's armies jubilant and strong.

To the great silences in dreams I go
Where my own mountains brood eternally,
World-old the heart I lean my heart unto:
Memories of battles won come back to me
Arming my soul for battles yet to be.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

THE LIVING CHALICE

THE mother sent me on the Holy Quest
Timid and proud, and curiously drest,
In vestures by her hand wrought wondrously:
An eager, burning heart she gave to me.
The Bridegroom's feast was set and I drew nigh.
Master of Life, thy Cup has passed me by.

Before, new drest, I from the Mother came,
In dreams I saw the dazzling Cup of flame;
Ah, divine chalice, how my heart drank deep:
Waking, I sought the love I knew asleep.
The feast of Life was set and I drew nigh
Master of Life, thy Cup has passed me by.

Eyes of the Soul, awake, awake and see,
Growing within the ruby-radiant tree;
Sharp pain has wrung the clusters of my Vine:
My heart is rose red with its brimmèd Wine.
Thou hast new set the feast and I draw nigh,
Master of Life, take me, thy Cup am I.

JAMES LYMAN MOLLOY
(1837 ——)

THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON

OH! the clang of the wooden shoon,
Oh! the dance and the merry tune,
Happy sound of a by-gone day,
It rings in my heart for aye,
When the boats came in,
With the sailors all aglow,
And the moon shone down on the glistening tide below.

"Now my lads, with a merry will,
Up with hatch and the baskets fill,
Winsome lassies above ye stand,
Ready with eager hand;"
Then the sails came down,
And all was taut and clear,
And a wild, glad dance lit up the wooden pier.
Oh! the rush of the tripping feet,
Oh! the lightsome hearts that beat;
Wild and sweet the merry tune and the clang of the wooden shoon.

But they are gone a weary while, ah me,
And he, my own, came home no more from sea.
The sea looks black,
The waves have all a moan,
And I am left to sit and dream alone,

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE

ALL that's bright must fade,—
The brightest still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made,
But to be lost when sweetest.
Stars that shine and fall:—
The flower that drops in springing;—
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging.

All that's bright must fade, etc.

Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking?
Better far to be
In utter darkness lying,
Than to be blessed with light and see
That light forever flying.

All that's bright must fade, etc.

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away—
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day?
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snowfall of Time may be stealing—what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng;
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced,
The warmth of a moment like this brings to light.

And thus, as in memory's bark we shall glide,
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,
Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
The wreck of full many a hope shining through;
Yet still as in fancy we point to the flowers
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
And breathe the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost
For want of some heart that could echo it, near.
Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But, come, the more rare such delights to the heart,
The more we should welcome, and bless them the more;
They're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part—
Like birds that bring Summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.

Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
Let Sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
That, fast as a feeling but touches one link,
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP

AS slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear Isle 'twas leaving,
So loath we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When round the bowl of vanish'd years
We talk, with joyous seeming —
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us.

And when, in other climes, we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flow'ry, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If Heav'n had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us!

As travelers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT

AT the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear!
When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on the ear;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls,
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear:
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

COME REST IN THIS BOSOM

COME rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer;
Though the herd have flown from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

O what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?

I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
And thy Angel I'll be, mid the horrors of this,
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee—or perish there too!

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY

Air.—New Langolee.

DEAR Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have wakened thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touched by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
Have throbbed at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
'T was but as the wind passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thine own.

FAIREST! PUT ON AWHILE

FAIREST! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume
At golden sunset hover
O'er such scenes of bloom
As I shall waft thee over!

Fields where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardor
Of the warm Summer's gaze
With only her tears to guard her.
Rocks, through myrtle boughs
In grace majestic frowning —
Like a bold warrior's brows
That Love has just been crowning.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through air
He hath been won down by them,—
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From Heaven, without alighting.

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,
And caves where the diamond's sleeping,
Bright as the gems that lid
Of thine let fall in weeping.
Glens where ocean comes

To escape the wild wind's rancor,
And harbors, worthiest homes,
Where freedom's sails could anchor.

FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR

FAREWELL! but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
His griefs may return—not a hope may remain
Of the few that have brightened his pathway of pain —
But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
Its enchantment around him while ling'ring with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles —
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
To bring back the features that joy used to wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled !
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled —
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE

GO where glory waits thee,
But, while fame elates thee,
O still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
O then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be ;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
O then remember me !

When, at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
O then remember me !
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
O thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses,

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Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
O then remember me.

When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
O then remember me!
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
O still remember me.
Then should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
O then remember me.

I KNEW BY THE SMOKE

I KNEW by the smoke that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said: "If there's peace to be found in the world,
The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around,
In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
Save the woodpecker's tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And "here in this lone little wood," I exclaimed,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I die."

By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
Which had never been sighed on by any but mine.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

O! THE days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,

In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And, at every close, she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No,—that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's wingèd dream:
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.
O 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

O BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

O BREATHE not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

NORA CREINA

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises!
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mold
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?

Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

O EVER THUS, FROM CHILDHOOD'S HOUR

O ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now too—the joy most like divine,
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine—
O misery! must I lose *that* too?

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,

The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE[1]

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, O her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

[1] This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote: "The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and re-

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND[1]

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers are round her sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying!

ligion by the great example of Brian, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book, x.

[1] This poem refers to the betrothed of Robert Emmet. She afterwards became the wife of an officer, who took her to Sicily, in the hope that travel would restore her spirits, but her grief for Emmet was so great that she died of a broken heart.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking:
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him;
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

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SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

Miriam's Song

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."—*Exodus* 15: 20.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.
Sing—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave—
How vain was their boast, for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea;
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.—
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way
Till hope seemed to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burned,
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turned;
O slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And blessed even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honored, while thou wert wronged and scorned,
Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned;
She wooed me to temples, whilst thou lay'st hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet I would rather be
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail —
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had looked less pale!
They say, too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains —
O do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue.
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS[1]

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;[2]
O the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not the soft magic of streamlet or hill,
O no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

[1] "The Meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

[2] The rivers Avon and Avoca.

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war has gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.
When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
Sleep, with wings in darkness furled?
When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
Call my spirit from this stormy world?

Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our isle with peace and love?
When will heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the love she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly all they taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the Sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me;
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turn'd away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold, or wise,
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?
No—vain, alas! th' endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever—
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever!

THE YOUNG MAY MOON

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love,
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake!—the heavens look bright, my dear!
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear!
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
Then awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
Or, in watching the flight
Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW

THIS world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
There's nothing true but Heaven!

And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even!
And love and hope and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb —
There's nothing bright but Heaven!

Poor wanderers of a stormy day!
From wave to wave we're driven,
And fancy's flash and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way —
There's nothing calm but Heaven!

THOSE EVENING BELLS

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home and that sweet time,
When last I heard their soothing chime.

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

THOU ART, O GOD!

"The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun. Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter."—*Psalm 74: 16, 17.*

THOU art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven—
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume,
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'TIS the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!

When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
O who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE[1]

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
O say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned!
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine:
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
O blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

[1] This, doubtless, refers to Robert Emmet, who addresses Erin, his loved but unhappy country.

LADY MORGAN
(1783–1859)

KATE KEARNEY

O DID you not hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives on the banks of Killarney,
From the glance of her eye shun danger and fly,
For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney!
For that eye is so modestly beaming,
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,
Yet oh, I can tell how fatal's the spell
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney!

O, should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.
Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
There's mischief in every dimple;
Who dares inhale her mouth's spicy gale
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY
(1835–1885)

LONG DESERTED

YON old house in moonlight sleeping,
Once it held a lady fair,
Long ago she left it weeping,
Still the old house standeth there —
That old pauper house unmeet for the pleasant village street —

With its eyeless window sockets,
And its courts all grass o'ergrown,
And the weeds above its doorway
Where the flowers are carved in stone,
And its chimneys lank and high like gaunt tombstones on the sky.

Ruined, past all care and trouble,
Like the heir of some old race
Whose past glories but redouble
Present ruin and disgrace,
For whom none are left that bear hope or sorrow anywhere.

Lost old house! and I was happy
'Neath thy shade one summer night,
When on one that walked beside me
Gazed I by the lingering light,
In the depths of her dark eyes searching for my destinies.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

There within our quiet garden
Fell that last of happy eves
Through the gold of the laburnum
And the thickening lilac leaves;
There the winter winds are now sighing around each leafless bough.

Haunted house! and do they whisper
That the wintry moon-rays show,
Glancing through thy halls, a ghastly
Phantasy of long ago,
And thy windows shining bright with a spectral gala light?

Vain and idle superstition!
Thee no spectral rays illume;
But one shape of gentlest beauty
I can conjure from thy gloom,
In whose sad eyes I can see ghosts that haunt my memory.

JOHN FISHER MURRAY

DARK MARGARET

WE sit by the fire,—
My poor old wife and I;
The fire burns slow, our hearts are low,
And the tear stands in the eye.
For our daughters three who are over the sea,
Far, far, in the wooded west;
One after one, our darlings are gone;
But our Mary we loved the best.

My brother's son
Sits in the chimney by us;
The staff of our age—hard, hard is the page
Of the lesson that keeps him by us.
For he longs to be free, to go over the sea
Where his kindred have found their rest.
One after one, our darlings are gone,
But our Mary he loved the best.

Welcome, Margaret!
Dear Margaret, have you come?
Draw nigh to the fire, and tighten the wire,
And sing us a song of home.
For though heaven denies the light to your eyes,
Yet never were expressed
By the Harper King, such strains as you sing,
And our Mary loved them best.

Sit by *me*, Margaret,
Dear Margaret, sit by *my* side;
For you loved my dearest daughter, far o'er the world wide water,
Who should have been our Patrick's bride.
Oh! sing me *her* songs,—for my poor heart longs
To clasp her to my breast;
Though tears it will bring, yet my darling *must* sing
What our Mary loved the best.

You are there, Patrick!
I feel your breathing soft upon my cheek;
A tear is in your eye, and well your heart knows why;
You are there I say, although you do not speak.
I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich Fingal beneath,
And homeward I am going to the west;
And I thought as I did pass I would sing the "*Colleen Dhas*,"
That one you loved so well, and best.

Hark! she sings.
Trembling over the strings her fingers stray;
And the light that heaven denies to her clear but darkened eyes,
Her wreathed smiles and dimpling cheek betray.
Oh! it *is* our "Colleen Dhas," as her pleasant days did pass,
Loudly lilting at the milking with the rest;
Soon, soon, alas! in sighs and tears, she leaves our longing eyes:
The Mary we all loved the best.

No more, my dearest Margaret,—
Sing the "Colleen Dhas" no more;
For her father and her mother loved her more
than any other,
And her parting grieves them sore.
You have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich
Fingal beneath,
And homeward you are going to the west;
Tell us all the country news, the merriest you can
choose,
To pleasure the old couple we love best.

I have been to pleasant Meath, and to rich
Fingal beneath,
And homeward I am going to the west;
I will tell the country news, the merriest I can
choose,
To pleasure the old couple we love best.
Your Mary has come home—your loved and
loving one,
And here she comes to tell you all the rest!
Now, Patrick, fill your glass, while I sing the
"*Colleen Dhas*,"
With a welcome home to Mary, you love best!

REV. DR. MURRAY

GLANDORE

THOUGH I have forsaken long
Fairy land and tuneful song,
Though my lips forget to tell
Thoughts they once could utter well,
How can I, with heart and tongue,
See unloved, or love unsung,
Scenes like those that rise before
The enchanted eye in sweet Glandore?

Though a high and holy call
Claims my soul and senses all,
Saints might sing a type like this
Of their own bright realms of bliss;
Man may tell in strains of love,
Oh! how fair the world above,
When such beauty beameth o'er
The heaven below of sweet Glandore!

Cloudless sky and sparkless sea,
Cliff and shore and forest tree,
Glen and stream and mountain blue
Burst at once upon the view;
The gay, the beautiful, the grand
Blending over wave and land
Till the eye can ask no more
Than it hath in sweet Glandore.

But the sunshine on the sea,
And the emerald of the lea,
And the ever smiling skies
Charm no heart, or soul, or eyes,
Like the grasp of friendship's hand,
Like the welcome warm and bland,
As the sunlight gleaming o'er
The happy homes of sweet Glandore.

For the loveliest scenes that e'er
Smiled of heaven the image fair,
Like the beautiful in death,
Have nor soul, nor voice, nor breath;
Oh! 'tis but the kindly heart
Can to them true life impart.
Tree and flower, and sea and shore,
Thus live and breathe in sweet Glandore.

Time may chill and bow and bind
Glowing heart and chainless mind;
They droop—the flowers of fancy, youth,
Round the ripening fruits of truth;
Yet I feel, while here I stray,
Dawn again youth's sunny day;
Fancy, with her radiant store,
Comes again in sweet Glandore.

Lovely region of Glandore!
Friends beloved for evermore!
'Mid the tranquil bliss I feel
One sad thought begins to steal—
Soon must come the parting day,
And my steps no more will stray,
And my voice be heard no more
Among the scenes of sweet Glandore!

CAROLINE NORTON
Lady Stirling Maxwell
(1807–1877)

BINGEN ON THE RHINE

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;

And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old
in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of
many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's
morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her
old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a
cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles
fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty
hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my
father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light
used to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the
Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with
drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad
and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and stead-
fast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to
die;

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another,—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),—
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,—
But we'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

LOVE NOT

LOVE not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay!
Hope's gayest wreaths are made of earthly flowers—
Things that are made to fade and fall away
Ere they have blossomed for a few short hours.
Love not!

Love not! the things ye love may change:
  The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly-beaming eye grow cold and strange,
  The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.
    Love not!

Love not! the thing you love may die,
  May perish from the gay and gladsome earth;
The silent stars, the blue and smiling sky,
  Beam o'er its grave, as once upon its birth.
    Love not!

Love not! oh, warning vainly said
  In present hours as in the years gone by;
Love flings a halo round the dear one's head,
  Faultless, immortal, till they change or die.
    Love not!

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

WORD was brought to the Danish king
    (Hurry!)
  That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
    (Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl!
  And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed,
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for the battle and days of need;
(Oh! ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying.
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CHARLOTTE GRACE O'BRIEN
(1845 ——)

BOG COTTON ON THE RED BOG
Foynes in June, 1895.

I

"O STRONG-WINGED birds from over the moorland dark,
On this June day what have you seen?
Where have you been?"

Where, oh! where
The golden yellow asphodel makes its boggy home,
And far and near,
Spreading in broad bands of silvery silky foam
O'er the moorland drear,
The slender-stemmed bog cotton bends in waves of light,
Shaking out its shining tufts for its own delight,
There, oh! there
We have been.

II

"O sweet sky-piercing, heaven-mounting lark,
On this June day what have you seen?"

I have seen—I have seen
The dark red bog and the king fern green,
And the black black pools lying dim between,—
The baby heather that blossoms so soon

In the splendid heat that comes after June —
And the white white silk that swings in the wind,
And the little nest hidden just in behind !
Hey ! little mother, how goes the nest ?
Which of the young ones pleases you best ?
Pull the white grass silk, tuck them in tight,
While I go singing up into the light.
Oh, I have seen ! I have seen !

III

" O mystic, still, and summer-breathing night
In this hot June what have you seen ?
What have you seen ? "

Silk white tents for fairy armies spreading,
Silk white sheets for fairy maidens' bedding,
Silver down for their pillows—and oh, I have seen
Troops of little fairies pulling low each silky tassel,
The fairy queen herself and many a red-capped vassal.
Riding on her snow-maned horse, the gold-haired fairy queen
Oh, I have seen—I have seen !

IV

" And you, O summer moon, there in the clear dark sky;
Tell me, oh ! tell me, you who live so high,
What have you seen ?
What have you seen ? "

I have seen the eyes of God looking down upon the earth ;
I have seen the dark things growing to bright strength and joyful birth ;

I have seen the slow unfolding of bud and leaf and life;
I have seen immortal good ripening on through mortal strife —
Oh, I have seen! I have seen!

SONG

[In imitation of the style of the Celtic writers of the seventeenth century. Though not a translation, it closely follows the fancies and mannerisms of the time.]

ONE morning by the streamlet I walked, and gazing round,
I saw the low sun sending its beams along the ground,
I saw the birch-tree bending, its gray stem lightly crowned.

As I was wandering slowly, in still and thoughtful mood,
I heard the water falling anear me as I stood,
And shouts of cuckoos calling within the far-off wood.

I lifted up mine eyelids, and there along the way,
I saw a fair young woman, all clad in bright array,
And I wondered were she human—in the early dawning day.

Her breath was as the honey wrought by the wandering bee;
Her lips as two red berries, plucked from the rowan tree;
And rose-red as young cherries her round cheek, fresh and free.

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Her forehead as the lime-dust was clear, and smooth, and fair;
Her brows were as two swallows, seen far through summer air;
O vain the word that follows, for the wonder of her hair!

Free curling were her tresses, wide-spreading, odorous, sweet,
And the golden lights, though hiding, in shadowed depths would meet,
Or, down her green robe gliding, would haste to kiss her feet.

As combs of the wild honey, her teeth were ranged and white:
Her eyes as dewdrops sparkling in the early morning light;
Or as river-waters darkling on a frosty moonlight night.

"O tell me now, O tell me, what name to call thee by?
O silent, modest maiden, of the chaste and downcast eye.
Bright love, with beauty laden, O tell me, else I die.

"Art thou the sad-eyed Deirdrë who mourns the Red Branch knights?
With Love's prophetic weeping, she left the Albyn heights."
"No; Deirdré still lies sleeping beneath the northern lights."

"O tell me now, O tell me, art thou the magic Maeve
Who, 'mid the dead and dying, threw down the warlike glaive?"
"No; the cruel queen is lying beside Connacia's wave."

"Art thou the fairy Ailnè who bound the Chief of Spears
With her magic waving motion in the Valley of the Fears?"
"No; but the heaving ocean her druid laughter hears."

All silent she stood by me, but 'mid her radiant hair,
Enwreathed in depths of brightness I saw the shamrock rare,
And my heart was filled with lightness, for my mother-queen was there.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN
(1828–1862)

LOCH INA[1]

I KNOW a lake where the cool waves break,
And softly fall on the silver sand —
And no steps intrude on that solitude,
And no voice, save mine, disturbs the strand.

And a mountain bold, like a giant of old
Turned to stone by some magic spell,
Uprears in might his misty height,
And his craggy sides are wooded well.

In the midst doth smile a little Isle,
And its verdure shames the emerald's green —
On its grassy side, in ruined pride,
A castle of old is darkling seen.

On its lofty crest the wild cranes nest,
In its halls the sheep good shelter find ;
And the ivy shades where a hundred blades
Were hung, when the owners in sleep reclined.

That chieftain of old could he now behold
His lofty tower a shepherd's pen,
His corpse, long dead, from its narrow bed
Would rise, with anger and shame again.

[1] A beautiful salt-water lake in County Cork near Baltimore.

'Tis sweet to gaze when the sun's bright rays
Are cooling themselves in the trembling wave —
But 'tis sweeter far when the evening star
Shines like a smile at Friendship's grave.

There the hollow shells through their wreathèd cells,
Make music on the silent shore,
As the summer breeze, through the distant trees,
Murmurs in fragrant breathings o'er.

And the sea-weed shines, like the hidden mines
Or the fairy cities beneath the sea,
And the waved-washed stones are bright as the thrones
Of the ancient Kings of Araby.

If it were my lot in that fairy spot
To live forever, and dream 'twere mine,
Courts might woo, and kings pursue,
Ere I would leave thee—Loved Loch-Ine.

MAURICE O'CONNELL

RECRUITING SONG FOR THE IRISH BRIGADE

IS there a youthful gallant here
On fire for fame—unknowing fear —
Who in the charge's mad career
On Erin's foes would flesh his spear?

Come, let him wear the White Cockade,
And learn the soldier's glorious trade,
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made,
Then let him join the Bold Brigade.

Who scorns to own a Saxon Lord,
And toil to swell a stranger's hoard?
Who for rule blown or gibing word
Would answer with the Freeman's sword?

Come, let him wear the White Cockade, etc.

Does Erin's foully slandered name
Suffuse thy cheek with generous shame —
Would'st right her wrongs—restore her fame?—
Come, then, the soldier weapon claim —

Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, etc.

Come, free from bonds your father's faith,
Redeem its shrines from scorn and scathe,
The Hero's fame, the Martyr's wreath,
Will gild your life or crown your death,

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, etc.

To drain the cup—with girls to toy,
The serf's vile soul with bliss may cloy,
But would'st thou taste a manly joy? —
Oh! it was ours at Fontenoy!

Come, then, and wear the White Cockade, etc.

To many a fight thy fathers led,
Full many a Saxon's life-blood shed;
From thee, as yet, no foe has fled —
Thou wilt not shame the glorious dead?

Then, come, and wear the White Cockade, etc.

Oh! come, for slavery, want, and shame,
We offer vengeance, freedom, fame,
With Monarchs, comrade rank to claim,
And, nobler still, the Patriot's name!

Oh! come and wear the White Cockade,
And learn the soldier's glorious trade;
'Tis of such stuff a hero's made —
Then come and join the Bold Brigade.

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MRS. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY

Eva Mary Kelly

(1825 ——)

MURMURS OF LOVE

From the Irish

THE stars are watching, the winds are playing;
They see me kneeling, they see me praying;
They hear me still, through the long night saying
Asthore mahcree, I love you, I love you!

And oh! with no love that is light or cheerful,
But deepening on in its shadow fearful;
Without a joy that is aught but tearful,
'Tis thus I love you, I love you.

Whispering still, with those whispers broken,
Speaking on, what can ne'er be spoken,
Were all the voices of earth awoken —
Oh! how I love you, I love you!

With all my heart's most passionate throbbing,
With wild emotion, and weary sobbing,
Love and light from all others robbing —
So well I love you, I love you!

With the low faint murmurs of deep adoring,
And voiceless blessing forever pouring,
And sighs that fall with a sad imploring,
'Tis thus I love you, I love you.

With the burning beating, the inward hushing,
Ever and ever in music gushing,
Like mystic tones from the sea-shell rushing,
Oh, thus I love you, I love you.

They pass me dancing, they pass me singing,
While night and day o'er the earth are winging;
But I sit here, to my trance still clinging —
For oh! I love you, I love you!

TIPPERARY

WERE you ever in sweet Tipperary, where the fields are so sunny and green,
And the heath-brown Slieve-bloom and the Galtees look down with so proud a mien?
'Tis there you would see more beauty than is on all Irish ground —
God bless you, my sweet Tipperary, for where could your match be found?

They say that your hand is fearful, that darkness is in your eye:
But I'll not let them dare to talk so black and bitter a lie.
Oh! no, *macushla storin!* bright, bright, and warm are you,
With hearts as bold as the men of old, to yourselves and your country true.

And when there is gloom upon you, bid them think who has brought it there —
Sure, a frown or a word of hatred was not made for your face so fair;

You've a hand for the grasp of friendship—another to make them quake,
And they're welcome to whichsoever it pleases them most to take.

Shall our homes, like the huts of Connaught, be crumbled before our eyes?
Shall we fly, like a flock of wild geese, from all that we love and prize?
No! by those who were here before us, no churl shall our tyrant be;
Our land it is theirs by plunder, but, by Brigid, ourselves are free.

No! we do not forget that greatness did once to sweet Eire belong;
No treason or craven spirit was ever our race among;
And no frown or no word of hatred we give—but to pay them back;
In evil we only follow our enemies' darksome track.

Oh! come for a while among us, and give us the friendly hand,
And you'll see that old Tipperary is a loving and gladsome land;
From Upper to Lower Ormond, bright welcomes and smiles will spring —
On the plains of Tipperary the stranger is like a king.

JOHN FRANCIS O'DONNELL
(1837–1874)

A SPINNING SONG

MY love to fight the Saxon goes,
And bravely shines his sword of steel;
A heron's feather decks his brows,
And a spur on either heel;
His steed is blacker than the sloe,
And fleeter than the falling star;
Amid the surging ranks he'll go
And shout for joy of war.

Twinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle; let the white wool drift and dwindle.
Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my lover's coat of steel.
Hark! the timid, turning treadle crooning soft, old-fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown round wheel.

My love is pledged to Ireland's fight;
My love would die for Ireland's weal,
To win her back her ancient right,
And make her foemen reel.
Oh! close I'll clasp him to my breast
When homeward from the war he comes;
The fires shall light the mountain's crest,
The valley peal with drums.

Twinkle, twinkle, pretty spindle; let the white wool
drift and dwindle.
Oh! we weave a damask doublet for my lover's coat
of steel.
Hark! the timid, turning treadle crooning soft, old-
fashioned ditties
To the low, slow murmur of the brown round
wheel.

GUESSES

I KNOW a maiden; she is dark and fair,
With curvèd brows and eyes of hazel hue,
And mouth, a marvel, delicately rare,
Rich with expression, ever quaint yet new.
O happy fancy! there she, leaning, sits,
One little palm against her temples pressed,
And all her tresses winking like brown elves;
The yellow fretted laurels toss in fits,
The great laburnums droop in swoons of rest,
The blowing woodbines murmur to themselves.

What does she think of, as the daylight floats
Along the mignonetted window-sills,
And flame-like, overhead, with ruffled throats,
The bright canaries twit their seeded bills?
What does she think of? Of the jasmine flower
That, like an odorous snowflake, opens slow,
Or of the linnet on the topmost briar,
Or of the cloud that, fringed with summer shower,
Floats up the river spaces, blue and low,
And marged with lilies like a bank of fire?

THE IRISH GIRL'S LAMENT

BESIDE my cottage door I stand,
The distaff idle in my hand,
My tears more countless than the sand —
Escodeel mavourneen slaun !

For, since my lover left me here,
My aching heart has known no cheer,
Each hour that passed has seemed a year —
Escodeel mavourneen slaun !

I bade him go—'twas only right,
To serve his country in the fight,
But, ah, my day has turned to night —
Escodeel mavourneen slaun !

My busy wheel is heard no more,
Its days of cheerful toil are o'er ;
In one lament my soul I'll pour —
Escodeel mavourneen slaun !

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CHARLES O'FLAHERTY
(1794–1828)

THE HUMORS OF DONNYBROOK FAIR

OH! 'twas Dermot O'Nowlan McFigg,
That could properly handle a twig.
He went to the Fair,
And kicked up a dust there,
In dancing the Donnybrook Jig,
With his twig.
Oh! my blessing to Dermot McFigg!

When he came to the midst of the Fair,
He was *all in a paugh*[1] for fresh air,
For the Fair very soon
Was as full as the moon,
Such mobs upon mobs as were there,
Oh! rare.
So more luck to sweet Donnybrook Fair.

The souls they came crowding in fast,
To dance while the leather would last,
For the Thomas Street brogue
Was there much in vogue,
And oft with a brogue the joke passed,
Quite fast,
While the Cash and the Whiskey did last!

[1] *Paugh*, a fit.

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
In search of his sweetheart he went;
Peeped in here and there,
As he walked thro' the Fair,
And took a small taste in each tent,
As he went.
Och! on Whiskey and Love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,
With a Meal-man so tall and so big,
But his own darling Kate
So gay and so neat;
Faith, her partner he hit him a dig,
The pig,
He beat the meal out of his wig!

Then Dermot, with conquest elate,
Drew a stool near his beautiful Kate;
"Arrah! Katty," says he,
"My own Cushlamachree,
Sure the world for Beauty you beat,
Complete,
So we'll just take a dance while we wait!"

The Piper, to keep him in tune,
Struck up a gay lilt very soon,
Until an arch wag
Cut a hole in his bag,
And at once put an end to the tune
Too soon.
Oh! the music flew up to the moon!

To the Fiddler says Dermot McFigg,
"If you'll please to play 'Sheela na gig,'
We'll shake a loose toe
While you humor the bow.
To be sure you must warm the wig
Of McFigg,
While he's dancing a neat Irish jig!"

But says Katty, the darling, says she,
"If you'll only just listen to me,
It's myself that will show
Billy can't be your foe,
Tho' he fought for his Cousin, that's me,"
Says she,
"For sure Billy's related to me!

"For my own cousin-german, Ann Wilde,
Stood for Biddy Mulrooney's first child,
And Biddy's stepson,
Sure he married Bess Dunn,
Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild
A child
As ever at mother's breast smiled.

"And maybe you don't know Jane Brown,
Who served goat's whey in sweet Dundrum town.
'Twas her uncle's half-brother
That married my mother,
And bought me this new yellow gown,
To go down,
When the marriage was held in Miltown!"

"By the Powers, then," says Dermot, "'tis plain,
Like a son of that rapscallion Cain,
My best friend I've kilt,
Tho' no blood it is spilt,
And devil a harm did I mean,
That's plain,
But by me he'll be ne'er kilt again!"

Then the Meal-man forgave him the blow,
That laid him a-sprawling so low,
And being quite gay,
Asked them both to the play,
But Katty, being bashful, said "No,"
"No!" "No!"
Yet he treated them all to the show!

GEORGE OGLE
(1742–1814)

BANISH SORROW

BANISH sorrow, grief's a folly,
Thought, unbend thy wrinkled brow;
Hence dull care and melancholy,
Mirth and wine invite us now.
Bacchus empties all his treasure;
Comus gives us mirth and song;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure —
Let us join the jovial throng.

Youth soon flies, 'tis but a season;
Time is ever on the wing;
Let's the present moment seize on,
Who knows what the next may bring?
All our days by mirth we measure;
Other wisdom we despise;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure —
To be happy's to be wise.

Why should therefore care perplex us?
Why should we not merry be?
While we're here, there's nought to vex us,
Drinking sets from cares all free;

Let's have drinking without measure;
Let's have mirth while time we have;
Follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow pleasure —
There's no drinking in the grave.

MAILLIGH MO STOIR

AS down by Banna's banks I strayed,
One evening in May,
The little birds, in blithest notes,
Made vocal every spray;
They sung their little notes of love,
They sung them o'er and o'er,
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, mo cailin og,*
'Si Mailligh mo stoir.[1]

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
The dawn of Nature yields —
The primrose pale, and violet blue,
Lay scattered o'er the fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies
Of her whom I adore.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

I laid me down upon a bank,
Bewailing my sad fate,
That doomed me thus the slave of love
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can she break the honest heart
That wears her in its core?
Ah! *Grádh mo chroídhe, etc.*

[1] *Gramachree, ma colleen oge, Molly asthore*—"The love of my heart, my dear young girl is Molly, my treasure."

You said you loved me, Molly dear!
Ah? why did I believe!
Yet who could think such tender words
Were meant but to deceive?
That love was all I asked on earth —
Nay, Heaven could give no more.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe, etc.*

O had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or lowed for me the numerous herds
That yon green pasture fill —
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kine and fleecy store.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroidho, etc.*

Two turtle-doves, above my head,
Sat courting on a bough;
I envied them their happiness,
To see them bill and coo.
Such fondness once for me was shown,
But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe, etc.*

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear!
Thy loss I e'er shall moan;
Whilst life remains in my poor heart,
'Twill beat for thee alone:
Though thou art false, may Heaven on thee
Its choicest blessings pour.
Ah! *Grádh mo chroidhe, mo cailín og,*
'Sí Mailligh mo stoir.

THE BANKS OF BANNA

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,—
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of every shady grove
On the banks of Banna.
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flocks, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er —
Gladness changed to mourning.
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Woe is me, perhaps she's gone
Forever and forever!

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STANDISH JAMES O'GRADY
(1846–)

I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE

I

I GIVE my heart to thee, O mother-land —
I, if none else, recall the sacred womb.
I, if none else, behold the loving eyes
Bent over on thy myriad progeny
Who care not nor regard thee as they go,
O tender, sorrowing, weeping, hoping land!
I give my heart to thee, O mother-land.

II

I give my heart to thee, O father-land,
Fast-anchored on thine own eternal soul,
Rising with cloudy mountains to the skies.
O proud, strong land, unstooping, stern of rule,
Me rule as ever; let me feel thy might;
Let me go forth with thee now and for aye.
I give my heart to thee, O father-land.

III

I give my heart to thee, heroic land —
To thee or in thy morning when the Sun
Flashed on thy giant limbs—thy lurid noon —
Or in thy depth of night, fierce-thoughted one —

Wrestling with phantoms of thy own wild soul,
Or, stone-still, silent, waiting for the dawn,
I give my heart to thee, heroic land.

IV

I give my heart to thee, ideal land,
Far-soaring sister of the starry throng.
O fleet of wing, what journeyings are thine,
What goal, what god attracts thee? What unseen
Glory reflected makes thy face a flame?
Leave me not; where thou goest, let me go.
I give my heart to thee, ideal land.

LOUGH BRAY

NOW Memory, false, spendthrift Memory,
Disloyal treasure-keeper of the soul,
This vision change shall never wring from thee
Nor wasteful years effacing as they roll.
O steel-blue lake, high cradled in the hills!
O sad waves, filled with little sobs and cries!
White glistening shingle, hiss of mountain rills,
And granite-hearted walls blotting the skies,
Shine, sob, gleam, gloom forever! Oh, in me
Be what you are in Nature—a recess —
To sadness dedicate and mystery,
Withdrawn, afar, in the soul's wilderness.
Still let my thoughts, leaving the worldly roar
Like pilgrims, wander on thy haunted shore.

JOHN O'HAGAN
(1822–1890)

DEAR LAND

WHEN comes the day all hearts to weigh,
If stanch they be or vile,
Shall we forget the sacred debt
We owe our mother isle?
My native heath is green beneath,
My native waters blue,
But crimson red o'er both shall spread
Ere I am false to you,
Dear land,
Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold,
Your noble lakes and streams,
A mingled tide of grief and pride
Within my bosom teems.
I think of all your long dark thrall,
Your martyrs, brave and true,
And dash apart the tears that start;
We must not *weep* for you,
Dear land,
We must not *weep* for you.

My grandsire died his home beside,
They seized and hanged him there;
His only crime, in evil time,
Your hallowed green to wear.
Across the main his brothers twain

Were sent to pine and rue,
But still they turned, with hearts that burned,
In hopeless love to you,
Dear land,
In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
Of Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dared pollute
Her independent shore.
Of chiefs long dead who rose to head
Some gallant patriots few,
Till all my aim on earth became
To strike one blow for you,
Dear land,
To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest,
Let other heads divine;
By work or word, with voice or sword,
To follow them be mine;
The breast that zeal and hatred steel
No terrors can subdue;
If death should come, that martyrdom
Were sweet endured for you,
Dear land,
Were sweet endured for you.

OURSELVES ALONE

THE work that should to-day be wrought,
Defer not till to-morrow;
The help that should within be sought
Scorn from without to borrow.

Old maxims these—yet stout and true —
They speak in trumpet tone,
To do at once what is to do,
And trust OURSELVES ALONE.

Too long our Irish hearts we schooled
In patient hope to bide,
By dreams of English justice fooled
And English tongues that lied.
That hour of weak delusion's past —
The empty dream has flown:
Our hope and strength, we find at last,
Is in OURSELVES ALONE.

Aye! bitter hate or cold neglect,
Or lukewarm love at best,
Is all we've found, or can expect,
We aliens of the West.
No friend, beyond our own green shore,
Can Erin truly own;
Yet stronger is her trust, therefore,
In her brave sons ALONE.

Remember when our lot was worse —
Sunk, trampled to the dust —
'Twas long our weakness and our curse
In stranger aid to trust.
And if, at length, we proudly trod
On bigot laws o'erthrown,
Who won that struggle? Under God,
Ourselves—OURSELVES ALONE.

Oh ! let its memory be enshrined
In Ireland's heart forever !
It proves a banded people's mind
Must win in just endeavor ;
It shows how wicked to despair,
How weak to idly groan —
If ills at *other's* hands ye bear,
The cure is in YOUR OWN.

The foolish word "impossible"
At once, for aye, disdain !
No power can bar a people's will,
A people's right to gain.
Be bold, united, firmly set,
Nor flinch in word or tone —
We'll be a glorious nation yet,
REDEEMED—ERECT—ALONE !

JOHN O'KEEFFE
(1747–1833)

Air—"Don Cæsar"

FLOW, thou regal purple stream
Tinted by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.
My brain ascend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay:
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
"A month he reign'd, but that was May."

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY

I AM a friar of orders gray:
As down the valley I take my way,
I pull not blackberry, haw, or hip,
Good store of venison does fill my scrip:
My long bead-roll I merrily chaunt,
Where'er I walk, no money I want;
And why I'm so plump the reason I'll tell —
Who leads a good life is sure to live well.
What baron or squire
Or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

After supper, of heaven I dream,
But that is fat pullet and clouted cream.
Myself, by denial, I mortify
With a dainty bit of a warden pie:
I'm clothed in sackcloth for my sin:
With old sack wine I'm lined within:
A chirping cup is my matin song,
And the vesper bell is my bowl's ding dong.
What baron or squire
Or knight of the shire
Lives half so well as a holy friar!

ELLEN O'LEARY
(1831–1889)

MY OLD HOME

A POOR old cottage tottering to its fall;
Some faded rose-trees scattered o'er the wall;
Four wooden pillars all aslant one way;
A plot in front, bright green, amid decay,
Where my wee pets, whene'er they came to tea,
Laughed, danced, and played, and shouted in high glee;
A rusty paling and a broken gate
Shut out the world and bounded my estate.

Dusty and damp within, and rather bare;
Chokeful of books, here, there and everywhere;
Old-fashioned windows and old doors that creaked,
Old ceilings cracked and gray, old walls that leaked;
Old chairs and tables, and an ancient lady
Worked out in tapestry, all rather shady;
Bright pictures, in gilt frames, the only color,
Making the grimy wall-paper look duller.

What was the charm, the glamour that o'erspread
That dingy house and made it dear? The dead —
The dead—the gentle, loving, kind and sweet,
The truest, tenderest heart that ever beat.
While she was with me 'twas indeed *a home*,
Where every friend was welcome when they'd come.
Her soft eyes shone with gladness and her grace
Refined and beautified the poor old place.

But she is gone who made home for me there,
Whose childlike laugh, whose light step on the stair
Filled me with joy and gladness, hope and cheer.
To heaven she soared, and left me lonely here.
The old house now has got a brand-new face ;
The roses are uprooted ; there's no trace
Of broken bough or blossom—no decay —
The past is dead—the world wags on alway.

TO GOD AND IRELAND TRUE

I SIT beside my darling's grave,
Who in the prison died,
And tho' my tears fall thick and fast,
I think of him with pride :
Ay, softly fall my tears like dew,
For one to God and Ireland true.

"I love my God o'er all," he said,
"And then I love my land,
And next I love my Lily sweet,
Who pledged me her white hand :
To each—to all—I'm ever true ;
To God—to Ireland—and to you."

No tender nurse his hard bed smoothed
Or softly raised his head ;
He fell asleep and woke in heaven
Ere I knew he was dead ;
Yet why should I my darling rue?
He was to God and Ireland true.

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SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Oh ! 'tis a glorious memory ;
  I'm prouder than a queen
To sit beside my hero's grave,
  And think on what has been :
And, oh, my darling, I am true
To God—to Ireland—and to you.

JOSEPH O'LEARY
(1790–1850)

WHISKEY, DRINK DIVINE

WHISKEY, drink divine!
Why should drivelers bore us
With the praise of wine
While we've thee before us?
Were it not a shame,
Whilst we gayly fling thee
To our lips of flame,
If we could not sing thee?

Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

Greek and Roman sung
Chian and Falernian —
Shall no harp be strung
To thy praise, Hibernian?
Yes! let Erin's sons —
Generous, brave, and frisky —
Tell the world at once
They owe it to their whiskey —

Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

If Anacreon—who
Was the grape's best poet —
Drank our *mountain-dew*
How his verse would show it!
As the best then known,

He to wine was civil;
Had he *Inishowen*,
He'd pitch wine to the devil —
Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

Bright as beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it:
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
When young love inhales it:
Come, then, to my lips —
Come, thou rich in blisses!
Every drop I sip
Seems a shower of kisses —
Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole *grove* of bays
Should my brows encumber.
Be his name adored,
Who summoned up thy merits
In one little word,
When we call thee *spirits* —
Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

Send it gayly round —
Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
This enchanting treasure:
And when tyrant death's
Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
Be whiskey! whiskey! whiskey!
Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY
(1844–1890)

A WHITE ROSE[1]

THE red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
O the red rose is a falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips.

AT FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862

GOD send us peace, and keep red strife away;
But should it come, God send us men and steel!
The land is dead that dare not face the day
When foreign danger threats the common weal.

Defenders strong are they that homes defend;
From ready arms the spoiler keeps afar.
Well blest the country that has sons to lend
From trades of peace to learn the trade of war.

[1] This and the following poems are copyrighted, and are reprinted by permission of the executor and trustee of the poet's estate.

Thrice blest the nation that has every son
A soldier, ready for the warning sound;
Who marches homeward when the fight is done,
To swing the hammer and to till the ground.

Call back that morning, with its lurid light,
When through our land the awful war-bell tolled;
When lips were mute and women's faces white
As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

Call back that morn: an instant all were dumb,
As if the shot had struck the nation's life;
Then cleared the smoke, and rolled the calling drum,
And men streamed in to meet the coming strife.

They closed the ledger and they stilled the loom,
The plow left rusting in the prairie farm;
They saw but "Union" in the gathering gloom;
The tearless women helped the men to arm;

Brigades from towns—each village sent its band:
German and Irish—every race and faith;
There was no question then of native land,
But—love the flag and follow it to death.

No need to tell their tale: through every age
The splendid story shall be sung and said;
But let me draw one picture from the page—
For words of song embalm the hero dead.

The smooth hill is bare, and the cannons are planted,
Like Gorgon fates shading its terrible brow;
The word has been passed that the stormers are wanted,
And Burnside's battalions are mustering now.

The armies stand by to behold the dread meeting;
The work must be done by a desperate few;
The black-mouthed guns on the height give them greeting —
From gun-mouth to plain every grass blade in view.
Strong earthworks are there, and the rifles behind them
Are Georgia militia—an Irish brigade —
Their caps have green badges, as if to remind them
Of all the brave record their country has made.
The stormers go forward—the Federals cheer them;
They breast the smooth hillside—the black mouths are dumb;
The riflemen lie in the works till they near them,
And cover the stormers as upward they come.
Was ever a death-march so grand and so solemn?
At last, the dark summit with flame is enlined;
The great guns belch doom on the sacrificed column,
That reels from the height, leaving hundreds behind.
The armies are hushed—there is no cause for cheering:
The fall of brave men to brave men is a pain.
Again come the stormers! and as they are nearing
The flame-sheeted rifle-lines, reel back again.
And so till full noon come the Federal masses —
Flung back from the height, as the cliff flings a wave;
Brigade on brigade to the death-struggle passes,
No wavering rank till it steps on the grave.
Then comes a brief lull, and the smoke-pall is lifted,
The green of the hillside no longer is seen;
The dead soldiers lie as the sea-weed is drifted,
The earthworks still held by the badges of green.
Have they quailed? is the word. No: again they are forming —

Again comes a column to death and defeat!
What is it in these who shall now do the storming
That makes every Georgian spring to his feet?
"O God! what a pity!" they cry in their cover,
As rifles are readied and bayonets made tight;
"'Tis Meagher and his fellows! their caps have green clover;
'Tis Greek to Greek now for the rest of the fight!"
Twelve hundred the column, their rent flag before them,
With Meagher at their head, they have dashed at the hill!
Their foemen are proud of the country that bore them;
But, Irish in love, they are enemies still.
Out rings the fierce word, "Let them have it!" The rifles
Are emptied point-blank in the hearts of the foe:
It is green against green; but a principle stifles
The Irishman's love in the Georgian's blow.
The column has reeled, but it is not defeated;
In front of the guns they re-form and attack;
Six times they have done it and six times retreated;
Twelve hundred they came and two hundred go back.
Two hundred go back with the chivalrous story;
The wild day is closed in the night's solemn shroud;
A thousand lie dead, but their death was a glory
That calls not for tears—the Green Badges are proud!
Bright honor be theirs who for honor were fearless,
Who charged for their flag to the grim cannon's mouth;
And honor to them who were true, though not tearless,—

Who bravely that day kept the cause of the South.
The quarrel is done—God avert such another;
The lesson it brought we should evermore heed:
Who loveth the flag is a man and a brother,
No matter what birth or what race or what creed.

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER

ENSIGN EPPS, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty,
That flowers and flames in the height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer,—
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.
By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,
He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won;
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

MAYFLOWER

THUNDER our thanks to her—guns, hearts and lips!
Cheer from the ranks to her,
Shout from the banks to her —
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships.

Mayflower! Twice in the national story
Thy dear name in letters of gold —
Woven in texture that never grows old —
Winning a home and winning glory!
Sailing the years to us, welcomed for aye;
Cherished for centuries, dearest to-day.
Every heart throbs for her, every flag dips —
Mayflower! First and last, best of our ships.

White as a seagull, she swept the long passage.
True as the homing-bird flies with its message.
Love her? O richer than silk every sail of her.
Trust her? More precious than gold every nail of her.
Write we down faithfully every man's part in her;
Greet we all gratefully every true heart in her.
More than a name to us, sailing the fleetest,
Symbol of that which is purest and sweetest:
More than a keel to us, steering the straightest,
Emblem of that which is freest and greatest:
More than dove-bosomed sail to the windward,
Flame passing on while the night-clouds fly hindward.
Kiss every plank of her! None shall take rank of her;
Frontward or weatherward, none can eclipse.
Thunder our thanks to her! Cheer from the banks
to her!
Mayflower! Foremost and best of our ships!

MY NATIVE LAND

IT chanced to me upon a time to sail
Across the Southern ocean to and fro;
And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.
And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one, for 'tis soon to find
In thousand-isled Cathay another isle,—
For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
And then again we yearned, and ceased to smile.

And so it was from isle to isle we passed,
  Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when all that was tasted, then at last
  We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no Southern land
  Can fill with love the hearts of Northern men.
Sick minds need change; but, when in health they stand
  'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again
With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!
  And thus with me it was, the yearning turned
From laden airs of cinnamon away,
  And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned.

My first dear love, all dearer for the grief!
  My land, that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale or river, flower or leaf,—
  If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
  Is deepest yet,—the mother's breast and smiles;
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
  Is my poor land, the Niobé of isles.

UNSPOKEN WORDS

THE kindly words that rise within the heart
  And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die ere spoken, fail to play their part
And claim a merit that is not their own.

The kindly word unspoken is a sin —
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so: another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild —
Poor banished Hagar—prayed a well might burst
From out the sand, to save her parching child.
And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
Will watch the expected movement of the lip:
Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words like treasures in the mine
Are valueless until we give them birth.
Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine
Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.
How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute —
But oh! what pain when at God's own command
A heart-string thrills with kindness, but is mute!

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy expressed with kindly voice,
But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry—to hearts that would rejoice.
Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak,
And He will bless you. He who struck these chords
Will strike another when in turn you seek.

MARY ANNE O'REILLY
(1846–)

A LULLABY

Mo cheann ban beag, lie still and rest,[1]
I'll pillow thee here on my breast,
The sun is tired and turning west,
Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.[2]
Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
Mo mhuirnin cean ban beag.

Mo cheann ban beag, thy lids of snow,
Are loth to hide the gems below,
They close and open sweet and slow,
Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.
Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.

Mo chean ban beag, thy golden hair
Lies like the halo angels wear;
No angel like thee, none so fair,
Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.

[1] Pronounced—Mo chan bawn beg, literally, Little white head.

[2] Pronounced—Mavourneen kawn bawn beg, literally, My darling little white or fair head.

Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.

My cheann ban beag, thy sleeping face,
Is beauty's quiet dwelling place,
Where dawn rests in the snow's embrace,
Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.
Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.

Mo cheann ban beag, 'tis bliss to be
The mother of a babe like thee,
Thank God who gave the gift to me,
Mo mhuirnin cean ban beag.
Hush O, Hush O, Hush O, my love,
O close thine eyes and sleep my dove,
The winds are crooning in the cove,
Mo mhuirnin ceann ban beag.

HUSH SONG

Written to an old Irish air found in C. Villiers Stanford's collection.

REST asthoreen, down the boreen
Come the cows a mooing low,
Eve is falling, birds are calling,
So their mates to sleep may go.

We'll go boating, gently floating
On dream river, shoheen sho!
By the meadows where the shadows
Gleam and darken, come and go.

Husha-bye, O! Closer lie, O!
Closer lie to mother's breast,
Awake or sleeping, in God's keeping
May my baby always rest.

Through the rushes, 'mong the bushes
Winds are whispering soft and low,
While my pleasure—to my treasure
Is to croon—hush O! hush O!

The sailing's over, under cover
Hides thy blue eyes' dewy glow,
Sprite nor fairy ne'er shall scare thee,
Angels care thee—lulla lo!

WHERE THE PRIMROSES GROW BY THE NORE

COME dear Fancy, my fay, we'll be happy to-day.
Spread your jubilant wings for a soar,
O'er the ocean we'll go to a fair spot I know,
Where the primroses grow by the Nore —
There we'll revel in blooms whose delicious perfumes
Fill the soul with fond mem'ries of yore,
While the dark waters flow in a crystalline glow
Where the primroses grow by the Nore.

When the morning's gray mist by the sun god is kissed,
'Til the meadows awake to his glow,
And new blossoms arise 'neath his life-giving eyes
From their beryl beds bursting below—
Then the daffodils dance, and forget-me-nots glance
Through the fern that enfringes the shore,
And the parting streams go in meandering flow
Where the primroses grow by the Nore.

Now the wandering feet find a solitude sweet
In a sylvan retreat cool and green,
Where the hedge rows slope down from a deep wooded crown
And the river steals softly between.
Nooks and knolls there abound—there is stillness profound,
Save the sough of the sedge by the shore,
There may dreams come and go from the heart's overflow
Where the primroses grow by the Nore.

O the birds sing so sweet where the parted streams meet,
And in confluence fleet bound away,
And the skies, gold and blue, pearly isles floating through,
Spread their glory around the bright day;
Here the fair Lacken grove, famed for idylls of love,
Lifts its vista of trees from the shore,
And the winds whisper low fairy secrets that show
Where the primroses grow by the Nore.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Sparkling Nore of the dells, oft my memory dwells
On the walks and the wells by thy side,
On thy bridges and bow'rs, and where Ormonde's proud tow'rs
Chose to mirror their charms in thy tide,
And thou rolling along in perpetual song,
All unchanged from the dear days of yore,
When we roamed to and fro, hearts and faces aglow,
Where the primroses grow by the Nore.

Hearts and faces—alas! deep down under the grass
Where no Spring winds can pass—there they lie
And no sob can awake or no sorrow can break
Through their earth-shrouded sleep with its cry;
In our hearts they're enshrined, with our lives they're entwined
Closer still than in dear days of yore,
And together we'll go where the parted streams flow
When the primroses grow by the Nore.

ANDREW ORR
(1822 ——)

IN EXILE: AUSTRALIA

THE sunny South is glowing in the glow of Southern glory,
And the Southern Cross is waving o'er the freest of the free;
Yet in vain, in vain my weary heart would try to hide the story
That evermore 'tis wandering back, dear native land, to thee:
The heathy hills of Malazan, the Bann's translucent waters,
Glenleary's shades of hazel, and Agivy's winding streams,
And Kathleen of the raven locks, the flower of Erinn's daughters —
Lost heaven of wildering beauty! thou art mine at least in dreams.
Oh! the green land, the old land,
Far dearer than the gold land,
With all its landscape glory and unchanging Summer skies;
Let others seek their pleasures
In the chase of golden treasures,
Be mine a dream of Erinn and the light of Kathleen's eyes.

Sweet scenes may group around me, hill and dale, lagoon and wildwood,
And eyes as bright and cloudless as the azure skies above;
But strange the face of nature—not the happy haunts of childhood,
And cold the glance of beauty—not the smile of early love;
Even in the pulse of joy itself the native charm is wanting,
For distant far the bosoms that would share it as their own:
Too late to learn that loving hearts will never bear transplanting;
Uprooted once, like seedless flowers, they wither lost and lone.
Oh! the old land, the green land,
The land of lands, the queen land;
Keep, keep the gorgeous splendor of your sunny Southern shore;
Unfading and undying,
O'er the world between us lying,
The hallowed loves of former days are mine for evermore.

JAMES ORR
(1770–1816)

THE IRISHMAN

THE savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle, which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide;
No more repent a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but won't be dared —
More fit to practice than to plan;
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may *your* secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal
  Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
Try him with bribes—they won't prevail;
  Prove him in fire—you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
  Be where it ought, in danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
  It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin! loved land! from age to age
  Be thou more great, more famed, and free;
May peace be thine, or, should'st thou wage
  Defensive war, cheap victory.
May plenty bloom in every field
  Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
  The home of every Irishman!

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY
(1846–1881)

ODE

WE are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

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SONG

HAS summer come without the rose,
Or left the bird behind?
Is the blue changed above thee,
O world! or am I blind?
Will you change every flower that grows,
Or only change this spot,
Where she who said, I love thee,
Now says, I love thee not?

The skies seemed true above thee,
The rose true on the tree;
The bird seemed true the summer through,
But all proved false to me.
World! is there one good thing in you,
Life, love, or death—or what?
Since lips that sang, I love thee,
Have said, I love thee not?

I think the sun's kiss will scarce fall
Into one flower's gold cup;
I think the bird will miss me,
And give the summer up.
O sweet place! desolate in tall
Wild grass, have you forgot
How her lips loved to kiss me,
Now that they kiss me not?

Be false or fair above me,
Come back with any face,
Summer!—do I care what you do?
You cannot change one place—

The grass, the leaves, the earth, the dew,
The grave I make the spot —
Here, where she used to love me,
Here, where she loves me not.

SONG

I MADE another garden, yea,
For my new Love,
I left the dead rose where it lay
And set the new above.
Why did my Summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste?
My old Love came and walked therein
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile
Just as of old;
She looked around a little while
And shivered with the cold.
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight;
She made the white-rose petals fall,
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass
Was like a snake
That bit and bit the ground, alas,
And a sad trail did make.
She went up slowly to the gate,
And then, just as of yore,
She turned back at the last to wait
And say farewell once more.

THE FOUNTAIN OF TEARS.

IF you go over desert and mountain,
Far into the country of sorrow,
To-day and to-night and to-morrow,
And maybe for months and for years;
You shall come, with a heart that is bursting
For trouble and toiling and thirsting,
You shall certainly come to the fountain
At length,—To the Fountain of Tears.

Very peaceful the place is, and solely
For piteous lamenting and sighing,
And those who come living or dying
Alike from their hopes and their fears;
Full of cypress-like shadows the place is,
And statues that cover their faces:
But out of the gloom springs the holy
And beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows and it flows with a motion
So gently and lovely and listless,
And murmurs a tune so resistless
To him who hath suffered and hears —
You shall surely—without a word spoken,
Kneel down there and know your heart broken,
And yield to the long curbed emotion
That day by the Fountain of Tears.

For it grows and it grows, as though leaping
Up higher the more one is thinking;
And ever its tunes go on sinking
More poignantly into the ears:

Yea, so blessèd and good seems that fountain,
Reached after dry desert and mountain,
You shall fall down at length in your weeping
And bathe your sad face in the tears.

Then, alas! while you lie there a season,
And sob between living and dying,
And give up the land you were trying
To find mid your hopes and your fears;
—O the world shall come up and pass o'er you;
Strong men shall not stay to care for you,
Nor wonder indeed for what reason
Your way should seem harder than theirs.

But perhaps, while you lie, never lifting
Your cheek from the wet leaves it presses,
Nor caring to raise your wet tresses
And look how the cold world appears,—
O perhaps the mere silences round you —
All things in that place grief hath found you,
Yea, e'en to the clouds o'er you drifting,
May soothe you somewhat through your tears.

You may feel, when a falling leaf brushes
Your face, as though some one had kissed you;
Or think at least some one who missed you
Hath sent you a thought,—if that cheers;
Or a bird's little song, faint and broken,
May pass for a tender word spoken:
—Enough, while around you there rushes
That life-drowning torrent of tears.

And the tears shall flow faster and faster,
  Brim over, and baffle resistance,
  And roll down bleared roads to each distance
Of past desolation and years;
  Till they cover the place of each sorrow,
  And leave you no Past and no morrow:
For what man is able to master
And stem the great Fountain of tears?

But the flood of the tears meet and gather;
  The sound of them all grows like thunder:
  —O into what bosom, I wonder,
Is poured the whole sorrow of years?
  For Eternity only seems keeping
  Account of the great human weeping:
May God then, the Maker and Father—
  May He find a place for the tears!

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SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN

THE GRAY DUSK

I

TREMULOUS gray of dusk,
Deepening into the blue,
It is the path that leads
Ever to you.

Child of the dusk, your eyes
Quietly light my way,
Quiet as evening stars,
Quiet and gray.

All the magic of dusk
Tremulous, gray and blue,
Gathers into my heart
Quiet for you.

II

Child I thought that we two by some gray sea
Went walking very quietly, hand in hand,
By a gray sea along a pleasant strand,
And you had turned your eyes away from me
To where gray clouds, uplifted mightily,
Made of the far horizon a silver land,
And I would not recall your eyes to me,
Because I knew from your shy clasping hand

How joy within your heart, a wanderer long
Outwearied now had come, a nesting bird,
And folded there his wings, too glad for song;
And so I knew at last that you had heard
Through the long miles of gray sea-folding mist
Soft as the breast of some glad nesting dove,
From gray lips grown articulate, twilight-kissed
All the secret of my unuttered love.

THE SORROW OF LOVE

I WHISPERED my great sorrow
To every listening sedge;
And they bent, bowed with my sorrow
Down to the water's edge.

But she stands and laughs lightly
To see me sorrow so
Like the light winds that laughing
Across the water go.

If I could tell the bright ones
That quiet-hearted move,
They would bend down like the sedges
With the sorrow of love.

But she stands laughing lightly
Who all my sorrow knows,
Like the little wind that laughing
Across the water blows.

THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE

IT is a whisper among the hazel bushes;
It is a long, low, whispering voice that fills
With a sad music the bending and swaying rushes;
It is a heart-beat deep in the quiet hills.

Twilight people why will you still be crying,
Crying and calling to me out of the trees?
For under the quiet grass the wise are lying
And all the strong ones are gone over the seas.

And I am old, and in my heart at your calling
Only the old dead dreams a fluttering go,
As the wind, the forest wind, in its falling
Sets the withered leaves fluttering to and fro.

FANNY PARNELL
(1854–1882)

ERIN MY QUEEN

"AS the breath of the musk-rose is sweetest 'mid flowers,
As the palm like a queen o'er the forest-trees towers,
As the pearl of the deep sea 'mid gems is the fairest,
As the spice-cradled phœnix 'mid birds is the rarest,
As the star that keeps guard o'er Flath-Innis shines brightest,
As the angel-twined snow-wreaths 'mid all things are whitest,
As the dream of the singer his faint speech transcendeth,
As the rapture of martyrs all agony endeth,
As the rivers of Aidenn 'mid earth's turbid waters,
As Una the Pure One 'mid Eve's fallen daughters,
So is Erin, my shining one,
So is Erin, my peerless one!"

POST-MORTEM

SHALL mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country?
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory?
Or shall the darkness close around them, ere the sun-blaze
Break at last upon thy story?

When the nations ope for thee their queenly circle,
As a sweet new sister hail thee,
Shall these lips be sealed in callous death and silence
That have known but to bewail thee?

Shall the ear be deaf that only loved thy praises
When all men their tribute bring thee?
Shall the mouth be clay that sang thee in thy squalor
When all poets' mouths shall sing thee?

Ah! the harpings and the salvos and the shoutings
Of thy exiled sons returning
I should hear, though dead and moldered, and the grave damps
Should not chill my bosom's burning.

Ah! the tramp of feet victorious! I should hear them
'Mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart should toss within the shroud and quiver,
As a captive dreamer tosses.

I should turn and rend the cere clothes round me,
Giant-sinews I should borrow,
Crying, "O my brothers I have also loved her,
In her lowliness and sorrow.

"Let me join with you the jubilant procession,
Let me chant with you her story;
Then contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,
Now mine eyes have seen her glory."

THOMAS PARNELL
(1679–1717)

WHEN YOUR BEAUTY APPEARS

"WHEN your beauty appears,
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropt from the skies;
At distance I gaze and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eyes!

"But when without art
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes through every vein
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants at your heart,
Then I know you are woman again."

"There's a passion and pride
In our sex," she replied;
"And thus (might I gratify both) I would do.—
Still an angel appear to each lover beside
But still be a lover to you."

PERCY SOMERS PAYNE
(1850–1874)

REST

SILENCE sleeping on a waste of ocean —
Sun-down—westward traileth a red streak —
One white sea-bird, poised with scarce a motion,
Challenges the stillness with a shriek —
Challenges the stillness, upward wheeling
Where some rocky peak containeth her rude nest;
For the shadows o'er the waters they come stealing,
And they whisper to the silence: "There is Rest."

Down where the broad Zambesi River
Glides away into some shadowy lagoon
Lies the antelope, and hears the leaflets quiver,
Shaken by the sultry breath of noon —
Hears the sluggish water ripple in its flowing;
Feels the atmosphere, with fragrance all opprest;
Dreams his dreams; and the sweetest is the knowing
That above him, and around him, there is Rest.

Centuries have faded into shadow.
Earth is fertile with the dust of man's decay;
Pilgrims all they were to some bright El-dorado,
But they wearied, and they fainted, by the way.

Some were sick with the surfeiture of pleasure,
  Some were bowed beneath a care-encumbered breast;
But they all trod in turn Life's stately measure,
  And all paused betimes to wonder, "Is there Rest?"

Look, O man! to the limitless Hereafter,
  When thy Sense shall be lifted from its dust,
When thy Anguish shall be melted into Laughter,
  When thy Love shall be severed from its Lust.
Then thy spirit shall be sanctified with seeing
  The Ultimate dim Thulé of the Blest,
And the passion-haunted fever of thy being
  Shall be drifted in a Universe of Rest.

GEORGE PETRIE
(1789–1866)

PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST

From the Irish

THERE'S a colleen fair as May,
For a year and for a day
I've sought by every way—Her heart to gain.
There's no art of tongue or eye,
Fond youths with maidens try,
But I've tried with ceaseless sigh—Yet tried in vain.
If to France or far-off Spain,
She'd cross the watery main,
To see her face again—The sea I'd brave.
And if 'tis Heaven's decree,
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary me—in mercy save!

O thou blooming milk-white dove,
To whom I've given true love,
Do not ever thus reprove—My constancy.
There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in hand and kine,
If my heart would but incline—To turn from thee.
But a kiss, with welcome bland,
And a touch of thy dear hand,
Are all that I demand,—Wouldst thou not spurn;
For if not mine, dear girl,
O Snowy-breasted Pearl!
May I never from the Fair—With life return!

REV. J. PIERPONT
(1785–1866)

ODE

Air, "Paddy's Land"

TO the Emerald Isle, where our kindred are dwelling,
And where the remains of our forefathers sleep,
Our eyes turn to-day with the tears in them swelling;—
But why are we sad, who this festival keep?
We weep not for ourselves;—for our fathers, our mothers,
Whom we ne'er shall see more; for our sisters, our brothers,
Whom we hope to see yet; O yes, and for others
We may not name aloud,—'tis for these that we weep.

Poor Ireland! how long shall thy hardly earn'd treasures
Be wrung from thy hand, that a priesthood may gorge,
Who, year after year, are abroad on their pleasures,
Or swelling the train of a William or George!
'Tis not so with thy sons on this side of the Ocean;
Here we open our hands from the grateful emotion
We feel to our priests, for their zeal and devotion.
In removing our sins and the fetters they forge.

At evening the blue eyes of many a maiden
In Erin are lifted to look at the star,
That is hung in the west; and the night wind is laden
With sighs for the loved one beneath it afar.
Girls of the green isle, O do not deplore us!
In our visions ye're swimming, like angels, before us,
And the Being whose shield of protection is o'er us,
Hath not made the deep an impassable bar.

Though absent, the fount of our faith is not frozen,
While we live, of its upwelling waters we'll draw,
For the maids that we love, for the land that we've chosen,
Where freedom is nursed at the bosom of law.
"Land of the free! for the shelter thou'st given
To those whom the storm of oppression has driven
From their homes, may a blessing be on thee from Heaven."
Say the sons and the daughters of Erin go bragh.

GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS
(1770–1802)

KATHLEEN O'MORE

MY love, still I think that I see her once more,
But alas! she has left me her loss to deplore,
My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her color still changing, her smiles ever new —
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

She milked the dun cow that ne'er offered to stir;
Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her —
So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow and to gaze on the moon —
So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bower;
It chilled my poor Kathleen; she drooped from that hour
And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen,
My Kathleen O'More!

The bird of all birds that I love the best
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds its nest;
For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er
Kathleen
My Kathleen O'More!

GEORGE ROBERTS

THE CALL

FROM the fireside of your heart
Where love blew the peats aglow
I arise, I will depart;
I must go.

Peace was dwelling in your eyes,
But across my soft content,
Gleams like rays in midnight skies
Quivered and went.

I arise though blind with tears
To fare forth on the long way
When the beckoning gleam appears
I must obey.

THE PRISONER OF LOVE

STILL, although I know our ways
Are divergent through all time,
Following love will shed its rays
On the path you choose to climb.

And your eyes my thought will meet
  Shining in your guiding star;
Flowers shall spring before your feet
  From my brooding love afar.

But your voice I hear that cries,
  "Oh! the brambles trip my feet —
Oh! the lights that blind my eyes.
  When shall love and freedom meet?"

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JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE
(1847 ——)

ANDROMEDA [1]

THEY chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone;
The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own;
The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.
Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;
The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main:
But, lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again:
'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
Across the western main:
O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!

AT SEA

SHALL we, the storm-tossed sailors, weep
For those who may not sail again;
Or wisely envy them, and keep
Our pity for the living men?

[1] This and the three following poems are Copyrighted by James Jeffrey Roche, printed by permission.

Beyond the weary waste of sea,
Beyond the wider waste of death,
I strain my gaze and cry to thee
Whose still heart never answereth.

O brother, is thy coral bed
So sweet thou wilt not hear my speech?
This hand, methinks, if I were dead,
To thy dear hand would strive to reach.

I would not, if God gave us choice
For each to bear the other's part,
That mine should be the silent voice,
And thine the silent, aching heart.

Ah, well for any voyage done,
Whate'er its end—or port or reef;
Better the voyage ne'er begun,
For all ships sail the sea of Grief.

THE KEARSARGE

IN the gloomy ocean bed
Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
In the dim and countless eons long ago,
"I will build a stronghold high,
Ocean's power to defy,
And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

Crept the minutes for the sad,
Sped the cycles for the glad,

But the march of time was neither less nor more;
While the formless atom died,
Myriad millions by its side,
And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

Roncador of Caribee,
Coral dragon of the sea,
Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
Woe to them who sail the deep!
Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;
But the sleeper silent lay
Till the preyer and his prey
Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
Now our bravest ship of war,
War and tempest who had often braved before,
All her storied prowess past,
Strikes her glorious flag at last
To the formless thing that builded Roncador.

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST

WE summoned not the Silent Guest,
And no man spake his name;
By lips unseen our Cup was pressed,
And mid the merry song and jest,
The uninvited came.

Wise were they in the days of old,
  Who gave the Stranger place;
And when the joyous catch was trolled,
And toasts were quaffed and tales were told,
  They looked him in the face.

God save us from the skeleton
  Who sittest at the feast!
God rest the manly spirit gone,
Who sat beside the Silent One,
  And dreaded him the least!

THE V-A-S-E[1]

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,—
The maidens four and the Work of Art:

And one might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful soul from Kalamazoo;

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * * *

Long they worshiped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said, "What a lovely Vase!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word:

[1] Copyright by *Life*, New York. By permission.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries, "'Tis, indeed, a lovely Vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims, "It is quite a lovely Vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee,
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming Vaws!"

Dies erit prægelida
Sinistra quun Bostonia.[1]

[1] It will be a very cold day when Boston gets left.

THOMAS W. HAZEN ROLLESTON
(1857 ——)

EVENSONG

IN the heart of a German forest I followed the winding ways
Where the cushioned moss was barred with the sunset's slanting rays,

When I heard a sound of singing, unearthly sad and clear,
Rise from the forest deeps and float on the evening air.

I thought of the spirits told of in dark old forest lore
Who roam the greenwood singing forever and evermore;

And stopped and wondered and waited, as nearer the music grew,
Louder and still more loud, till at last came into view

A troop of Saxon maidens, tanned with the rain and sun,
A burden of billeted wood on the shoulders of every one.

The strong steps faltered not, and the chanting passed away
In the fragrant depths of the pinewood, and died with the dying day.

No spirit in truth ! yet it seemed, as while in dreams I stood,
That a music more than earthly had swept through the darkening wood.

And it seemed that the Day to the Morrow bequeathed in that solemn strain
The whole world's hope and labor, its love and its ancient pain.

SONG OF MAELDUIN

THERE are veils that lift, there are bars that fall,
There are lights that beckon, and winds that call —
Good-bye !
There are hurrying feet, and we dare not wait,
For the hour is on us—the hour of Fate,
The circling hour of the flaming gate —
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye !

Fair, fair they shine through the burning zone —
The rainbow gleams of a world unknown ;
Good-bye !
And oh ! to follow, to seek, to dare,
When, step by step, in the evening air
Floats down to meet us the cloudy stair !
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye !

The cloudy stair of the Brig o' Dread
Is the dizzy path that our feet must tread —
Good-bye !

O children of Time—O Nights and Days,
That gather and wonder and stand at gaze,
And wheeling stars in your lonely ways,
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

The music calls and the gates unclose,
Onward and onward the wild way goes —
Good-bye!
We die in the bliss of a great new birth,
O fading phantoms of pain and mirth,
O fading loves of the old green earth —
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye!

THE DEAD AT CLONMACNOIS

IN a quiet watered land, a land of roses,
Stands Saint Kieran's city fair:
And the warriors of Erin in their famous generations
Slumber there.

There beneath the dewy hillside sleep the noblest
Of the clan of Conn,
Each below his stone with name in branching Ogham
And the sacred knot thereon.

There they laid to rest the seven Kings of Tara,
There the sons of Cairbre sleep —
Battle-banners of the Gael, that in Kieran's plain of crosses
Now their final hosting keep.

And in Clonmacnois they laid the men of Teffia,
  And right many a lord of Breagh;
Deep the sod above Clan Creidé and Clan Conaill,
  Kind in hall and fierce in fray.

Many and many a son of Conn, the Hundred-Fighter,
  In the red earth lies at rest;
Many a blue eye of Clan Colman the turf covers,
  Many a swan-white breast.

THE LAST DESIRE

WHEN the time comes for me to die,
  To-morrow, or some other day,
If God should bid me make reply,
  "What wilt thou?" I shall say:

"O God, thy world was great and fair!
  Have thanks for all my days have seen;
Yet grant me peace from things that were
  And things that might have been.

"I loved, I toiled; throve ill and well;
  —Lived certain years, and murmured not.
Now give me in that land to dwell
  Where all things are forgot.

"I seek not, Lord, thy purging fire,
  The loves re-knit, the crown, the palm;
Only the death of all desire
  In deep, eternal calm."

THE SPELL-STRUCK

SHE walks as she were moving
Some mystic dance to tread,
So fall her gliding footsteps,
So leans her glistening head.

For once to fairy harping
She danced upon the hill,
And through her brain and bosom
The music pulses still.

Her eyes are bright and tearless,
But wide with yearning pain ;
She longs for nothing earthly.
But O ! To hear again

The sound that held her listening
Upon her moonlit path !
The rippling fairy music
That filled the lonely rath.

Her lips, that once have tasted
The fairy banquet's bliss,
Shall glad no mortal lover
With maiden smile or kiss.

She's death to all things living,
Since the November eve ;
And when she dies in autumn
No living thing shall grieve.

TO MY BICYCLE

IN the airy whirling wheel is the springing strength of steel,
And the sinew grows to steel day by day,
Till you feel your pulses leap at the easy swing and sweep
As the hedges flicker past upon your way.
Then it's out to the kiss of the morning breeze
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by!

Black-and-silver, swift and strong, with a pleasant undersong
From the steady rippling murmur of the chain,
Half a thing of life and will, you may feel it start and thrill
With a quick elastic answer to the strain,
As you ride to the kiss of the morning breeze
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

Miles a hundred you may run from the rising of the sun,
To the gleam of the first white star.
You may ride through twenty towns, meet the sun upon the downs,
Or the wind on the mountain scaur.

Then it's out to the kiss of the morning breeze
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

Down the pleasant countryside, through the woodland's summer pride,
You have come in your forenoon spin.
And you never would have guessed how delicious is the rest
In the shade by the wayside inn,
When you have sought the kiss of the morning breeze,
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

There is many a one who teaches that the shining river-reaches
Are the place to spend a long June day,
But give me the whirling wheel and a boat of air and steel
To float upon the King's highway!
Oh, give me the kiss of the morning breeze,
And the rose of the morning sky,
And the long brown road where the tired spirit's load
Slips off as the leagues go by.

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JOHN JEROME ROONEY

IRELAND SHALL BE FREE[1]

Air: "The Memory of the Dead"

BY all the glories of our race
That never yet were slaves,
By every memory-hallowed place
That holds our martyr graves,
In heaven's sight, by freemen's right,
From troubled sea to sea.

In deathless troth we pledge our oath —
Old Ireland shall be free!

We claim no right we do not give,
None less shall be our lot —
God made one law for all who live,
In palace or in cot.
Then who shall take the bread we make
By sweat of hand or brow? —

Not you, Sir Lord—save by the sword —
We shall have justice now!

[1] Sung first at Providence, R. I., by Wm. Luding, the Irish baritone.

Wolfe Tone has shown us what to do,
And Emmet is not dead;
Each Irish heart was leal and true
When Dan O'Connell led;
Our Parnell's mound is holy ground,
And holier yet shall be

When full-confest, from East to West,
Old Ireland shall be free!

For who shall bind a Nation's soul,
Born by the grace of God?
And who shall fix a slave control
Upon a virgin sod?
None—none, we swear, while Irish air
Breathes life on you and me—

From the Giant's way to Bantry bay
Old Ireland shall be free!

GEO. W. RUSSELL ("A. E.")
(1867–)

A CALL OF THE SIDHE

TARRY thou yet, late lingerer in the twilight's glory:
Gay are the hills with song: earth's faery children leave
More dim abodes to roam the primrose-hearted eve,
Opening their glimmering lips to breathe some wondrous story.
Hush, not a whisper! Let your heart alone go dreaming.
Dream unto dream may pass: deep in the heart alone
Murmurs the Mighty One his solemn undertone.
Canst thou not see adown the silver cloudland streaming
Rivers of rainbow light, dewdrop on dewdrop falling,
Starfire of silver flames, lighting the dark beneath?
And what enraptured hosts burn on the dusky heath!
Come thou away with them, for Heaven to Earth is calling.
These are Earth's voice—her answer—spirits thronging.
Come to the Land of Youth: the trees grown heavy there
Drop on the purple wave the ruby fruit they bear.
Drink: the immortal waters quench the spirit's longing.

Art thou not now, bright one, all sorrow past, in elation,
Filled with wild joy, grown brother-hearted with the vast,
Whither thy spirit wending flits the dim stars past
Unto the Light of Lights in burning adoration?

BY THE MARGIN OF THE GREAT DEEP

WHEN the breath of twilight blows to flame the misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the eyes;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast:
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, and deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw

From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primeval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

CONNLA'S WELL[1]

A CABIN on the mountainside hid in a grassy nook,
With door and window open wide, where friendly stars may look,
The rabbit shy can patter in, the winds may enter free —
Who throng around the mountain throne in living ecstasy.

And when the sun sets dimmed in eve, and purple fills the air,
I think the sacred hazel-tree is dropping berries there,
From starry fruitage waved aloft where Connla's well o'erflows;
For, sure, the immortal waters run through every wind that blows.

I think, when night towers up aloft and shakes the trembling dew,

[1] "Sinend, daughter of Lodan Lucharglan, son of Ler, out of the Land of Promise, went to Connla's Well, which is under sea, to behold it. That is a well at which are the hazels of wisdom and inspirations, that is, the hazels of the science of poetry, and in the same hour their fruit and their blossom and their foliage break forth, and then fall upon the well in the same shower, which raises upon the water a royal surge of purple."—*The Voyage of Bran.*

How every high and lonely thought that thrills my
spirit through
Is but a shining berry dropped down through the
purple air,
And from the magic tree of life the fruit falls every-
where.

DIVIDED

IN childhood days we were not apart:
One spirit breathed in your heart and my
heart;
It flowed through us in our childhood days
As hosts that march through the broad highways.

The ancient magic is over and dead
For Love awoke and the voices fled;
We know no more of the superhuman:
I am a man and you are a woman.

INHERITANCE

AS flow the rivers to the sea
Adown from rocky hill or plain,
A thousand ages toiled for thee
And gave thee harvest of their grain;
And weary myriads of yore
Dug out for thee earth's buried lore.

The shadowy toilers for thee fought,
In chaos of primeval day,
Blind battles with they knew not what;

And each before he passed away
Gave clear articulate cries of woe:
Your pain is theirs of long ago.

And all the old heart-sweetness sung,
The joyous life of man and maid
In forests when the earth was young,
In rumors round your childhood strayed:
The careless sweetness of your mind
Comes from the buried years behind.

And not alone unto your birth
Their gifts the weeping ages bore,
The old descents of God on earth
Have dowered thee with celestial lore:
So, wise, and filled with sad and gay,
You pass into the further day.

JANUS

IMAGE of beauty, when I gaze on thee,
Trembling I waken to a mystery;
How through one door we go to life or death,
By spirit kindled or the sensual breath.
Image of beauty, when my way I go,
No single joy or sorrow do I know;
Elate for freedom leaps the starry power,
The life which passes mourns its wasted hour.

And, ah! to think how thin the veil that lies
Between the pain of hell and paradise!
Where the cool grass my aching head embowers,
God sings the lovely carol of the flowers.

OUR THRONES DECAY

I SAID my pleasure shall not move;
It is not fixed in things apart;
Seeking not love—but yet to love—
I put my trust in mine own heart.

I knew the fountain of the deep
Wells up with living joy, unfed;
Such joys the lonely heart may keep,
And love grow rich with love unwed.

Still flows the ancient fount sublime—
But oh! For my heart, shed tears, shed tears!
Not it, but love, has scorn of time—
It turns to dust beneath the years.

SACRIFICE

THOSE delicate wanderers—
The wind, the star, the cloud—
Ever before mine eyes,
As to an Altar bowed,
Light and dew laden airs
Offer in sacrifice.

The offerings arise:
Hazes of rainbow light,
Pure crystal, blue, and gold,
Through dreamland take their flight;
And 'mid the sacrifice
God moveth as of old.

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In miracles of fire
  He symbols forth his days;
In gleams of crystal light
  Reveals what pure pathways
Lead to the soul's desire,
The silence of the height.

SYMBOLISM

NOW when the giant in us wakes and broods,
  Filled with home yearnings, drowsily he flings
From his deep heart high dreams and mystic moods,
  Mixed with the memory of the loved earth-things;
Clothing the vast with a familiar face,
Reaching his right hand forth to greet the starry race.

Wondrously near and clear the great warm fires
  Stare from the blue; so shows the cottage light
To the field laborer whose heart desires
  The old folk by the nook, the welcome bright
From the housewife long parted from at dawn —
So the star villages in God's great depth withdrawn.

Nearer to thee, not by delusion led,
  Though there no house-fires burn nor bright eyes gaze;
We rise, but by the symbol charioted,
  Through loved things rising up to Love's own ways;
By these the soul unto the vast has wings,
And sets the seal celestial on all mortal things.

THE EARTH SPIRIT

A LAUGHTER in the diamond air, a music in the trembling grass,
And one by one the words of light as joy-drops through my being pass.
"I am the sunlight in the heart, the silver moon-glow in the mind;
My laughter runs and ripples through the wavy tresses of the wind.
I am the fire upon the hills, the dancing flame that leads afar
Each burning hearted wanderer, and I the dear and homeward star.
A myriad lovers died for me, and in their latest yielded breath
I woke in glory giving them immortal life though touched by death.
They knew me from the dawn of time: if Hermes beats his rainbow wings,
If Angus shakes his locks of light, or golden-haired Apollo sings,
It matters not, the name, the land: my joy in all the gods abides:
Even in the cricket in the grass some dimness of me smiles and hides.
For joy of me the day-star glows, and in delight and wild desire
The peacock twilight rays aloft its plumes and blooms of shadowy fire,
Where in the vastness too I burn through summer nights and ages long,
And with the fiery-footed planets wave in myriad dance and song."

THE GATES OF DREAMLAND

IT'S a lonely road through bogland to the lake at Carrowmore,
And a sleeper there lies dreaming where the water laps the shore.
Though the moth-wings of the twilight in their purples are unfurled
Yet his sleep is filled with gold light by the masters of the world.

There's a hand as white as silver that is fondling with his hair:
There are glimmering feet of sunshine that are dancing by him there:
And half-open lips of faery that were dyed to richest red
In their revels where the Hazel Tree its holy clusters shed.

"Come away," the red lips whisper, "all the world is weary now;
'Tis the twilight of the ages, and it's time to quit the plow.
Oh, the very sunlight's weary ere it lightens up the dew,
And its gold is changed to graylight before it falls to you.

"Though your colleen's heart be tender, a tenderer heart is near;
What's the starlight in her glance when the stars are shining clear?

Who would kiss the fading shadow when the flower face glows above?
'Tis the Beauty of all Beauty that is calling for your love."

Oh, the mountain gates of dreamland have opened once again,
And the sound of song and dancing falls upon the ears of men:
And the Land of Youth lies gleaming flushed with opal light and mirth,
And the old enchantment lingers in the honey heart of earth.

THE GREAT BREATH

ITS edges foamed with amethyst and rose,
Withers once more the old blue flower of day:
There where the ether like a diamond glows,
Its petals fade away.

A shadowy tumult stirs the dusky air;
Sparkle the delicate dews, the distant snows;
The great deep thrills—for through it everywhere
The breath of Beauty blows.

I saw how all the trembling ages past,
Molded to her by deep and deeper breath,
Neared to the hour when beauty breathes her last
And knows herself in death.

THE MEMORY OF EARTH

IN the wet dusk silver sweet,
Down the violet-scented ways,
As I moved with quiet feet
I was met by mighty days.

On the hedge the hanging dew
Glassed the eve and stars and skies;
While I gazed a madness grew
Into the thundered battle-cries.

Where the hawthorn glimmered white
Flashed the spear and fell the stroke —
Ah, what faces pale and bright
Where the dazzling battle broke!

There a hero-hearted queen
With young beauty led the van:
Gone! the darkness flowed between
All the ancient wars of man.

While I paced the valley's gloom,
Where the rabbits pattered near,
Shone a temple and a tomb
With the legend carven clear:

"Time put by a myriad fates
That her day might dawn in glory;
Death made wide a million gates
So to close her tragic story."

THE PLACE OF REST

"The soul is its own witness and its own refuge"

UNTO the deep the deep heart goes,
It lays its sadness nigh the breast:
Only the Mighty Mother knows
The wounds that quiver unconfessed.

It seeks a deeper silence still;
It folds itself around with peace,
When thoughts alike of good or ill
In quietness unfostered cease.

It feels in the unwounding vast
For comfort for its hopes and fears:
The Mighty Mother bows at last;
She listens to her children's tears.

Where the last anguish deepens—there
The fire of beauty smites through pain:
A glory moves amid despair,
The Mother takes her child again.

THE THREE COUNSELORS

IT was the fairy of the place,
Moving within a little light,
Who touched with dim and shadowy grace
The conflict at its fever height.

It seemed to whisper "Quietness,"
Then quietly itself was gone:
Yet echoes of its mute caress
Were with me as the years went on.

It was the warrior within
  Who called: "Awake! prepare for fight!
Yet lose not memory in the din;
  Make of thy gentleness thy might;

"Make of thy silence words to shake
  The long enthronèd kings of earth:
Make of thy will the force to break
  Their towers of wantonness and mirth."

It was the wise all-seeing soul
  Who counseled neither war nor peace:
"Only be thou thyself that goal
  In which the wars of Time shall cease."

MALACHY RYAN

ROSE ADAIR

'TWAS in green-leafy spring-time,
  When the birds on every tree
Were breakin' all their little hearts
  In a merry melody;
An' the young buds hung like tassels
  An' the flowers grew everywhere—
'Twas in green-leafy spring-time
  I met sweet Rose Adair.

O Rose Adair! O Rose Adair!
  You are the radiant sun,
The blossomed trees, an' scented breeze,
  An' song birds all in one.

I met her sowin' mushrooms
With her white feet in the grass;
'Twas eve—but mornin' in the smile
Of my sweet *cailin deas;*
An' I kissed her—oh, so secretly
That not a one should know—
But the roguish stars they winked above
An' the daisies smiled below.

The Father in confession, Rose,
Won't count that love a sin
That with a kiss taps at the heart
An' lets an angel in;
'Twas so love entered into mine
An' made his dwellin' there—
If *that's* a sin, the Lord forgive
Your beauty, Rose Adair!

If spring-time never came at all
To chase the winter's frown,
Her smile would coax the flowers up
An' charm the sunshine down;
There's not a perfumed breeze that blows
Or bird that charms the air,
But stole its sweetness from the lips
Of lovely Rose Adair.

The leaves will fall in autumn,
An' the flowers all come to grief,
But the green love in my heart of hearts
Will never shed a leaf!
For the sunshine of your bonny eyes
Will keep it green and fair,
An' your breath will be its breeze-o'-spring,
O lovely Rose Adair.

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JOHN SAVAGE
(1828–1888)

BREASTING THE WORLD

MANY years have burst upon my forehead,
Years of gloom and heavy-freighted grief,
And I have stood them as against the horrid
Angry gales, the Peak of Teneriffe.

Yet if all the world had storm and sorrow,
You had none, my better self, Lenore;
My toil was as the midnight seeking morrow,
You, moon-like, lit the way I struggled o'er.

Though as a cataract my soul went lashing
Itself through ravines desolate and gray,
You made me see a beauty in the flashing,
And with your presence diamonded the spray.

Then, Lenore, though we have grown much older,
Though your eyes were brighter when we met,
Still let us feel, shoulder unto shoulder
And heart to heart, above the world yet!

SHANE'S HEAD

SCENE.—*Before Dublin Castle. Night. A clansman of Shane O'Neill's discovers his Chief's head on a pole.*

IS it thus, O Shane the haughty! Shane the valiant!
that we meet —
Have my eyes been lit by Heaven but to guide me
to defeat?

Have *I* no Chief, or *you* no clan, to give us both defense,
Or must I, too, be statued here with thy cold eloquence?
Thy ghastly head grins scorn upon old Dublin's Castle Tower;
Thy shaggy hair is wind-tossed and thy brow seems rough with power;
Thy wrathful lips like sentinels, by foulest treachery stung,
Look rage upon the world of wrong, but chain thy fiery tongue.

That tongue, whose Ulster accent woke the ghost of Columbkill;
Whose warrior-words fenced round with spears the oaks of Derry Hill;
Whose reckless tones gave life and death to vassals and to knaves,
And hunted hordes of Saxons into holy Irish graves.
The Scotch marauders whitened when his war-cry met their ears,
And the death-bird, like a vengeance, poised above his stormy cheers;
Ay, Shane, across the thundering sea, out-chanting it, your tongue
Flung wild un-Saxon war-whoopings the Saxon Court among.
Just think, O Shane! the same moon shines on Liffey as on Foyle,
And lights the ruthless knaves on both, our kinsmen to despoil;

And you the hope, voice, battle-axe, the shield of us
and ours,
A murdered, trunkless, blinding sight above these
Dublin towers!

Thy face is paler than the moon; my heart is paler
still—
My heart? I had no heart—'twas yours, '*twas* yours!
to keep or kill.
And you kept it safe for Ireland, Chief—your life,
your soul, your pride;
But they sought it in thy bosom, Shane—with proud
O'Neill it died.
You were turbulent and haughty, proud and keen as
Spanish steel—
But who had right of these, if not our Ulster's Chief,
O'Neill,
Who reared aloft the "Bloody Hand" until it paled
the sun,
And shed such glory on Tyrone as chief had never
done?

He was "turbulent" with traitors; he was "haughty"
with the foe;
He was "cruel," say ye, Saxons! Ay! he dealt ye
blow for blow!
He was "rough" and "wild"—and who's not wild
to see his hearthstone razed?
He was "merciless as fire"—ah, ye kindled him—he
blazed!
He was "proud"—yes, proud of birthright, and be-
cause he flung way
Your Saxon stars of princedom, as the rock does
mocking spray.

He was wild, insane for vengeance—ay! and preached it till Tyrone
Was ruddy, ready, wild, too, with "Red hands" to clutch their own.

"The Scots are on the border, Shane!" Ye Saints, he makes no breath;
I remember when that cry would wake him up almost from death.
Art truly dead and cold? O Chief! art thou to Ulster lost?
"Dost hear—*dost hear?* By Randolph led, the troops the Foyle have crossed!"
He's truly dead! He must be dead! nor is his ghost about—
And yet no tomb could hold his spirit tame to such a shout:
The pale face droopeth northward—ah! his soul must loom up there,
By old Armagh, or Antrim's glynns, Lough Foyle, or Bann the Fair!
I'll speed me Ulster-wards—your ghost must wander there, proud Shane,
In search of some O'Neill, through whom to throb its hate again.

GEORGE FRANCIS SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG
(1845–)

GAY PROVENCE

I

O'ER Provence breathing, nimble air,
Blown keen by dale and sea,
Who throws the throbbing bosom bare
And breathes himself in thee,

II

Who feels thee clear on cheek and brows,
And quaffs thee through the lips,
With love and light and music glows
From foot to finger-tips.

III

He lives a king, in court and hall,
'Mid wail of wildering lyres;
A priest, by carven cloister-wall
Or dim cathedral-choirs;

IV

A knight, with airy lance in rest,
That rides in lonely vale;
A page, by queenly hand caressed,
By gate or vineyard-pale.

V

He loiters in a golden light,
  Is led with dulcet lure
By ghostly town, by towered height,
  A tuneful troubadour.

VI

He pines for soft imagined eyes
  Where fictive fervor beams,
And woes with phantom tears and sighs
  The faery dame of dreams.

VII

O'er Provence breathing, nimble air,
  Blown keen by dale and sea,
O subtle, playful spirit rare,
  O wanton witchery,

VIII

Well, well I love that land of thine,
  Its peaks and ferny caves,
And fields of olive, orange, vine,
  Blue bays, and breaking waves!

THE MYSTERY

YEAR after year
  The leaf and the shoot;
The babe and the nestling,
  The worm at the root;
The bride at the altar,

For I saw by the sickly moonlight,
  As I followed, bending low,
That the walking of the stranger
  Left no footmarks on the snow.

Then the fear-chill gathered o'er me,
  Like a shroud around me cast,
As I sank upon the snowdrift
  Where the Shadow-hunter passed.

And the otter-trappers found me,
  Before the break of day,
With my dark hair blanched and whitened
  As the snow in which I lay.

But they spoke not as they raised me;
  For they knew that in the night
I had seen the Shadow-hunter,
  And had withered in his blight.

Sancta Maria speed us!
  The sun is falling low,—
Before us lies the valley
  Of the Walker of the Snow!

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN
(1751–1816)

DRINKING SONG

HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:
Chorus. Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
And now to the maid who has none, sir,
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And now to the girl that is merry:
Let the toast pass, etc.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together:
Let the toast pass, etc.

SONG

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you;
For, tho' your tongue no promise claimed,
Your charms would make me true;
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they find that you have blessed
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong,
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And brothers in the young.

SONG

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art?
I will own the color true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.
Is her hand so soft and pure?
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.

Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

SONG

THOUGH cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love, too, are strong;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
Ah! none but the jealous—the jealous can know!

When blest with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore:
Those smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I prized them no more!
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow!

THOU CANST NOT BOAST

THOU canst not boast of Fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call:
But I was glad to find thee poor,
For with my heart I'd give thee all,
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall show
That I the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow:
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I loved him for himself alone.

MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER
(*Dora Sigerson*)

A ROSE WILL FADE

YOU were always a dreamer, Rose—red Rose,
As you swung on your perfumed spray,
Swinging, and all the word was true,
Swaying, what did it trouble you?
A rose will fade in a day.

Why did you smile to his face, red Rose,
As he whistled across your way?
And all the world went mad for you,
All the world it knelt to woo.
A rose will bloom in a day.

I gather your petals, Rose—red Rose,
The petals he threw away.
And all the world derided you;
Ah! the world, how well it knew
A rose will fade in a day!

ALL SOULS NIGHT

O MOTHER, mother, I swept the hearth, I set
his chair and the white board spread,
I prayed for his coming to our kind Lady when
Death's sad doors would let out the dead;
A strange wind rattled the window-pane, and down
the lane a dog howled on;

I called his name, and the candle flame burnt dim,
pressed a hand the door-latch upon.
Deelish ! Deelish ! my woe forever that I could not
sever coward flesh from fear.
I called his name, and the pale Ghost came; but I
was afraid to meet my dear.
O mother mother, in tears I checked the sad hours
past of the year that's o'er,
Till by God's grace I might see his face and hear the
sound of his voice once more;
The chair I set from the cold and wet, he took when
he came from unknown skies
Of the land of the dead, on my bent brown head I
felt the reproach of his saddened eyes;
I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched by the
fire, my voice was dumb:
At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth, and at my
table he broke no crumb.
Deelish ! Deelish ! my woe forever that I could not
sever coward flesh from fear.
His chair I put aside when the young cock cried, and
I was afraid to meet my dear.

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CEAN DUV DEELISH

CEAN duv deelish, beside the sea
I stand and stretch my hands to thee
Across the world.
The riderless horses race to shore
With thundering hoofs and shuddering, hoar,
Blown manes uncurled.

Cean duv deelish, I cry to thee
Beyond the world, beneath the sea,
Thou being dead.
Where hast thou hidden from the beat
Of crushing hoofs and tearing feet
Thy dear black head?

Cean duv deelish, 'tis hard to pray
With breaking heart from day to day,
And no reply;
When the passionate challenge of sky is cast
In the teeth of the sea and an angry blast
Goes by.

God bless the woman, whoever she be,
From the tossing waves will recover thee
And lashing wind.
Who will take thee out of the wind and storm,
Dry thy wet face on her bosom warm
And lips so kind?

I not to know! It is hard to pray,
But I shall for this woman from day to day
"Comfort my dead,
The sport of the winds and the play of the sea."
I loved thee too well for this thing to be,
O dear black head!

THE ONE FORGOTTEN

A SPIRIT speeding down on All Souls Eve[1]
From the wide gates of that mysterious shore
Where sleep the dead, sung softly and yet sweet.
"So gay a wind was never heard before,"

The old man said, and listened by the fire;
And, "'Tis the souls that pass us on their way,"
The young maids whispered, clinging side by side—
So left their glowing nuts awhile to pray.

Still the pale spirit, singing through the night,
Came to this window, looking from the dark
Into the room; then passing to the door
Where crouched the whining dog, afraid to bark,
Tapped gently without answer, pressed the latch,
Pushed softly open, and then tapped once more.
The maidens cried, when seeking for the ring,
"How strange a wind is blowing on the door!"

And said the old man, crouching to the fire.
"Draw close your chairs, for colder falls the night;
Push fast the door, and pull the curtains to,
For it is dreary in the moon's pale light."
And then his daughter's daughter with her hand
Passed over salt and clay to touch the ring,
Said low: "The old need fire, but ah! the young
Have that within their hearts to flame and sting."

And then the spirit, moving from her place
Touched there a shoulder, whispered in each ear,
Bent by the old man, nodding in his chair,
But no one heeded her, or seemed to hear.
Then crew the black cock, and so, weeping sore.
She went alone into the night again;

[1] There is a belief in some parts of Ireland that the dead are allowed to return to earth on November 2 (All Souls Night), and the peasantry leave food and fire for their comfort, and set a chair by the hearth for their resting before they themselves retire to bed.—*Author.*

And said the graybeard, reaching for his glass,
"How sad a wind blows on the window-pane!"

And then from dreaming the long dreams of age
He woke, remembering, and let fall a tear:
"Alas! I have forgot—and have you gone?—
I set no chair to welcome you, my dear."
And said the maidens, laughing in their play:
"How he goes groaning, wrinkle-faced and hoar.
He is so old, and angry with his age—
Hush! hear the banshee sobbing past the door."

THE WIND ON THE HILLS

GO not to the hills of Erin
When the night winds are about;
Put up your bar and shutter,
And so keep the danger out.

For the good-folk whirl within it,
And they pull you by the hand,
And they push you on the shoulder,
Till you move to their command.

And lo! you have forgotten
What you have known of tears,
And you will not remember
That the world goes full of years:

A year there is a lifetime,
And a second but a day;
And an older world will meet you
Each morn you come away.

Your wife grows old with weeping,
And your children one by one
Grow gray with nights of watching,
Before your dance is done.

And it will chance some morning
You will come home no more;
Your wife sees but a withered leaf
In the wind about the door.

And your children will inherit
The unrest of the wind;
They shall seek some face elusive,
And some land they never find.

When the wind is loud, they sighing
Go with hearts unsatisfied,
For some joy beyond remembrance,
For some memory denied.

And all your children's children,
They cannot sleep or rest,
When the wind is out in Erin
And the sun is in the West.

GEORGE SIGERSON
(1839–)

AFTER THE FIANNA[1]

From the Irish of Oisin

LONG, this night, the clouds delay,
And long to me was yesternight,
Long was the dreary day, this day,
Long, yesterday, the light.

Each day that comes to me is long —
Not thus our wont to be of old,
With never music, harp, nor song,
Nor clang of battles bold.

No wooing soft, nor feats of might,
Nor cheer of chase, nor ancient lore,
Nor banquet gay, nor gallant fight —
All things beloved of yore.

No marching now with martial fire —
Alas, the tears that make me blind —
Far other was my heart's desire
A-hunting stag and hind.

Long this night the clouds delay —
No striving now as champions strove,
No run of hounds with mellow bay,
Nor leap in lakes we love.

[1] Dean of Lismore's Book.

No hero now where heroes hurled —
Long this night the clouds delay —
No man like me in all the world,
Alone with grief, and gray.

Long this night the clouds delay —
I raise their grave-carn, stone on stone,
For Fionn and Fianna passed away —
I, Ossian, left alone.

DEUS MEUS

From the Irish of Maelisu.

DEUS meus adiuva me,[1]
Give me thy love, O Christ, I pray,
Give me thy love, O Christ, I pray,
Deus meus adiuva me.

In meum cor ut sanum sit,[2]

Pour, loving King, thy love in it,
Pour, loving King, thy love in it,
In meum cor ut sanum sit.

Domine, da ut peto a te,[3]

O pure bright sun, give, give to-day,
O pure bright sun, give, give to-day,
Domine, da ut peto a te.

Hanc spero rem et quæro quam,[4]

[1] My God, assist thou me.
[2] Into my heart that it sound may be.
[3] Lord, grant thou what I ask of thee.
[4] This thing I hope and seek of thee.

Thy love to have where'er I am,
Thy love to have where'er I am,
Hanc spero rem et quæro quam.

Tuum amorem sicut uis, [1]

Give to me swiftly, strongly, this,
Give to me swiftly, strongly, this,
Tuum amorem sicut uis.

Quæro, postulo, peto a te [2]

That I in heaven, dear Christ, may stay,
That I in heaven, dear Christ, may stay,
Quæro, postulo, peto a te.

Domine, Domine, exaudi me, [3]

Fill my soul, Lord, with thy love's ray,
Fill my soul, Lord, with thy love's ray,
Domine, Domine, exaudi me,
Deus meus adiuva me,
Deus meus aduiva me. [4]

[1] Thy love as thou mayest will.
[2] I seek, I claim, and I ask of thee.
[3] Lord, Lord, hearken to me.
[4] This poem, written on the margin of "Lebor Breac," is quoted by Dr. Whitley Stokes, "Calendar of Œngus," clxxxv. Alliteration is observed in the Latin lines. In the first verse it seems obtained by the reading "ad-iuva," and in the fifth "amorem" alliterates with "uis" [vis].

FAR-AWAY

AS chimes that flow o'er shining seas
When Morn alights on meads of May,
Faint voices fill the western breeze
With whisp'ring songs from Far-Away.
Oh, dear the dells of Dunanore,
A home is odorous Ossory;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There grows the Tree whose summer breath
Perfumes with joy the azure air;
And he who feels it fears not Death,
Nor longer heeds the hounds of Care.
Oh, soft the skies of Seskinore,
And mild is meadowy Mellaray;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

There sings the Voice whose wondrous tune
Falls, like diamond-showers above
That in the radiant dawn of June
Renew a world of Youth and Love.
Oh, fair the founts of Farranfore,
And bright is billowy Ballintrae;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

Come, Fragrance of the Flowering Tree,
Oh, sing, sweet Bird, thy magic lay,
Till all the world be young with me,

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And Love shall lead us far away,
Oh, dear the dells of Dunanore,
A home is odorous Ossory;
But sweet as honey, running o'er,
The Golden Shore of Far-Away!

IRISH LULLABY

Irish folk-song is full of beautiful lullabies.[1] This is supposed to be of great antiquity.

I'LL put you myself, my baby! to slumber;
Not as is done by the clownish number,—
A yellow blanket and coarse sheet bringing,
But in golden cradle softly swinging.
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

I'll put you myself, my baby! to slumber,
On sunniest day of the pleasant summer;
Your golden cradle on smooth lawn laying,
'Neath murmuring boughs that the winds are swaying
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

[1] There is as Dr. Petrie has indicated a great likeness between the melodies of Irish lullabies and those of Eastern Nations.

Slumber, my babe! may the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you!
May all diseases now flee and fear you!
May sickness and sorrow never come near you!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonnie baby!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

Slumber, my babe! pray the sweet sleep woo you,
And from your slumbers may health come to you!
May bright dreams come, and come no other,
And I be never a childless mother!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my bonny baby!
To and fro, lulla lo,
To and fro, my own sweet baby!

JESUKIN [1]

From the Irish of "St. Ita" (480–570)

JESUKIN
Lives my little cell within;
What were wealth of cleric high—
All is lie but Jesukin.

[1] Whitley Stokes, LL.D. "On the Calendar of Œngus," "Royal Irish Academy's Transactions," 1880. Note, p. xxxv. *Jesukin*, loving diminutive of *Isa*—in modern Irish *Iosa*—applied to the Child Jesus.

Nursling nurtured, as 'tis right—
Harbors here no servile spright—
Jesu of the skies, who art
Next my heart thro' every night!

Jesukin, my good for aye,
Calling and will not have nay,
King of all things, ever true,
He shall rue who will away.

Jesu, more than angels aid,
Fosterling not formed to fade,
Nursed by me in desert wild,
Jesu, child of Judah's Maid.

Sons of Kings and kingly kin,
To my land may enter in;
Guest of none I hope to be,
Save of thee, my Jesukin!

Unto heaven's High King confest
Sing a chorus, maidens blest!
He is o'er us, though within
Jesukin is on my breast!

LOVE'S DESPAIR

From the Irish of Diarmad O'Curnain

I AM desolate,
Bereft by bitter fate;
No cure beneath the skies can save me,
No cure on sea or strand,
Nor in any human hand—
But hers, this paining wound who gave me.

I know not night from day,
Nor thrush from cuckoo gray,
Nor cloud from the sun that shines above thee—
Nor freezing cold from heat,
Nor friend—if friend I meet —
I but know—heart's love!—I love thee.

Love that my Life began,
Love, that will close life's span,
Love that grows ever by love-giving:
Love, from the first to last,
Love, till all life be passed,
Love that loves on after living!

This love I gave to thee,
For pain love has given me,
Love that can fail or falter never —
But, spite of earth above,
Guards thee, my Flower of love,
Thou Marvel-maid of life forever.

Bear all things evidence,
Thou art my very sense,
My past, my present, and my morrow!
All else on earth is crossed,
All in the world is lost —
Lost all—but the great love-gift of sorrow.

My life not life, but death;
My voice not voice—a breath;
No sleep, no quiet—thinking ever
On thy fair phantom face,
Queen eyes and royal grace,
Lost loveliness that leaves me never.

I pray thee grant but this, —
From thy dear mouth one kiss,
That the pang of death-despair pass over:
Or bid make ready nigh
The place where I shall lie,
For aye, thy leal and silent lover.

SOLACE IN WINTER

From the Irish: Cailté loquitur

From Silva Gadelica: Colloquy with the ancients Circa A. D. 1200

CHILL the winter, cold the wind,
Up the stag springs, stark of mind:
Fierce and bare the mountain fells—
But the brave stag boldly bells.

He will set not side to rest
On Sliav Carna's snowy breast;
Echta's stag, also rousing,
Hears wail of wolves carousing.

Cailté I, and Diarmid Donn,
Oft, with Oscar apt to run,
When piercing night was paling
Heard rousing wolves a-wailing.

Sound may sleep the russet stag,
With his hide hid in the crag;
Him, hidden, nothing aileth
When piercing night prevaileth.

I am aged now and gray,
Few of men I meet this day
But I hurled the javelin bold
Of a morning, icy cold.

Thanks unto the King of Heaven,
And the Virgin's Son be given:
Many men have I made still,
Who this night are very chill.

THE CALLING

O SIGH of the Sea, O soft lone-wandering sound,
Why callest thou me, with voice of all waters profound,
With sob and with smile, with lingering pain and delight,
With mornings of blue, with flash of thy billows at night?

The shell from the shore, though borne far away from thy side,
Recalls evermore the flowing and fall of thy tide,
And so, through my heart thy murmurs gather and grow—
Thy tides, as of old, awake in its darkness, and flow.

O Sigh of the Sea, from luminous isles far away,
Why callest thou me to sail the impassable way?
Why callest thou me to share the unrest of thy soul—
Desires that avail not, yearnings from pole unto pole?

Still call, till I hear no voice but the voice of thy love,
Till stars shall appear the night of my darkness above,
Till night to the dawn gives way, and death to new life —
Heart-full of thy might, astir with thy tumult and strife.

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

TAKE my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,
Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—
And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail
The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!
Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,
Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,
The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive —
Fair Hills of Erié O !
Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe
To think that each chief is now a vassal low,
And my country divided amongst the Foreign Foe —
The Fair Hills of Erié O !

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,
The Fair Hills of Eiré O !
With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,
Fair Hills of Eiré O !
Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,
To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,
Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail —
For the Fair Hills of Eiré O !

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O !
Where green-boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O !
Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O !

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love !
Fair Hills of Eiré O !
New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O !

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More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold, —
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—
Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

THE RUINED NEST

Author Unknown

The original of this touching poem is found in "the famous fourteenth century manuscript known as the Lebor Breac," writes Prof. Kuno Meyer, who first edited it and translated it for *The Gaelic Journal*, 1890. It was composed long before the fourteenth century.—*Translator's note.*

SAD is yonder blackbird's song,
Well I know what wrought it wrong;
Whosoe'er the deed has done,
Now its nestlings all are gone.

Such a sorrow I, too, know
For such loss, not long ago;
Well, O bird, I read thy state,
For a home laid desolate.

How thy heart has burned, nigh broke,
At the rude and reckless stroke;
To lay waste thy little nest
Seems to cowboys but a jest.

Thy clear note called together
Flutt'ring young in new feather;

From thy nest comes now not one—
O'er its mouth the nettle's gone.

Sudden came the callous boys,
Their deed all thy young destroys;
Thou and I one fate deplore,
For my children are no more.

By thy side there used to be
Thy sweet mate from o'er the sea;
The herd's net ensnared her head,
She is gone from thee—and dead.

O Ruler of high heaven,
Thou'st laid our loads uneven;
For our friends on ev'ry side
'Mid their mates and children bide.

Hither came hosts of Faery
To waste our home unwary:
Though they left no wound to tell,
Brunt of battle were less fell.

Woe for wife—for children, woe!
I in sorrow's shadow go;
Not a trace of them I had!
Hence my heavy heart is sad.

THE VISION OF VIANDS

From the Irish of Anair Mac Conglinne[1] (*Twelfth Century*)

IN a slumber visional,
Wonders apparitional
Sudden shone on me:
Was it not a miracle?
Built of lard, a coracle
Swam a sweet milk sea.

With high hearts heroical,
We stepped in it, stoical,
Braving billow-bounds;
Then we rode so dashingly,
Smote the sea so splashingly,
That the surge sent, washingly,
Honey up for grounds.

Ramparts rose of custard all
Where a castle mustered all
Forces o'er the lake;
Butter was the bridge of it,
Wheaten meal the ridge of it,
Bacon every stake.

[1] "The Vision of Mac Conglinne," edited by Professor Kuno Meyer and David Nutt. London: Nutt, 1894. The Irish meter is reproduced. This curious poem evidently suggested passages in "The Land of Cokaigne." Compare the first two stanzas with these verses:

> "Up a river of sweet milk
> Where is plenty great of silk,
> When the summer's day is hot,
> The young nunnes taketh a boat
> And doth ham forth in that rivere,
> Both with oares and with steere."

Strong it stood, and pleasantly
There I entered presently
Hying to the hosts;
Dry beef was the door of it,
Bare bread was the floor of it,
Whey-curds were the posts.

Old cheese-columns happily,
Pork that pillared sappily,
Raised their heads aloof;
While curd-rafters mellowly
Crossing cream-beams yellowly,
Held aloft the roof.

Again, compare with the third, fourth and fifth stanzas these verses

"There is a well fair abbey
Of white monks and of gray:
There beth bowrs and halls,
All of pasties beth the walls,
Of flesh, of fish, and a rich meat
The likefullest that man may eat,
Flouren cakes beth the shingles all
Of church, cloister, bowrs and hall,
The pinnes beth fat puddings
Rich meat to princes and kings."

The Irish original was at least partly rimed into Lowland Scotch, judging by an old verse I heard in Ulster, concerning a house:

"Weel I mind the biggin' o't,
Bread and cheese were the door cheek
And pancakes the riggin' o't."

This forms part of the Jacobite song, "This is no my ain house," but may come from an older song.—*Author.*

Wine in well rose sparklingly,
Beer was rolling darklingly,
  Bragget brimmed the pond.
Lard was oozing heavily,
Merry malt moved wavily,
  Through the floor beyond.

Lake of broth lay spicily,
Fat froze o'er it icily,
  'Tween the wall and shore;
Butter rose in hedges high,
Cloaking all its edges high
  White lard blossomed o'er.

Apple alley bowering,
Pinked-topped orchards flowering,
  Fenced off hill and wind;
Leek tree forests loftily,
Carrots branching tuftily,
  Guarded it behind.

Ruddy waters rosily
Welcomed us right cosily
  To the fire and rest;
Seven coils of sausages,
Twined in twisted passages,
  Round each brawny breast.

Their chief I discover him,
Suet mantle over him,
  By his lady bland;
Where the caldron boiled away,
The Dispenser toiled away,
  With his fork in hand.

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Good King Cathal, royally,
Surely will enjoy a lay,
Fair and fine as silk;
From his heart his woe I call,
When I sing, heroical,
How we rode, so stoical,
O'er the Sea of Milk.

THINGS DELIGHTFUL[1]

From the Irish of Oisin

SWEET is a voice in the land of gold,
Sweet is the calling of wild birds bold;
Sweet is the shriek of the heron hoar,
Sweet fall the billows of Bundatrore.

Sweet is the sound of the blowing breeze,
Sweet is the blackbird's song in the trees;
Lovely the sheen of the shining sun,
Sweet is the thrush over Casacon.

Sweet shouts the eagle of Assaroe,
Where the gray seas of MacMorna flow,
Sweet calls the cuckoo the valleys o'er,
Sweet, through the silence, the corrie's roar.

Fionn, my father, is chieftain old
Of seven battalions of Fianna bold;
When he sets free all the deerhounds fleet
To rise and to follow with him were sweet.

[1] The original appeared in the Dean of Lismore's Book.

BARTHOLOMEW SIMMONS
(1804–1850)

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS HOOD

TAKE back into thy bosom, earth,
This joyous, May-eyed morrow,
The gentlest child that ever mirth
Gave to be reared by sorrow!
'Tis hard—while rays half green, half gold,
Through vernal bowers are burning,
And streams their diamond mirrors hold
To Summer's face returning—
To say we're thankful that his sleep
Shall nevermore be lighter,
In whose sweet-tongued companionship
Stream, bower, and beam grow brighter!

But all the more intensely true
His soul gave out each feature
Of elemental love, each hue
And grace of golden nature,—
The deeper still beneath it all
Lurked the keen jags of anguish;
The more the laurels clasped his brow
Their poison made it languish,
Seemed it that, like the nightingale
Of his own mournful singing,
The tenderer would his song prevail
While most the thorn was stinging.

So never to the desert worn
  Did sound bring freshness deeper
Than that his placid rest this morn
  Has brought the shrouded sleeper.
That rest may lap his weary head
  Where charnels choke the city,
Or where, mid woodlands, by his bed
  The wren shall make its ditty,
But near or far, while evening's star
  Is dear to heart's regretting,
Around that spot admiring thought
  Shall hover, unforgetting.

MRS. W. SKRINE

"Moira O'Neill"

CORRYMEELA

OVER here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the hummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.

"God save ye, colleen dhas," I said: the girls he thought me wild!
For Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When ones't I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again —
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English Town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain —
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

JOHNEEN

SURE, he's five months, an' he's two foot long,
Baby Johneen;
Watch yerself now, for he's terrible sthrong,
Baby Johneen.
An' his fists 'ill he up if ye make any slips,
He has finger ends like the daisy-tips,
But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,
Will Johneen.

There's nobody can rightly tell the color of his eyes,
This Johneen;

For they're partly o' the earth an' still they're partly
o' the skies,
Like Johneen.
So far as he's thraveled he's been laughin' all the way;
For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is
gay;
An' he likes the merry daffodils—he thinks they'd do
to play
With Johneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
Young Johneen;
For he takes to the wather like any little duck,
Boy Johneen;
Sure, them are the hands now to pull on a rope,
An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,
For Johneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet—
Och, Johneen,
'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,
Wee Johneen.
Here's to your health, an' we'll dhrink it to-night,
Sláinte gal, avic machree! live an' do right!
Sláinte gal, avourneen! may your days be bright,
Johneen!

LOOKIN' BACK

WATHERS o' Moyle an' the white gulls flyin',
Since I was near ye what have I seen?
Deep great seas, an' a sthrong wind sighin'
Night and day where the waves are green.

Struth na Moile, the wind goes sighin'
Over a waste o' wathers green.

Sternish an' Trostan, dark wi' heather,
High are the Rockies, airy-blue;
Sure, ye have snows in the winter weather,
Here they're lyin' the long year through.
Snows are fair in the summer weather,
Och, an' the shadows between are blue!

Lone Glen Dun an' the wild glen-flowers,
Little ye know if the prairie is sweet.
Roses for miles, an' redder than ours,
Spring here undher the horses' feet —
Aye, an' the black-eyed gold sun-flowers,
Not as the glen-flowers small an' sweet.

Wathers o' Moyle, I hear ye callin'
Clearer for half o' the world between,
Antrim hills an' the wet rain fallin'
Whiles ye are nearer than snow tops keen:
Dreams o' the night an' a night wind callin',
What is the half o' the world between?

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MARRIAGE

I MET an ould *caillach* I knowed right well on the brow o' Carnashee:
"The top o' the mornin'!" I says to her. "God save ye!" she says to me:
"An' och! if it's you,
Tell me true,
When are ye goin' to marry?"

"I'm here," says I, "to be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

"As sure as ye're young an' fair," says she, "one day ye'll be ugly an' ould.
If ye haven't a husband, who'll care," says she, "to call ye in out o' the could?
Left to yourself,
Laid on the shelf,—
Now is your time to marry.
Musha! don't tell *me* ye'll be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

"I may be dead ere I'm ould," says I, "for nobody knows their day.
I never was feared o' the could," says I, "but I'm feared to give up me way.
Good or bad,
Sorry or glad,
'Tis mine no more when I marry.
So here stand I, to be married to-morrow,
Wi' the man to find an' the money to borrow."

The poor ould *caillach* went down the hill shakin' her finger at me.
"'Tis on top o' the world ye think yerself still, an' that's what it is," says she.
But *thon* was the day
Dan MacIlray
Had me promise to marry.
So here stand I, to be married to-morrow,—
The man he is found, but the money's to borrow.

THE GRAND MATCH

DENNIS was hearty when Dennis was young,
High was his step in the jig that he sprung,
He had the looks an' the sootherin tongue,—
An' he wanted a girl wid a fortune.

Nannie was gray-eyed an' Nannie was tall,
Fair was the face hid in-undher her shawl,
Troth ! an' he liked her the best o' them all,—
But she'd not a *traneen* to her fortune.

He be to look out for a likelier match,
So he married a girl that was counted a catch,
An' as ugly as need be, the dark little patch,—
But that was a trifle, he tould her.

She brought him her good-lookin' gold to admire,
She brought him her good-lookin' cows to his byre,
But far from good-lookin' she sat by his fire,—
An' paid him that "thrifle" he tould her.

He met pretty Nan when a month had gone by,
An' he thought like a fool to get round her he'd try;
Wid a smile on her lip an' a spark in her eye,
She said, "How is the woman that owns ye?"

Och, never be tellin' the life that he's led !
Sure many's the night that he'll wish himself dead,
For the sake o' two eyes in a pretty girl's head,—
An' the tongue o' the woman that owns him.

THE SONG OF GLEN DUN

SURE this is blessed Erin an' this the same glen,
The gold is on the whin-bush, the wather sings again,
The Fairy Thorn's in flower,—an' what ails my heart then?
Flower o' the May,
Flower o' the May,
What about the May time, an' he far away!

Summer loves the green glen, the white bird loves the sea,
An' the wind must kiss the heather top, an' the red bell hides a bee;
As the bee is dear to the honey-flower, so one is dear to me.
Flower o' the rose,
Flower o' the rose,
A thorn pricked me one day, but nobody knows.

The bracken up the braeside has rusted in the air,
Three birches lean together, so silver limbed an' fair,
Och! golden leaves are flyin' fast, but the scarlet roan is rare.
Berry o' the roan,
Berry o' the roan,
The wind sighs among the trees, but I sigh alone.

I knit beside the turf fire, I spin upon the wheel,
Winter nights for thinkin' long, round runs the reel. . . .

But he never knew, he never knew that here for him
I'd kneel.
Sparkle o' the fire,
Sparkle o' the fire,
Mother Mary, keep my love, an' send me my desire!

DIGBY PILOT STARKEY

THE EMIGRANTS

BEHOLD! a troop of travelers descending to the shore —
Strong, stalwart youths and maidens, mixed with those in years and hoar;
With stealth they glide towards the tide, like walkers in their sleep:
Where are ye going, lonely ones, that thus ye walk, and weep?

No answer: but the lip compressed argues a tale to tell —
A studied silence seems to hold them bound, as with a spell,
They pass me by abstractedly, their gaze where, near at hand,
Rolls through the shade the heavy wave upon the sullen strand.

Stop—whither go ye? See, behind, e'en yet the landscape smiles —
The broad sunset illumines yet these pleasant western isles,—
Why, why is it that none will turn and take one look behind,
But rather face the billows then, to light and counsel blind?

Peace, questioner—we know the sun upon our soil doth rest —
Though emigrants, we have not cast all feeling from our breast;
But still, *we go*—for through that shade hope gilds the distant plain,
While round the homes we've left we look'd for nourishment in vain!

Well, *thou* art strong; thy stubborn strength may make the desert do;
But, see! a weeping woman here—some shivering children too:
Deluded female, stop! for *thee* what hope behind the tide?
For *me?* and seest thou not I have my husband by my side?

And thou, too, parting! thou, my friend, that loved thy home and ease?
Ay—see my brothers—sisters here—what's country without *these?*
But then, thy hands for toil unfit—thy frame to labor new?
What then? I work beside my friends—come *thou* and join our crew.

Yes, come! exclaims a reverend man—glad will we be of thee —
We go in Christian fellowship our mission o'er the sea:—
I've left a large and happy flock, that loved me, too, full well;
Yet I take heart, as I depart where godless heathen dwell.

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Alas! and is it needful then, that from this ancient soil,
Where wealth and honor crowned so long the hardy yeoman's toil,
The goodliest of its offspring thus should bid the canvas swell,
And to the parent earth in troops wave their last farewell?

I am answered from the swarming ports, the ever-streaming tide
That pours on board a thousand ships my country's hope and pride: —
I'm answered by the fruitless toil of many a neighbor's hand,
And the gladsome shouts of prosperous men in many a distant land.

Stay, countrymen! e'en yet there's time—we'll settle all your score —
We cannot spare such honored men—'twould grieve our hearts too sore;—
Things will go smooth—why quit the scene a thousand things made dear,
That wealth may deck ye in the spoils torn from affection here?

Torn is the last embrace apart—the vessel quits the shore —
They're waving hands from off the deck, we hear their voice no more:—
God bless ye, friends! I honor ye, adventurous, noble band!
Farewell! I would not call ye *now* back to this wretched land!

Why not myself among ye, loved associates of my day?
Why not with you embarked to share the perils of your way?
Because, though hope may be *your* sun, remembrance is *my* star —
Farewell—I'll die a watcher where my father's ashes are.

JOHN STEVENSON

HOME

HAME, what's hame?
A wee short word o' letters four,
But frae the store
O' langest words that tongue can claim
Nane's got, I wis,
Sic power an Irish heart to touch;
Nane hauds in meanin' half as much
As this.
The hoose has share,
But it's not a' the word reca's.
Hame's more than furniture or wa's,
O far, far mair.
What does it mean?
The cradle bed, the baby's chair,
A mother's love, a father's care.
The first things seen
By openin' e'en.

There are several more verses which tell of sorrows and joys, with this summing up:

Be it the aim
To put this in sic' compass sma'
That one short word will haud it a',
That word is hame.

WHITLEY STOKES
(1830–)

KING AILILL'S DEATH

From the Early Middle Irish

I KNOW who won the peace of God,
King Ailill, called "the Beardless Man";
Who fought beyond the Irish Sea
All day against a Connaught clan.

His host was broken: as he fled
He muttered to his charioteer:
"Look back—the slaughter, is it red?
The slayers, are they drawing near?"

The boy looks back. The west wind blows
Dead clansmen's hair against his face;
He heard the war-shout of his foes,
The death-cry of his ruined race.

The foes came darting from the height,
Like pine-trees down a flooded fall:
Like heaps of hay in spate, his clan
Swept on or sank—he saw it all.

And spake: "The slaughter is full red,
But *we* may still be saved by flight."
Then groaned the king: "No sin of theirs
Falls on my people here to-night:

"No sin of theirs, but sin of mine,
For I was worst of evil kings;
Unrighteous, wrathful, hurling down
To death or shame all weaker things.

"Draw rein, and turn the chariot round:
My face against the foeman bend;
When I am seen and slain, mayhap
The slaughter of my tribe will end."

They drew, and turned. Down came the foe,
The king fell cloven on the sod;
The slaughter then was stayed, and so
King Ailill won the peace of God.

LAMENT FOR KING IVOR

Place.—The southwest coast of Ireland. *Time.*—The middle of the ninth century. *Author.*—The hereditary bard of a Kerry clan. *Cause of making.*—To lament his King, slain in battle with Danish Vikings.

THOU golden sunshine in the peaceful day!
Thou livid lightning in the night of war!
Hearing the onrush of thy battle-car,
Who could endure to meet thee in the fray?

Who dared to see thine eyes aflame in fight,
Thou stormer through the whistling storm of darts?
Pourer of panic into heroes' hearts!
Our hope, our strength, our glory, our delight!

Thy soul is striding down the perilous road;
And, see, the ghosts of heathen whom thy spear
Laid low, arise and follow in their fear
Him who is braver than their bravest god!

Why is thy soul surrounded by no more
Of thine adoring clansmen? "You had been
Full worthy," wouldst thou answer, hadst thou seen
The charge that drove the pirates from our shore.

But thou wast lying prone upon the sand,
Death-wounded, blind with blood, and gasping:
"Go!
Two swords are somewhat; join the rest. I know
Another charge will beat them from the land."

So when the slaughter of the Danes was done,
We found thee dead—a-stare with sunken eyes
At those red surges, and bewailed by cries
Of sea-mews sailing from the fallen sun.

We kissed thee, one by one, lamenting sore:
Men's tears have washed the blood-stain from thy brow
Thy spear and sword and our dear love hast thou;
We have thy name and fame for evermore.

So sang the warriors to their clouded star,
King Ivor, as they heapt his cairn on high;
A landmark to the sailor sailing by,
A warning to the spoiler from afar.

MAN OCTIPARTITE

From the Middle Irish

THUS sang the sages of the Gael
A thousand years ago well-nigh:
"Hearken how the Lord on high
Wrought man, to breathe and laugh and wail,
To hunt and war, to plow and sail,
To love and teach, to pray and die!"

Then said the sages of the Gael:

"Of parcels eight was Adam built.
The first was earth, the second sea,
The third and fourth were sun and cloud,
The fifth was wind, the sixth was stone,
The seventh was the Holy Ghost,
The last, the Light which lighteth God."

Then sang the sages of the Gael:

"Man's body, first, was built of earth
To lodge a living soul from birth,
And earthward home again to go
When Time and Death have spoken so.
Then of the sea his blood was dight
To bound in love and flow in fight.
Next, of the sun, to see the skies,
His face was framed with shining eyes.
From hurrying hosts of cloud was wrought
His roaming, rapid-changeful thought.
Then of the wind was made his breath
To come and go from birth to death.
And then of earth-sustaining stone
Was built his flesh-upholding bone.

The Holy Ghost, like cloven flame,
The substance of his soul became;
Of Light which lighteth God was made
Man's conscience, so that unafraid
His soul through haunts of night and sin
May pass and keep all clean within.

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"Now, if the earthiness redound,
He lags through life a slothful hound.
But, if it be the sea that sways,
In wild unrest he wastes his days.
Whene'er the sun is sovran, there
The heart is light, the face is fair.
If clouds prevail, he lives in dreams
A deedless life of gloom and gleams.

"If stone bear rule, he masters men,
And ruthless is their ransom then.
But when the wind has won command,
His word is harder than his hand.
The Holy Ghost, if he prevail,
Man lives exempt from lasting bale,
And, gazing with the eyes of God,
Of all he sees at home, abroad,
Discerns the inmost heart, and then
Reveals it to his fellow men,
And they are truer, gentler, more
Heroic than they were before.

"But he on whom the Light Divine
Is lavished bears the sacred sign,
And men draw nigh in field or mart
To hear the wisdom of his heart.

For he is calm and clear of face,
And unperplexed he runs his race,
Because his mind is always bent
On Right, regardless of event.

"Of each of those eight things decreed
To make and mould the human breed,
Let more or less in man and man
Be set as God has framed his plan.
But still there is a ninth in store
(Oh, grant it now and evermore!) —
Our Freedom, wanting which, we read,
The bulk of earth, the strength of stone,
The bounding life o' the sea, the speed
Of clouds, the splendor of the sun,
The never-flagging flight of wind,
The fervor of the Holy Ghost,
The Light before the angels' host,
Though all be in our frame combined,
Grow tainted, yea, of no avail."

So sang the sages of the Gael.

THE HYMN CALLED SAINT PATRICK'S BREASTPLATE

From "Goidelica"

Patrick's Hymn. This is probably a genuine production of Saint Patrick. He died about the year 470. See also the much freer version by Mangan.

I BIND myself to-day to a strong virtue, an invocation of the Trinity;
I believe in Threeness with confession of a Oneness in the Creator of the Universe.

I bind myself to-day to the virtue of Christ's birth with
his baptism,
To the virtue of his crucifixion with his burial.
To the virtue of his resurrection with his ascension,
To the virtue of his coming to the Judgment of Doom.
I bind myself to-day to the virtue of ranks of Cherubim,
In obedience of Angels,
In service of Archangels,
In hope of resurrection for reward,
In prayers of Patriarchs,
In predictions of Prophets,
In preachings of Apostles,
In faiths of Confessors,
In innocence of holy Virgins,
In deeds of righteous men.

I bind myself to-day to the virtue of Heaven,
In light of Sun,
In brightness of Snow,
In splendor of Fire,
In speed of Lightning,
In swiftness of Wind,
In depth of Sea,
In stability in Earth,
In compactness of Rock.
I bind myself to-day to God's virtue to pilot me,
God's Might to uphold me,
God's Wisdom to guide me,
God's Eye to look before me,
God's Ear to hear me,
God's Word to speak for me,
God's Hand to guard me,
God's Way to lie before me,

God's Shield to protect me,
God's Host to secure me,
Against snares of demons,
Against seductions of vices,
Against lusts of nature,
Against every one who wishes ill to me,
Afar and anear,
Alone and in a multitude!

So have I invoked all these virtues between me and these,
Against every cruel merciless power which may come against my body and my soul;
Against incantations of false prophets,
Against black laws of heathenry,
Against false laws of heretics,
Against craft of idolatry,
Against spells of women and smiths and druids,
Against every knowledge that defiles men's souls.
Christ to protect me to-day,
Against poison, against burning, against drowning, against deathwound,
Until a multitude of rewards come to me!

Christ with me, Christ before me, Christ behind me, Christ in me!
Christ below me, Christ above me, Christ at my right, Christ at my left!
Christ in breadth, Christ in length, Christ in height!
Christ in the heart of every one who thinks of me,
Christ in the mouth of every one who speaks to me,
Christ in every eye that sees me,
Christ in every ear that hears me!

I bind myself to-day to a strong virtue, an invocation
of the Trinity.
I believe in a Threeness with confession of a Oneness
in the Creator of the Universe!

STREET SONGS
BALLADS AND ANONYMOUS VERSE

THE BANSHEE

THE day was declining,
The dark night drew near,
And the old lord grew sadder,
And paler with fear.
Come, listen, my daughter,
Come nearer,—O near!
It's the wind on the water
That sighs in my ear.

Not the wind nor the water
Now stirred the night air,
But a warning far sadder,—
The banshee was there.
Now rising, now swelling,
On the night-wind it bore
One cadence, still telling,
I want thee, Rossmore!

And then fast came his breath,
And more fixed grew his eye,
And the shadow of death
Told his hour was nigh.
In the dawn of that morning
The struggle was o'er;
For when thrice came the warning,
A corpse was Rossmore.

BELLEWSTOWN RACES

IF a respite ye'd borrow from turmoil or sorrow,
I'll tell you the secret of how it is done;
'Tis found in this version of all the diversion
That Bellewstown knows when the races come on.
Make one of a party whose spirits are hearty,
Get a seat on a trap that is safe not to spill,
In its well pack a hamper, then off for a scamper,
And hurroo for the glories of Bellewstown Hill!

On the road how they dash on, rank, beauty and fashion!
It Banagher bangs by the table o' war;
From the coach of the quality, down to the jollity
Jogging along on an ould low-backed car.
Though straw cushions are placed, two feet thick at laste,
It's concussive jollity to mollify still;
O the cheeks of my Nelly are shaking like jelly
From the jolting she gets as she jogs to the Hill.

Arrived at its summit the view that you come at,
From etherealized Mourne to where Tara ascends,
There's no scene in our sireland, dear Ireland, old Ireland!
To which nature more exquisite loveliness lends.
And the soil 'neath your feet has a memory sweet,
The patriots' deeds they hallow it still;
Eighty-two's volunteers (would to-day saw their peers!)
Marched past in review upon Bellewstown Hill.

But hark! there's a shout,—the horses are out,—
'Long the ropes, on the stand, what a hullaballoo!
To old *Crock-a-Fotha*, the people that dot the
Broad plateau around are all for a view.
"Come, Ned, my tight fellow, I'll bet on the yellow!"
"Success to the green! faith, we'll stand by it still!"
The uplands and hollows they're skimming like swallows,
Till they flash by the post upon Bellewstown Hill.

In the tents play the pipers, the fiddlers and fifers,
Those rollicking lilts such as Ireland best knows;
While Paddy is prancing, his colleen is dancing,
Demure, with her eyes quite intent on his toes.
More power to you, Micky! faith, your foot isn't sticky,
But bounds from the boards like a pay from the quill.
O 'twould cure a rheumatic,—he'd jump up ecstatic
At "Tatter Jack Walsh" upon Bellewstown Hill.

O 'tis there 'neath the haycocks, all splendid like paycocks,
In chattering groups that the quality dine;
Sitting cross-legged like tailors the gentlemen dealers
In flattery spout and come out mighty fine.
And the gentry around from Navan and Cavan are "having,"
'Neath the shade of the trees, an exquisite quadrille.
All we read in the pages of pastoral ages
Tell of no scene like this upon Bellewstown Hill.

THE BOYS OF KILKENNY

OH, the boys of Kilkenny are nate roving blades,
And whenever they meet with the nice little maids,
They kiss them and coax them and spend their money free!
Oh, of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me!

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream.
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame:
Her cheeks are like roses, and her lips much the same,
Or a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
And 'tis they through my poor heart have burned a big hole;
Her mind, like its river, is deep, clear and pure,
And her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.

Oh, Kilkenny's a fine town, that shines where it stands,
And the more I think on it the more my heart warms;
If I was in Kilkenny I'd feel quite at home,
For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none.

BRIAN O'LINN[1]

BRIAN O'Linn was a gentleman born,
His hair it was long and his beard unshorn,
His teeth were out and his eyes far in—
"I'm a wonderful beauty," says Brian O'Linn!

[1] This version is made up from several in the possession of Mr. P. J. McCall, of Dublin. The last verse figures in most collections of "The Rhymes and Jingles of Mother Goose."

Brian O'Linn was hard up for a coat,
He borrowed the skin of a neighboring goat,
He buckled the horns right under his chin —
"They'll answer for pistols," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
He got him a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the fleshy side out and the wooly side in —
"They are pleasant and cool," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no hat to his head,
He stuck on a pot that was under the shed,
He murdered a cod for the sake of his fin —
"'Twill pass for a feather," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no shirt to his back,
He went to a neighbor and borrowed a sack,
He puckered a meal-bag under his chin —
"They'll take it for ruffles," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no shoes at all,
He bought an old pair at a cobbler's stall,
The uppers were broke and the soles were thin —
"They'll do me for dancing," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn had no watch for to wear,
He bought a fine turnip and scooped it out fair,
He slipped a live cricket right under the skin —
"They'll think it is ticking," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn was in want of a brooch,
He stuck a brass pin in a big cockroach,
The breast of his shirt he fixed it straight in —
"They'll think it's a diamond," says Brian O'Linn!

Brian O'Linn went a-courting one night,
He set both the mother and daughter to fight —
"Stop, stop," he exclaimed, "if you have but the
tin,
I'll marry you both," says Brian O'Linn !

Brian O'Linn went to bring his wife home,
He had but one horse, that was all skin and bone —
"I'll put her behind me, as nate as a pin,
And her mother before me," says Brian O'Linn !

Brian O'Linn and his wife and wife's mother,
They all crossed over the bridge together,
The bridge broke down and they all tumbled in —
"We'll go home by water," says Brian O'Linn !

BY MEMORY INSPIRED

BY memory inspired
And love of country fired,
The deeds of MEN I love to dwell upon ;
And the patriotic glow
Of my spirit must bestow
A tribute to O'Connell that is gone, boys—gone.
Here's a memory to the friends that are gone !

In October 'Ninety-Seven —
May his soul find rest in Heaven ! —

William Orr to execution was led on:
The jury, drunk, agreed
That IRISH was his creed:
For perjury and threats drove them on, boys—on.
Here's the memory of John Mitchel that is gone!
In 'Ninety-Eight—the month July —
The informer's pay was high;
When Reynolds gave the gallows brave MacCann;
But MacCann was Reynolds' first —
One could not allay his thirst;
So he brought up Bond and Byrne that are gone, boys—gone.
Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

We saw a nation's tears
Shed for John and Henry Sheares;
Betrayed by Judas, Captain Armstrong:
We may forgive, but yet
We never can forget
The poisoning of Maguire [1] that is gone, boys—gone:
Our high Star and true Apostle that is gone!

How did Lord Edward die?
Like a man, without a sigh!
But he left his handiwork on Major Swan
But Sirr, with steel-clad breast
And coward heart at best,
Left us cause to mourn Lord Edward that is gone, boys—gone.
Here's the memory of our friends that are gone!

[1] Father Tom Maguire, the well-known Catholic controversialist.

September, Eighteen-Three,
Closed this cruel history,
When Emmet's blood the scaffold flowed upon.
Oh, had their spirits been wise,
They might then realize
Their freedom—but we drink to Emmet that is gone,
boys—gone.
Here's the memory of the friends that are gone!

CHARMING JUDY CALLAGHAN

'TWAS on a windy night
At two o'clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan's door,
Sitting upon the palings,
His love-tale he did pour,
And this was part of his wailings:—
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan!

Oh! list to what I say,
Charms you've got like Venus;
Own your love you may,
There's but the wall between us.
You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring;
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.

Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got a pig and a sow,
I've got a sty to sleep 'em;
A calf and a brindled cow,
And a cabin, too, to keep 'em;
Sunday hat and coat,
An old gray mare to ride on;
Saddle and bridle, to boot,
Which you may ride astride on.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got an acre of ground;
I've got it set with praties;
I've got of 'baccy a pound;
I've got some tea for the ladies;
I've got the ring to wed,
Some whiskey to make us gaily;
I've got a feather bed,
And a handsome new shillelagh.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

You've got a charming eye,
You've got some spelling and reading;

You've got, and so have I,
A taste for genteel breeding;
You're rich, and fair, and young,
As everybody's knowing;
You've got a decent tongue
Whene'er 'tis set agoing.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

For a wife till death
I am willing to take ye!
But, och! I waste my breath —
The divil himself can't wake ye.
'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover;
To-morrow I'll come again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

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COLLEEN RUE [1]

AS I roved out one summer's morning, speculating most curiously,
To my surprise, I soon espied a charming fair one approaching me;
I stood awhile in deep meditation, contemplating what should I do,

[1] *Cáilin Ruadh*, red (haired) girl.

But recruiting all my sensations, I thus accosted the *Colleen Rue* :—

"Are you Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, Euterpasia,
or Venus bright?
Or Helen fair, beyond compare, that Paris stole from
her Grecian's sight?
Thou fairest creature, you have enslaved me, I am in-
toxicated by Cupid's clue,
Whose golden notes and infatuation deranged my ideas
for you, *Colleen Rue*."

"Kind sir, be easy, and do not tease me, with your
false praise so jestingly,
Your dissimulations and invitations, your fantastic
praises, seducing me.
I am not Aurora, or the beauteous Flora, but a rural
maiden to all men's view,
That's here condoling my situation, and my appella-
tion is the *Colleen Rue*."

"Was I Hector, that noble victor, who died a victim
of Grecian skill,
Or was I Paris, whose deeds were various, as an arbi-
trator on Ida's hill,
I would roam through Asia, likewise Arabia, through
Pennsylvania seeking you,
The burning regions, like famed Vesuvius, for one em-
brace of the *Colleen Rue*."

"Sir, I am surprised and dissatisfied at your tantaliz-
ing insolence,
I am not so stupid, or enslaved by Cupid, as to be
dupèd by your eloquence,

Therefore desist from your solicitations, I am engaged,
I declare it's true,
To a lad I love beyond all earthly treasures, and he'll
soon embrace his *Colleen Rue*."

THE CROPPY BOY

IT was very early in the spring,
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing,
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
And the song they sang was old Ireland free.

It was early in the night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall,
And taken was I by Lord Cornwall.

'Twas in the guard-house where I was laid,
And in a parlor where I was tried;
My sentence passed and my courage low
When to Dungannon I was forced to go.

As I was passing by my father's door,
My brother William stood at the door;
My aged father stood at the door,
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was walking up Wexford Street
My own first cousin I chanced to meet;
My own first cousin did me betray,
And for one bare guinea swore my life away.

My sister Mary heard the express,
She ran up-stairs in her mourning-dress —
Five hundred guineas I will lay down,
To see my brother through Wexford Town.

As I was walking up Wexford Hill,
Who could blame me to cry my fill?
I looked behind and I looked before,
But my tender mother I shall ne'er see more.

As I was mounted on the platform high,
My aged father was standing by;
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.

It was in Dungannon this young man died,
And in Dungannon his body lies;
All you good Christians that do pass by
Just drop a tear for the Croppy Boy.

THE CRUISKEEN LAWN[1]

LET the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
The shepherd his dew-scented lawn
But I, more blest than they,

[1] The chorus is pronounced thus:

Grá-ma-chree ma crooskeen,
Shlántya gal ma-voorneen,
S grá-ma-chree a cooleen bán, etc.

and means:

Love of my heart, my little jug!
Bright health to my darling!
The love of my heart is her fair hair, etc.

Spend each happy night and day
With my charming little crúiscín lán, lán, lán,[1]
My charming little crúiscín lán.

Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín,—
Sláinte geal mo mhúirnín.
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilín bán.
Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín,—
Sláinte geal mo mhúirín,
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilín, bán, bán,
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilín bán.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, God of wine,
Create me by adoption your son;
In hope that you'll comply,
My glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little crúiscín lán, lán,
My smiling little crúiscín lán.

And when grim Death appears,
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run;
I'll say, Begone, you knave,
For bold Bacchus gave me lave
To take another crúiscín lán, lán, lán, lán,
Another little crúiscín lán.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips adry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;

[1] *Lan*, full.

And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
To fill another crúiscín, lán.

CUSHLA MA CHREE

This song is a bardic fragment, of which both the name of the author and translator have been lost.

BEFORE the sun rose at yester-dawn,
I met a fair maid adown the lawn:
The berry and snow
To her cheeks gave its glow,
And her bosom was fair as the sailing swan.
Then, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

Her beautiful voice more hearts hath won
Than Orpheus' lyre of old had done;
Her ripe eyes of blue
Were crystals of dew,
On the grass of the lawn before the sun.
And, pulse of my heart! what gloom is thine?

THE DEAR AND DARLING BOY

WHEN first unto this town I came,
With you I fell in love,
And if I could but gain you
I'd vow I'll never rove.
There's not a girl in all this town
I love as well as thee.
I'll rowl you in my arms,
My *cushla gal machree.*

My love she won't come nigh me,
Nor hear the moan I make;
Neither would she pity me
Tho' my poor heart should break.
If I was born of noble blood,
And she of low degree,
She would hear my lamentation,
And surely pity me.

The ship is on the ocean,
Now ready for to sail.
If the wind blew from the east,
With a sweet and pleasant gale;
If the wind blew from my love
With a sweet and pleasant sound,
It's for your sake, my darling girl,
I'd range the nations round.

Nine months we are on the ocean,
No harbor can we spy.
We sailed from the French Flanders
To harbors that were nigh.
We sailed from the French Flanders
To harbors that were nigh.

O fare you well, my darling girl,
Since you and I must part!
It's the bright beams of your beauty
That stole away my heart.
But since it is my lot, my love,
To say that I must go,
Bright angels be your safeguard
Till my return home.

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DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH [1]

OH, there was a poor man,
And he had but one cow,
And when he had lost her
He could not tell how,
But so white was her face,
And so sleek was her tail,
That I thought my poor *drimmin dubh*
Never would fail.

Agus oro, Drimmin dubh, Oro, ah.
Oro, drimmin dubh, Miel agra.[2]
Returning from mass
On a morning in May,
I met my poor *drimmin dubh*
Drowning by the way.
I roared and I bawled,
And my neighbors did call
To save my poor *drimmin dubh,*
She being my all.

Ah, neighbors! was this not
A sorrowful day,
When I gazed on the water
Where my *drimmin dubh* lay?
With a drone and a drizzen,
She bade me adieu,
And the answer I made
Was a loud pillelu.

[1] *Drimmin . . . dheelish,* loyal black white-back.

[2] And choice black white-back. O choice Ah!
O choice black white-back. Honey O love!

Poor *drimmin dubh* sank,
And I saw her no more,
Till I came to an island
Was close by the shore;
And down on that island
I saw her again,
Like a bunch of ripe blackberries
Rolled in the rain.

Arrah, plague take you, *drimmin dubh!*
What made you die,
Or why did you leave me,
For what and for why?
I would rather lose Paudeen,
My *bouchelleen baun*,[1]
Than part with my *drimmin dubh*,
Now that you're gone.

When *drimmin dubh* lived,
And before she was dead,
She gave me fresh butter
To eat to my bread,
And likewise new milk
That I soaked with my scone,
But now it's black water
Since *drimmin dubh's* gone.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER

YOUR eyes have the twin stars' light, *ma croidhe*
Mo cuisle Tug bean ban;
And your swan-like neck is dear to me
Mo caillin og alain:

[1] *Bouchelleen baun*, my little fair-haired boy.

And dear is your fairy foot so light,
And your dazzling milk-white hand,
And your hair! it's a thread of the golden light
That was spun in the rainbow's band.

Oh! green be the fields of my native shore,
Where you bloom like a young rose-tree;
Mo varia astore—we must meet no more!
But the pulse of my heart's with thee.
No more may your voice with its silver sound,
Come like music in a dream!
Or your heart's sweet laugh ring merrily round,
Like the gush of the summer's stream.

Oh! *mo varia* the stately halls are high
Where Erin's splendors shine!
Yet their harps shall swell to the wailing cry
That my heart sends forth to thine.
For an exile's heart is a fountain deep,
Far hid from the gladsome sun —
Where the bosom's yearning ne'er may sleep;
Mo thruaidh! mo chreach! och on!

GARRYOWEN

LET Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade;
Come booze and sing, and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus —
Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory!

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And tearing all before us.
Instead, etc.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours;
Then let the doctors work their cures,
And tinker up our bruises.
Instead, etc.

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run;
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.
Instead, etc.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame
For soon 'tis known from whence we came;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.
Instead, etc.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight,
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.
Instead, etc.

Garryowen is gone to wrack,
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,

Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock
In spite of all the soldiers.
Instead, etc.

The air of Garryowen is familiar as one of the most inspiring of marching tunes, and the old song itself has been preserved as an archaic favorite at the gatherings of Bohemians. It will be remembered that Thackeray frequently speaks of it, and makes it the favorite song of Philip Firmin in "The Adventures of Philip." President Roosevelt considers it one of the finest marching tunes in the world.

GENERAL MONRO

OH, were you at the battle of Ballynahinch?
When the country, oppressed, rose up in defense,
When Monro and his brave men they all took the field
And they fought for four hours and never did yield.

Then Monro being weary and in need of a sleep,
Gave a woman ten guineas his secret to keep;
But when she got the money the devil tempted her so
That she sent for the soldiers to capture Monro.

The army they came and surrounded Monro,
And they marched him to Lisburn and lodged him in jail;
And his father and mother were passing that way,
And they heard the last words that their dear son did say.

"Oh, I'll die for old Ireland as I fought in her cause,
And I don't fear their soldiers, nor e'er heed their laws;"

And let every true man who hates Ireland's foe
Fight bravely for freedom like Henry Monro.

That very same day ere the sun was yet low,
They murdered that hero, bold General Monro,
And high o'er the court-house stuck his head on a spear,
To make the United men tremble and fear.

Up comes Monro's sister; she was dressed all in green,
With his sword by her side that was long, sharp and keen,
And she cried to the true men that with her did go,
"Oh, we'll have revenge for my brother Monro."

All ye true men who listen, now think of the fate
Of the brave men who died in the year '98;
Oh, poor old Ireland would be free long ago
If her sons were all heroes like General Monro.

HANNAH HEALY, THE PRIDE OF HOWTH

YOU matchless nine, to my aid incline,
Assist my genius while I declare
My lovesick pain for a beauteous dame,
Whose killing charms did me ensnare;
Sly little Cupid has knocked me stupid;
In grief I mourn upon my oath;
My frame's declining, I'm so repining
For Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

She's tall and slender, both young and tender;
She's modest, mild, and she's all sublime;
For education in Erin's nation
There's none to equal this nymph divine;
I wish to gain her, but can't obtain her,
I'd fondly court her, but yet I'm loath,
Lest I should tease her or once displease her,
Sweet Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

At seventeen this maid serene
My heart attracted, I must allow;
I thought her surely a goddess purely,
Or some bright angel, in truth I vow;
Since that I languish, my mind's in anguish,
A deep decline it has curbed my growth;
None can relieve me, then you can believe me,
But Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

In all Olympus I'm sure no nymph is,
To equal her that I do admire;
Her lovely features surpasses nature;
Alas, they set my poor heart on fire;
She exceeds Flora, or bright Aurora,
Or beauteous Venus from the briny froth;—
I am captivated—I do repeat it—
By Hannah Healy, the pride of Howth.

Each lovely morning young men keep swarming
To view this charmer taking the air;
She's so enchanting, they all are panting
To gain her favor, I do declare;
But still they're fearful, and no way cheerful,
The greatest hero you'll find him loath,
Nor dare entreat her or supplicate her,
So bright an angel is the pride of Howth.

I'll drop my writing and my inditing,
I see it's useless for me to fret;
A pound of trouble, or sorrow double,
Will ne'er atone for an ounce of debt;
I'll resign courting and all like sporting,
Cupid and Hymen, I'll shun them both,
And raise my mind from all female kind —
So adieu, sweet Hannah, the pride of Howth!

THE HOLY WELL

Anon. "*Sulmalla*"

'TWAS a very lonely spot,
With beech-trees o'er it drooping!
The water gleamed beneath,
Those fair green branches lowly stooping
A benediction seemed to breathe,

And a deep and rich green light
Within the boughs came peeping,
Where little insects dreamed;
A luscious calm on all was sleeping,
The sunlight drowsy seemed.

In that little silvery well
How many tears fell heavy!
What homage there was poured!
To Mary sweet how many an Ave
Sought for her saving word!

I strayed one evening calm
To this low, gentle water,

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The virgin there might be :
So holy looked it, you'd have thought her
Guarding it tenderly.

When, from the silence soft,
Some one I heard a praying,—
A poor "dark" girl was she;
Upon her bare knees she was swaying,
Telling her rosary.

O that little maiden blind,
Fair-haired she was, and slender;
Her sad smile lit the place;
Her blue cloak-hood had fallen, and tender
'Neath it gleamed her face.

"*She the vah!*" [1] she murmuring said,
"Queen of power and meekness,
O let me see the light!
My mother droops with grief and sickness,—
For her sake, give me sight!

"O my weeny sister's gone,
And we're left lone and pining,
But two in this world wide!
If I could greet the fair sun shining,
And be *her* stay and guide!"

You'd think blind Bridget saw
The face of the Redeemer,
So kindly was her air,
I thought that every moment brightly
She'd see the heavens fair.

[1] *She the vah!* Hail to thee!

Just like a saint, she seemed,
God's pleasure waiting only;
I could not help but weep,
And join her in that shrine so lonely
Breathing petitions deep.

IRISH MOLLY O[1]

OH! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town,
And like a ghost that cannot rest still wanders up and down?
A poor, unhappy Scottish youth;—if more you wish to know,
His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly O!
She's modest, mild, and beautiful, the fairest I have known—
The primrose of Ireland—all blooming here alone—
The primrose of Ireland, for wheresoe'er I go,
The only one entices me is Irish Molly O!

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he swore,
That if she'd wed a foreigner he'd never see her more.
He sent for young MacDonald and he plainly told him so—
"I'll never give to such as you my Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, etc.

[1] This ballad has been largely kept alive by virtue of the beautiful and pathetic air to which it is sung.

MacDonald heard the heavy news—and grievously did say —
"Farewell, my lovely Molly, since I'm banished far away,
A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, etc.

"There is a rose in Ireland, I thought it would be mine:
But now that she is lost to me, I must forever pine,
Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave I'll go,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, etc.

"And now that I am dying, this one request I crave,
To place a marble tombstone above my humble grave!
And on the stone these simple words I'd have engraven so —
'MacDonald lost his life for love of Irish Molly O!'"
She's modest, etc.

JENNY FROM BALLINASLOE

YOU lads that are funny, and call maids your honey,
Give ear for a moment; I'll not keep you long.
I'm wounded by Cupid; he has made me stupid;
To tell you the truth now, my brain's nearly wrong.
A neat little posy, who does live quite cosy,
Has kept me unable to go to and fro;

Each day I'm declining, in love I'm repining,
For nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

It was in September, I'll ever remember,
I went out to walk by a clear riverside
For sweet recreation, but, to my vexation,
This wonder of Nature I quickly espied;
I stood for to view her an hour, I'm sure:
The earth could not show such a damsel, I know,
As that little girl, the pride of the world,
Called nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

I said to her: "Darling! this is a nice morning;
The birds sing enchantingly, which charms the groves;
Their notes to delight me, and you to invite me,
Along this clear water some time for to rove.
Your beauty has won me, and surely undone me;
If you won't agree for to cure my sad woe,
So great is my sorrow, I'll ne'er see to-morrow,
My sweet little Jenny from Ballinasloe."

"Sir, I did not invite you, nor yet dare not slight you;
You're at your own option to act as you please:
I am not ambitious, nor e'er was officious;
I am never inclined to disdain or to tease.
I love conversation, likewise recreation;
I'm free with a friend, and I'm cold with a foe;
But virtue's my glory, and will be till I'm hoary,"
Said nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

"Most lovely of creatures! your beautiful features
Have sorely attracted and captured my heart;

If you won't relieve me, in truth you may b'lieve me,
Bewildered in sorrow till death I must smart;
I'm at your election, so grant me protection,
And feel for a creature that's tortured in woe.
One smile it will heal me, one frown it will kill me;
Sweet, nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe!"

"Sir, yonder's my lover; if he should discover
Or ever take notice you spoke unto me,
He'd close your existence in spite of resistance;
Be pleased to withdraw, then, lest he might you see.
You see, he's approaching; then don't be encroaching,
He has his large dog and his gun there also.
Although you're a stranger, I wish you from danger,"
Said nice little Jenny from Ballinasloe.

I bowed then genteelly, and thanked her quite freely;
I bid her adieu, and took to the road;
So great was my trouble my pace I did double;
My heart was oppressed and sank down with the load.
Forever I'll mourn for beauteous Jane Curran,
And ramble about in affection and woe,
And think on the hour I saw that sweet flower,
My dear little Jenny from Ballinasloe!

JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE

WHILE going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo! hurroo!
While going the road to sweet Athy,

With drums and guns, and guns and drums
The enemy nearly slew ye;
My darling dear, you look so queer,
Och, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!"

KITTY OF COLERAINE[1]

AS beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk for the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.
"Oh, what shall I do now! 'twas looking at you now,
I'm sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er see again.
'Twas the pride of my dairy—oh, Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine."

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should give her such pain;
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again.
'Twas the haymaking season—I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

[1] This very popular song, often wrongly attributed to Lysaght, is based on an old story, of which one version will be found in "La Cruche" by M. Autereau, a contemporary of La Fontaine, the fabulist, which is included in some editions of the latter's works. "Coleraine" is generally pronounced in Ireland *Col'raine.*

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

THE LAMENTATION OF HUGH REYNOLDS [1]

MY name is Hugh Reynolds, I come of honest parents;
Near Cavan I was born, as plainly you may see;
By loving of a maid, one Catherine MacCabe,
My life has been betrayed; she's a dear maid to me. [2]

The country were bewailing my doleful situation,
But still I'd expectation this maid would set me free;

[1] I copied this ballad from a broad-sheet in the collection of Mr. Davis; but could learn nothing of its date, or the circumstances connected with it. It is clearly modern, however, and founded on the story of an abduction, which terminated differently from the majority of these adventures. The popular sympathy in such cases is generally in favor of the gallant, the impression being that an abduction is never attempted without at least a tacit consent on the part of the girl. Whenever she appears as a willing witness for the prosecution it is said she has been tampered with by her friends, and public indignation falls upon the wrong object. The "Lamentation" was probably written for or by the ballad singers; but it is the best of its bad class.

The student would do well to compare it with the other street ballads in the collection; and with the simple old traditional ballads, such as "Shule Aroon" and "Peggy Bawn," that he may discover if possible, where the charm lies that recommends strains so rude and naked to the most cultivated minds. These ballads have done what the songs of our greatest lyrical poets have *not* done—delighted both the educated and the ignorant. Whoever hopes for an equally large and contrasted audience must catch their simplicity, directness, and force, or whatever else constitutes their peculiar attraction.—*Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "Ballad Poetry of Ireland."*

[2] "*A dear maid to me.*" His love for her cost him dear.

But, oh! she was ungrateful, her parents proved deceitful,
And though I loved her faithful, she's a dear maid to me.

Young men and tender maidens, throughout this Irish nation,
Who hear my lamentation, I hope you'll pray for me;
The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she sold,
In the grave I must lie cold; she's a dear maid to me;

For now my glass is run, and the hour it is come,
And I must die for love and the height of loyalty:
I thought it was no harm to embrace her in my arms,
Or take her from her parents; but she's a dear maid to me.

Adieu, my loving father, and you, my tender mother,
Farewell, my dearest brother, who has suffered sore for me;
With irons I'm surrounded, in grief I lie confounded,
By perjury unbounded! she's a dear maid to me.

Now, I can say no more; to the Law-board [1] I must go,
There to take the last farewell of my friends and counterie;
May the angels, shining bright, receive my soul this night,
And convey me into heaven to the blessed Trinity.

[1] *Law-board*, gallows.

A LAY OF THE FAMINE

HUSH! hear you how the night wind keens
around the craggy reek?
Its voice peals high above the waves that thunder in the creek.

"Aroon! aroon! arouse thee, and hie thee o'er the moor!
Ten miles away there's bread, they say, to feed the starving poor.

"God save thee, Eileen *bawn astor*, and guide thy naked feet,
And keep the fainting life in us till thou come back with meat.

"God send the moon to show thee light upon the way so drear,
And mind thou well the rocky dell, and heed the rushy mere."

She kissed her father's palsied hand, her mother's pallid cheek,
And whirled out on the driving storm beyond the craggy reek.

All night she tracks, with bleeding feet, the rugged mountain way,
And townsfolks meet her in the street at flushing of the day.

But God is kinder on the moor than man is in the town,
And Eileen quails before the stranger's harsh rebuke and frown.

Night's gloom enwraps the hills once more and hides
a slender form
That shudders o'er the moor again, before the driving
storm.

No bread is in her wallet stored, but on the lonesome
heath
She lifts her empty hands to God, and prays for
speedy death.

Yet struggles onward, faint and blind, and numb to
hope or fear,
Unmindful of the rocky dell or of the rushy mere.

But, ululu! what sight is this?—what forms come by
the reek?
As white and thin as evening mist upon the mountain's
peak.

Mist-like they glide across the heath—a weird and
ghostly band;
The foremost crosses Eileen's path, and grasps her by
the hand.

"Dear daughter, thou has suffered sore, but we are
well and free:
For God has ta'en our life from us, nor wills it long
to thee.

"So hie thee to our cabin lone, and dig a grave so
deep,
And underneath the golden gorse our corpses lay to
sleep—

"Else they will come and smash the walls upon our
moldering bones,
And screaming mountain birds will tear our flesh from
out the stones.

"And, daughter, haste to do thy work, so thou mayest
quickly come,
And take with us our grateful rest, and share our
peaceful home."

* * * * * *

The sun behind the distant hills far-sinking down to
sleep;
A maiden on the lonesome moor, digging a grave so
deep;

The moon above the craggy reek, silvering moor and
wave,
And the pale corpse of a maiden young stretched on a
new-made grave.

THE MAID OF CLOGHROE[1]

AS I roved out, at Faha, one morning,
Where Adrum's tall groves were in view —
When Sol's lucid beams were adorning,
And the meadows were spangled with dew —
Reflecting, in deep contemplation,
On the state of my country kept low,
I perceived a fair juvenile female
On the side of the hill of Cloghroe.

[1] *Air*—"*Cailin deas cruithi-na-mbo*," "The Pretty Girl Milking the Cow."

Her form resembled fair Venus,
That amorous Cyprian queen;
She's the charming young sapling of Erin,
As she gracefully trips on the green;
She's tall, and her form it is graceful,
Her features are killing also;
She's a charming, accomplished young maiden,
This beautiful dame of Cloghroe.

Fair Juno, Minerva, or Helen,
Could not vie with this juvenile dame;
Hibernian swains are bewailing,
And anxious to know her dear name.
She's tender, she's tall, and she's stately,
Her complexion much whiter than snow;
She outrivals all maidens completely,
This lovely young maid of Cloghroe.

At Coachfort, at Dripsey, and Blarney
This lovely young maid is admired;
The bucks, at the Lakes of Killarney,
With the fame of her beauty are fired.
Her image, I think, is before me,
And present wherever I go;
Sweet, charming young maid, I adore thee,
Thou beautiful nymph of Cloghroe.

Now aid me, ye country grammarians!
Your learnèd assistance I claim,
To know the bright name of this fair one—
This charming young damsel of fame.
Two mutes and a liquid united,
Ingeniously placed in a row,
Spell part of the name of this phœnix,
This beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

A diphthong and three semivowels
Will give us this cynosure's name—
This charming Hibernian beauty,
This lovely, this virtuous young dame,
Had Jupiter heard of this fair one,
He'd descend from Olympus, I know,
To solicit this juvenile phœnix—
This beautiful maid of Cloghroe.

MY CONNOR

There is another song with this pleasing refrain, but this is the simplest and best.

OH, weary's on money and weary's on wealth,
And sure we don't want them while we have our health:
'Twas they tempted Connor far over the sea,
And I lost my lover, my *cushla ma chree*,
Smiling—beguiling,
Cheering—endearing,
O dearly I loved him and he loved me!
By each other delighted—
And fondly united—
My heart's in the grave with my *cushla ma chree*.

My Connor was handsome, good-humored, and tall;
At hurling or dancing the best of them all.
But when he came courting beneath our old tree,
His voice was like music,—my *cushla ma chree*.
Smiling—beguiling, etc.

So true was his heart and so artless his mind,
He could not think ill of the worst of mankind.
He went bail for his cousin, who ran beyond sea,
And all his debts fell on my *cushla ma chree.*
Smiling—beguiling, etc.

Yet still I told Connor that I'd be his bride,—
In sorrow or death not to stir from his side.
He said he could ne'er bring misfortune on me; —
But sure I'd be rich with my *cushla ma chree.*
Smiling—beguiling, etc.

The morning he left us I ne'er will forget;
Not an eye in our village with tears but was wet.
"Don't cry any more, O *mavourneen,*" said he.
"For I will return to my *cushla ma chree.*"
Smiling—beguiling, etc.

Sad as I felt then, hope mixed with my care,—
Alas! I have nothing now left but despair.
His ship it went down in the midst of the sea,
And its wild waves roll over my *cushla ma chree.*
Smiling—beguiling, etc.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

THE NATIVE IRISHMAN

By a converted Saxon

BEFORE I came across the sea
To this delightful place,
I thought the native Irish were
A funny sort of race;
I thought they bore shillelagh-sprigs,

And that they always said:
"Och hone, acushla, tare-an-ouns,"
"Begorra," and "bedad!"

I thought they sported crownless hats
With dhudeens in the rim;
I thought they wore long trailing coats
And knickerbockers trim;
I thought they went about the place
As tight as they could get;
And that they always had a fight
With every one they met.

I thought their noses all turned up
Just like a crooked pin;
I thought their mouths six inches wide
And always on the grin;
I thought their heads were made of stuff
As hard as any nails;
I half suspected that they were
Possessed of little tails.

* * * * *

But when I came unto the land
Of which I heard so much,
I found that the inhabitants
Were not entirely such;
I found their features were not all
Exactly like baboons';
I found that some wore billycocks,
And some had pantaloons.

I found their teeth were quite as small
As Europeans' are,

And that their ears, in point of size,
Were not pecu-liar.
I even saw a face or two
Which might be handsome called;
And by their very largest feet
I was not much appalled.

I found them sober, now and then;
And even in the street,
It seems they do not have a fight
With every boy they meet.
I even found some honest men
Among the very poor;
And I have heard some sentences
Which did not end with "shure."

It seems that praties in their skins
Are not their only food,
And that they have a house or two
Which is not built of mud.
In fact, they're not all brutes or fools,
And I suspect that when
They rule themselves they'll be as good,
Almost, as Englishmen!

NELL FLAHERTY'S DRAKE[1]

MY name it is Nell, quite candid I tell,
That I live near Coote hill, I will never deny;
I had a fine drake, the truth for to spake,

[1] Many versions of this ballad are to be found in the Irish ballad-slips. They are all corrupt and generally very gross. Note its similarity to O'Kelly's "Curse of Doneraile."

That my grandmother left me and she going to die;
He was wholesome and sound, he would weigh twenty pound,
The universe round I would rove for his sake—
Bad wind to the robber—be he drunk or sober—
That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

His neck it was green—most rare to be seen,
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree;
His body was white—and would you delight—
He was plump, fat and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
The dear little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
He would fly like a swallow and dive like a hake,
But some wicked savage, to grease his white cabbage,
Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
May a ghost ever haunt him at dead of the night;
May his hen never lay, may his ass never bray,
May his goat fly away like an old paper kite.
That the flies and the fleas may the wretch ever tease,
And the piercing north breeze make him shiver and shake,
May a lump of a stick raise bumps fast and thick
On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his cradle ne'er rock, may his box have no lock,
May his wife have no frock for to cover her back;
May his cock never crow, may his bellows ne'er blow;
And his pipe and his pot may he evermore lack.
May his duck never quack, may his goose turn black,
And pull down his turf with her long yellow beak;
May the plague grip the scamp, and his villainy stamp
On the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his pipe never smoke, may his teapot be broke,
And to add to the joke, may his kettle ne'er boil;
May he keep to the bed till the hour that he's dead,
May he always be fed on hogwash and boiled oil.
May he swell with the gout, may his grinders fall out,
May he roll, howl and shout with the horrid tooth-ache;
May the temples wear horns, and the toes many corns,
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig,
May each hair in his wig be well thrashed with a flail;
May his door have no latch, may his house have no thatch,
May his turkey not hatch, may the rats eat his meal.
May every old fairy, from Cork to Dunleary,
Dip him snug and airy in river or lake,
Where the eel and the trout may feed on the snout
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his dog yelp and howl with the hunger and could,
May his wife always scold till his brains go astray;
May the curse of each hag that e'er carried a bag
Alight on the vag, till his hair turns gray.
May monkeys affright him, and mad dogs still bite him,
And every one slight him, asleep or awake;
May weasels still gnaw him, and jackdaws still claw him —
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

The only good news that I have to infuse
  Is that old Peter Hughes and blind Peter McCrake,
And big-nosed Bob Manson, and buck-toothed Ned Hanson,
  Each man had a grandson of my lovely drake.
My treasure had dozens of nephews and cousins,
  And one I must get or my heart it will break;
To keep my mind easy, or else I'll run crazy —
  This ends the whole song of my beautiful drake.

THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS STRETCHED[1]

THE night before Larry was stretched,
  The boys they all paid him a visit;
A bait in their sacks, too, they fetched;
  They sweated their duds till they riz it:
For Larry was ever the lad,
  When a boy was condemned to the squeezer,
Would fence all the duds that he had
  To help a poor friend to a sneezer,
And warm his gob 'fore he died.

The boys they came crowding in fast,
  They drew all their stools round about him,
Six glims round his trap-case were placed,
  He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
When one of us asked could he die
  Without having duly repented,

[1] The authorship of this extraordinary piece of poetic ribaldry has been much discussed, but has never been discovered. It is written in Dublin slang of the end of the eighteenth century.

Says Larry, "That's all in my eye;
And first by the clargy invented,
To get a fat bit for themselves."

"I'm sorry, dear Larry," says I,
"To see you in this situation;
And, blister my limbs if I lie,
I'd as lieve it had been my own station."
"Ochone! it's all over," says he,
"For the neckcloth I'll be forced to put on
And by this time to-morrow you'll see
Your poor Larry as dead as a mutton,"
Because, why, his courage was good.

"And I'll be cut up like a pie,
And my nob from my body be parted."
"You're in the wrong box, then," says I,
"For blast me if they're so hard-hearted:
A chalk on the back of your neck
Is all that Jack Ketch dares to give you;
Then mind not such trifles a feck,
For why should the likes of them grieve you?
And now, boys, come tip us the deck."

The cards being called for, they played,
Till Larry found one of them cheated;
A dart at his napper he made
(The boy being easily heated):
"Oh, by the hokey, you thief,
I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle!
You cheat me because I'm in grief,
But soon I'll demolish your noddle,
And leave you your claret to drink."

Then the clergy came in with his book,
He spoke him so smooth and so civil;
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,
And pitched his big wig to the devil;
Then sighing, he threw back his head
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,
And pitiful sighing, he said:
"Oh, the hemp will be soon round my throttle
And choke my poor windpipe to death.

"Though sure it's the best way to die,
Oh, the devil a betther a-livin'!
For, sure, when the gallows is high
Your journey is shorter to Heaven:
But what harasses Larry the most,
And makes his poor soul melancholy,
Is to think of the time when his ghost
Will come in a sheet to sweet Molly—
Oh, sure it will kill her alive!"

So moving these last words he spoke,
We all vented our tears in a shower;
For my part, I thought my heart broke,
To see him cut down like a flower,
On his travels we watched him next day;
Oh, the throttler! I thought I could kill him;
But Larry not one word did say,
Nor changed till he come to "King William"—
Then, *musha!* his color grew white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty,
The rumbler jogged off from his feet,

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

And he died with his face to the city;
He kicked, too—but that was all pride,
For soon you might see 'twas all over;
Soon after the noose was untied,
And at darky we waked him in clover,
And sent him to take a ground sweat.

NURSE'S SONG

Anon.—Literal Version

SLEEP, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep!
The sun sleepeth on the green fields,
The moon sleepeth on the blue waves,
Sleep, my child, my darling child, my lovely child, sleep!

The morning sleepeth on a bed of roses,
The evening sleepeth on the tops of the dark hills;
Sleep, my child, etc.

The wind sleepeth in the hollow of the rocks,
The stars sleep upon a pillow of clouds;
Sleep, my child, etc.

The mist sleepeth on the bosom of the valley,
And the broad lake under the shadow of the trees;
Sleep, my child, etc.

The flowers sleep while the night dew falls,
And the wild birds sleep upon the mountains;
Sleep, my child, etc.

The burning tear sleepeth upon the cheek of sorrow,
But thy sleep is not the sleep of tears;
Sleep, my child, etc.

Sleep in quiet, sleep in joy, my darling,
May thy sleep never be the sleep of sorrow!
Sleep, my child, etc.

OULD ORANGE FLUTE

Air—"The Protestant Boys"

IN the County Tyrone, near the town of Dungannon,
Where many a ruction myself had a hand in
Bob Williamson lived—a weaver to trade,
And all of us thought a stout Orange blade.
On the twelfth of July as it yearly did come,
Bob played on the flute to the sound of the drum.
You may talk of your harp, your piano, or lute,
But nothing could sound like the ould Orange flute.

But this treacherous scoundrel took us all in,
For he married a Papish called Bridget M'Ginn,
And turned Papish himself, and forsook the ould cause
That gave us our freedom, religion, and laws.
Now the boys in the townland made some noise upon it,
And Bob had to fly to the province of Connaught;
He fled with his wife and fixings to boot,
Along with the others the ould Orange flute.

At the Chapel on Sundays to atone for past deeds,
He said Pater and Ave and counted his beads,
Till after some time at the Priests' own desire,
He went with his ould flute to play in the choir,
He went with his ould flute to play in the Mass,
And the instrument shivered and sighed, oh, alas!
When he blew it and fingered and made a great noise,
The flute would play only "The Protestant Boys."

Bob jumped and he started and got into a splutter,
And threw his ould flute in the blessed holy water;
He thought that this charm would bring some other sound,
But when he blew it again it played "Croppies lie down."
And all he could whistle, and finger, and blow,
To play Papish music he found it no go,
"Kick the Pope," and "The Boyne Water," and such like it would sound,
But one Papish squeak in it couldn't be found.

At a council of priests that was held the next day,
They decided to banish the ould flute away,
For they couldn't knock heresy out of its head,
So they bought Bob another to play in its stead.
So the ould flute was doomed and its fate was pathetic,
It was fastened and burned at the stake as heretic;
While the flames roared around it they heard a strange noise,
'Twas the ould flute still whistling "The Protestant Boys."

PADDIES EVERMORE

Anon.

THE hour is past to fawn and crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might;
Let them who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore!

What though they menace suffering men, —
Their threats and them despise;
Or promise justice once again, —
We know their words are lies.
We stand resolved those rights to claim
They robbed us of before,
Our dear old nation and our name
As Paddies, and no more.

Look round,—the Frenchman governs France,
The Spaniards rule in Spain,
The gallant Pole but waits his chance
To break the Russian chain;
The strife for freedom here begun
We never will give o'er,
Nor own a land on earth but one, —
We're Paddies, and no more.

That strong and single love to crush,
The tyrant ever tried;
A fount it was, whose loving gush
His hated arts defied.

'Tis fresh as when his foot accursed
Was planted on our shore,
And now and still as from the first
We're Paddies evermore.

What reck we though six hundred years
Have o'er our thraldom rolled?
The soul that roused O'Nial's spears
Still lives as true and bold;
The tide of foreign power to stem
Our fathers bled of yore,
And we stand here to-day, like them,
True Paddies evermore.

Where's our allegiance? With the land
For which they nobly died.
Our duty? By our cause to stand
Whatever chance betide.
Our cherished hope? To heal the woes
That rankle at her core.
Our scorn and hatred? To our foes
Now and forevermore.

The hour is past to fawn or crouch
As suppliants for our right;
Let word and deed unshrinking vouch
The banded millions' might;
Let them who scorned the fountain rill
Now dread the torrent's roar,
And hear our echoed chorus still,
We're Paddies evermore!

THE RAKES OF MALLOW

BEAUING, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,[1]
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus's true-begotten sons,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
Then like politicians thinking
To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

When at home with dadda dying,
Still for Mallow water crying;
But where there's good claret plying,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Living short but merry lives;
Going where the devil drives;
Having sweethearts, but no wives,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in
Raking as at Mallow.

[1] *Sinking*, cursing extravagantly—*i. e.*, damning you to hell and *sinking* you lower.

Then to end this raking life
They get sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife,
And wish again for Mallow.

THE ROSE OF KENMARE

I'VE been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lasses have made me feel quare ;
But there's no use denyin'
No girl I've set eye on
Could compate wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kenmare.
Oh, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
A slinderer,
Tinderer,
Purtier,
Wittier
Colleen than you,
Rose, aroo !

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft silver moonshine
Her white arm and bosom completely eclipse ;

Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants straight as Carn Tual
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-sweet lips.
Oh, where, etc.

Did your eyes ever follow
The wings of the swallow,
Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow-field glance?
For, if not, you've no notion
Of the exquisite motion
Of her sweet little feet as they dart in the dance,
Oh, where, etc.

If y' enquire why the nightingale
Still shuns the invitin' gale
That wafts every song-bird but her to the West,
Faix, she knows, I suppose,
Ould Kenmare has a rose
That would sing any Bulbul to sleep in her nest.
Oh, where, etc.

When her voice gives the warnin'
For the milkin' in the mornin',
Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes runnin' to her pail;
The lambs play about her
And the small bonneens[1] snout her,

Whilst their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.
Oh, where, etc.
When at noon from our labor

[1] "Bonneens," young pigs.

We draw neighbor wid neighbor
From the heat of the sun to the shilter of the tree,
Wid spuds [1] fresh from the bilin'
And new milk you come smilin',
All the boys' hearts beguilin', Alanna machree! [2]
Oh, where, etc.

But there's one sweeter hour,
When the hot day is o'er,
And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
And she sittin' in the middle,
When she's guessed Larry's riddle,
Cries, "Now for your fiddle, my love, my love."
Oh, where, etc.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT [3]

OH! the French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
The French are on the sea,
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Oh! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here without delay,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

[1] "Spuds," potatoes.
[2] "Alanna machree," my heart's darling.
[3] *Shan Van Vocht*, "The Poor Old Woman"—a name for Ireland. This was written in 1796, when the French fleet arrived in Bantry Bay.

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Oh! the French are in the Bay,
They'll be here by break of day,
And the Orange will decay,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Where will they have their camp?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
On the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys they will be there,
With their pikes in good repair,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

To the Curragh of Kildare,
The boys they will repair,
And Lord Edward will be there,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then what will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What will the yeomen do?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?

What should the yeomen do,
But throw off the red and blue,
And swear that they'll be true
To the Shan Van Vocht?

And what color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color will they wear?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But their own immortal Green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

What color should be seen
Where our fathers' homes have been,
But their own immortal Green?
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Will Ireland then be free?
Says the Shan Van Vocht;
Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

SHULE AROON[1]

A BRIGADE BALLAD

I WOULD I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnin, slán!

Siubhail, siubhail, siubhail, a rúin!
Siubhail go socair, agus siubhail go ciúin,
Siubhail go d-ti an doras agus eulaigh liom,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnin, slán![2]

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnin, slán!
Siubhail, etc.

[1] The date of this ballad is not positively known, but it appears to be early in the eighteenth century, when the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Brigade. The inexpressible tenderness of the air, and the deep feeling and simplicity of the words, have made the ballad a popular favorite, notwithstanding its meagreness and poverty.—*Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "Ballad Poetry of Ireland.'*

[2] In Sparling's "Irish Minstrelsy" this is versified almost literally, as follows:

"Come, come, come, O Love!
Quickly come to me, softly move;
Come to the door, and away we'll flee,
And safe for aye may my darling be!"

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnin, slán !
Siubhail, etc.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnin, slán !
Siubhail, etc.

But now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance ;
If he e'er come back, 'tis but a chance,
Is go d-teidh tu, a mhúrnin slán !
Siubhail, etc.

THE SORROWFUL LAMENTATION OF CALLAGHAN, GREALLY, AND MULLEN[1]

"COME, tell me, dearest mother, what makes my father stay,
Or what can be the reason that he's so long away ?"
"Oh ! hold your tongue, my darling son, your tears do grieve me sore ;

[1] This is a genuine ballad of the people, written and sung among them. The reader will see at once how little resemblance it bears to the *pseudo* Irish songs of the stage, or even to the street ballads manufactured by the ballad singers. It is very touching, and not without a certain unpremeditated grace. The vagueness, which leaves entirely untold the story it under-

I fear he has been murdered in the fair of Turloughmore."

Come, all you tender Christians, I hope you will draw near;
It's of this dreadful murder I mean to let you hear,
Concerning those poor people whose loss we do deplore
(The Lord have mercy on their souls) that died at Turloughmore.

It is on the First of August, the truth I will declare,
Those people they assembled that day all at the fair;
But little was their notion what evil was in store,
All by the bloody Peelers at the fair of Turloughmore.

Were you to see that dreadful sight 'twould grieve your heart, I know,
To see the comely women and the men all lying low;
God help their tender parents, they will never see them more,
For cruel was their murder at the fair of Turloughmore.

took to recount, is a common characteristic of the Anglo-Irish songs of the people. The circumstance on which it is founded took place in 1843, at the fair of Darrynacloughery, held at Turloughmore. A faction fight having occurred at the fair, the arrest of some of the parties led to an attack on the police; after the attack had abated or ceased, the police fired on the people, wounded several, and killed the three men whose names stand at the head of the ballad. They were indicted for murder, and pleaded the order of Mr. Brew, the stipendiary magistrate, which was admitted as justification. Brew died before the day appointed for his trial.—*Note by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, "Ballad Poetry of Ireland."*

It's for that base bloodthirsty crew, remark the word I say,
The Lord he will reward them against the judgment day;
The blood they have taken innocent, for it they'll suffer sore,
And the treatment that they gave to us that day at Turloughmore.

The morning of their trial as they stood up in the dock,
The words they spoke were feeling, the people round them flock;
"I tell you, Judge and Jury, the truth I will declare,
It was Brew that ordered us to fire that evening at the fair."

Now to conclude and finish this sad and doleful fray,
I hope their souls are happy against the judgment day;
It was little time they got, we know, when they fell like new-mowed hay,
May the Lord have mercy on their souls against the judgment day.

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THE STAR OF SLANE

YE brilliant muses, who ne'er refuses,
But still infuses in the poet's mind,
Your kind sweet favors to his endeavors,
That his ardent labors should appear sublime;
Preserve my study from getting muddy,
My idea's ready, so inspire my brain;
My quill refine, as I write each line,
On a nymph divine called the Star of Slane.

In beauteous Spring, when the warblers sing,
And their carols ring through each fragrant grove;
Bright Sol did shine, which made me incline
By the river Boyne for to go to rove,
I was ruminating and meditating
And contemplating as I paced the plain,
When a charming fair, beyond compare,
Did my heart ensnare near the town of Slane.

Had Paris seen this young maid serene,
The Grecian queen he would soon disdain,
And straight embrace this virgin chaste,
And peace would grace the whole Trojan plain.
If Ancient Cæsar could on her gaze, sir,
He'd stand amazed for to view this dame;
Sweet Cleopatra he would freely part her,
And his crown he'd barter for the Star of Slane.

There's Alexander, that famed commander,
Whose triumphant standard it did conquer all,
Who proved a victor over crowns and sceptres,
And great warlike structures did before him fall;
Should he behold her, I will uphold, sir,
From pole to pole he would then proclaim,
For the human race in all that wide space,
To respect the chaste blooming Star of Slane.

To praise her beauty then is my duty,
But alas! I'm footy[1] in this noble part,
And to my sorrow, sly Cupid's arrow
Full deep did burrow in my tender heart;

[1] *Footy*, poor, mean, insignificant.

In pain and trouble yet I will struggle,
Though sadly hobbled by my stupid brain,
Yet backed by Nature I can tell each feature
Of this lovely creature called the Star of Slane.

Her eyes it's true are an azure blue,
And her cheeks the hue of the crimson rose;
Her hair behold it does shine like gold,
And is finely rolled and so nicely grows;
Her skin is white as the snow by night,
Straight and upright is her supple frame;
The chaste Diana, or fair Susanna,
Are eclipsed in grandeur by the Star of Slane.

Her name to mention it might cause contention,
And it's my intention for to breed no strife;
For me to woo her I am but poor,
I'm deadly sure she won't be my wife;
In silent anguish I here must languish
Till time does banish all my love-sick pain,
And my humble station I must bear with patience,
Since great exaltation suits the Star of Slane.

TRUST TO LUCK[1]

TRUST to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right place:
Let the world wag away, let your friends turn to foes,

[1] This has for years been a favorite with the street singers and the people, and its refrain has been sung by more than one notable criminal before his execution, as a sort of *Nunc dimittis*.

Let your pockets run dry and threadbare be your
clothes;
Should woman deceive, when you trust to her heart,
Never sigh—'twon't relieve it, but add to the smart.
Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right
place.

Be a man, be a man, wheresoever you go,
Through the sunshine of wealth, or the teardrop of
woe.
Should the wealthy look grand and the proud pass
you by
With the back of their hand and the scorn of their eye,
Snap your fingers and smile as you pass on your way,
And remember the while every dog has his day.
Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
Sure the heart must be aisy when it's in the right
place.

In love as in war sure it's Irish delight,
He's good-humored with both, the sweet girl and a
fight;
He coaxes, he bothers, he blarneys the dear,
To resist him she can't, and he's off when she's near,
And when valor calls him, from his darling he'd fly,
And for liberty fight and for ould Ireland die.
Trust to luck, trust to luck, stare fate in the face,
The heart must be aisy, if it's in the right place.

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE

The legend attached to the beautiful, capricious and characteristic Irish air of "The Twisting of the Rope," is that a Connaught harper, on his visit to a farmer's house, was inveigled into twisting a hay rope by the mother, who did not approve his attentions to her daughter. He walked backward as he twisted until he found himself outside the door, which was shut against him, and his harp thrown out of the window. It has been utilized by Dr. Douglas Hyde in his play of the same name.

WHAT mortal conflict drove me here to roam,
Though many a maid I've left behind at home;
Forth from the house, where dwelt my heart's dear hope,
I was turned by the hag at the twisting of the rope.

If thou be mine, be mine both day and night,
If thou be mine, be mine in all men's sight,
If thou be mine, be mine o'er all beside, —
And O that thou wert now my wedded bride!

In Sligo first I did my love behold,
In Galway town I spent with her my gold:
But by this hand, if thus they me pursue,
I'll teach these dames to dance a measure new!

THE WEARIN' O' THE GREEN

OH, Paddy dear! an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?
The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground.

No more St. Patrick's Day we'll keep, his color can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law agin the wearin' o' the green!

I met wid Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor Ould Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most disthressful country that iver yet was seen,
For they're hangin' men and women there for wearin' o' the green.

An' if the color we must wear is England's cruel red,
Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
Then pull the shamrock from your hat, and throw it on the sod,—
And never fear, 'twill take root there, tho' under foot 'tis trod!

When law can stop the blades of grass from growin' as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their color dare not show,
Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, plaze God, I'll stick to wearin' o' the green.

ALEXANDER MARTIN SULLIVAN
(1830–1884)

FAREWELL

SAIL bravely on, thou gallant bark,
Across the Western sea;
And safely guard the precious freight
Thou bear'st away from me.
Sail on, nor heed the frowning skies,
Nor angry wave nor wind;
Nor reck the grief of aching hearts
Thou leavest here behind.

Keep well thy watch, O seaman bold,
Out o'er the rushing prow;
Nor glimpse of land, nor guiding light,
Can aid thy vision now.
The night comes dark, and o'er the way
Big clouds are gathering wild!
Great God! Protector of the world,
Guard thou both wife and child.

Like miser watching from the shore
The argosy that bears
O'er ocean paths to distant lands
The treasures prized of years,
I sit and gaze, through streaming eyes,
Across the darkening main,
And fain would have the good ship turn
And bring them back again.

Sail on, brave ship; a priceless stake
  Is on thy fate for me!
May angels waft thee on thy course,
  And calm each threatening sea!
Sancta Maria! to thy care
  Are child and mother given,
Whether we meet again on earth,
  Or meet our next in heaven!

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TIMOTHY DANIEL SULLIVAN
(1827 ——)

DEAR OLD IRELAND

Irish Air

I

DEEP in Canadian woods we've met,
From one bright island flown;
Great is the land we tread, but yet
Our hearts are with our own.
And ere we leave this shanty small,
While fades the Autumn day,
We'll toast Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

II

We've heard her faults a hundred times,
The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, ranns and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty-fold.
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say:
Here's dear Old Ireland!
Good Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

III

We know that brave and good men tried
To snap her rusty chain —
That patriots suffered, martyrs died —
And all, 'tis said, in vain.
But no, boys, no! a glance will show
How far they've won their way —
Here's good Old Ireland!
Brave Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

IV

We've seen the wedding and the wake,
The patron and the fair;
And lithe young frames at the dear old games
In the kindly Irish air;
And the loud "hurroo," we have heard it too,
And the thundering "Clear the way!"
Here's gay Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

V

And well we know in the cool gray eves,
When the hard day's work is o'er,
How soft and sweet are the words that greet
The friends who meet once more;
With "Mary machree!" "My Pat! 'tis he!"
And "My own heart night and day!"
Ah, fond Old Ireland!
Dear Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

VI

And happy and bright are the groups that pass
From their peaceful homes, for miles
O'er fields and roads and hills, to Mass,
When Sunday morning smiles;
And deep the zeal their true hearts feel
When low they kneel and pray.
Oh, dear Old Ireland!
Blest Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

VII

But deep in Canadian woods we've met,
And we never may see again
The dear old isle where our hearts are set
And our first fond hopes remain!
But come, fill up another cup,
And with every sup we'll say,
"Here's dear Old Ireland!
Loved Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

GOD SAVE IRELAND[1]

HIGH upon the gallows tree swung the noble-hearted three,
By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their bloom;
But they met him face to face, with the spirit of their race,

[1] William O'Meara Allen, Michael O'Brien, Michael Larkin, executed 23d November, 1867, for accidentally killing Brett, a policeman, in the attempt to rescue Kelly and Deasy, September 18.

And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
"God save Ireland," said the heroes; "God save Ireland," said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Girt around with cruel foes, still their courage proudly rose,
For they thought of hearts that loved them, far and near,
Of the millions true and brave, o'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in holy Ireland, ever dear.
"God save Ireland," said they proudly; "God save Ireland," said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Climbed they up the rugged stair; rung their voices out in prayer;
Then, with England's fatal cord around them cast,
Close beneath the gallows tree kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.
"God save Ireland," prayed they loudly; "God save Ireland," said they all:
"Whether on the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away
Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go, amidst joy or weal or woe,
Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.
"God save Ireland," say we proudly; "God save
Ireland," say we all:
"If upon the scaffold high, or the battle-field we die,
O what matter, when for Erin dear we fall!"

JOHN TODHUNTER
(1829 ——)

FAIRY GOLD

A Ballad of '48.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies in the meadow,
And the children pick them as they pass,
Weaving in the sunlight and the shadow
Garlands for each little lad and lass;
Weave with dreams their buttercups and daisies,
As the poor dead children did of old.
Will the dreams, like sunshine in their faces,
Wither with their flowers like Fairy Gold?

Once, when lonely in Life's crowded highway,
Came a maiden sweet, and took my hand,
Led me down Love's green delightful byway,
Led me dreaming back to Fairyland.
But Death's jealous eye that lights on lovers
Looked upon her, and her breast grew cold,
And my heart's delight the green sod covers,
Vanished from my arms like Fairy Gold!

Then to Ireland, my long-suffering nation,
That poor hope life left me yet I gave;
With her dreams I dreamed, her desolation
Found me, called me, desolate by that grave.

Once again she raised her head, contending
For her children's birthright as of old ;
Once again the old fight had the old ending,
All her hopes and dreams were Fairy Gold.

Now my work is done and I am dying,
Lone, an exile on a foreign shore ;
But in dreams I roam with my love that's lying
Lonely in the old land I'll see no more.
Buttercups and daisies in the meadows
When I'm gone will bloom ; new hopes for old
Comfort her with sunshine after shadows,
Fade no more away like Fairy Gold.

LONGING

O THE sunshine of old Ireland, when it lies
On her woods and on her waters ;
And gleams through her soft skies,
Tenderly as the lovelight in her daughters'
Gentle eyes !

O the brown streams of old Ireland, how they leap
From her glens, and fill their hollows
With wild songs, till charmed to sleep
By the murmuring bees in meadows, where the swallows
Glance and sweep !

O my home there in old Ireland—the old ways
We had, when I knew only
Those ways of one sweet place ;
Ere afar from all I loved I wandered lonely,
Many days !

O the springtime in old Ireland! O'er the sea
I can smell our hawthorn bushes,
And it all comes back to me—
The sweet air, the old place, the trees, the cows, the thrushes
Mad with glee.

I'm weary for old Ireland—once again
To see her fields before me,
In sunshine or in rain!
And the longing in my heart when it comes o'er me
Stings like pain.

SONG

BRING from the craggy haunts of birch and pine
Thou wild wind, bring,
Keen forest odors from that realm of thine,
Upon thy wing!

O wind, O mighty, melancholy wind,
Blow through me, blow!
Thou blowest forgotten things into my mind
From long ago.

THE WAVES' LEGEND OF THE STRAND OF BALA

THE sea moans on the strand,
Moans over shingle and shell.
O moaning sea! what sorrowful story
Do thy wild waves tell?

Ever they moan on the strand,
And my ear, like a sounding shell,
Chants to me the sorrowful story
The moaning billows tell.

For Bala the Sweet-Voiced moan!
Here on the lonely strand
Fell Bala, Prince of the Race of Rury,
Slain by no foeman's hand.

Sweet was thy tongue, O Bala,
To win man's love! Thy voice
Made sigh for thee the maids of Eman;
But nobler was thy choice.

She gave for thy heart her heart
Warm in her swan-white breast,
Aillin of Laigen, Lugah's daughter,
The fairest bird of her nest.

Their pledge was here by the shore
To meet, come joy or pain;
And swift in his war-car Bala from Eman
Sped o'er Muirthemne plain.

He found her not by the shore,
Gloom was o'er sea and sky,
And a man of the *Shee* with dreadful face
On a blast from the South rushed by.

Said Bala: "Stay that man!
Ask him what word he brings?"
"A woe on the Dun of Lugah! a woe
On Eman of the Kings!

"Wail for Aillin the Fair!
Wail for him her feet
Were swift to meet on the lonely strand
Where they shall never meet!

"Swift were her feet on the way,
Till me she met on her track,
A hound of swiftness, a shape of fear,
A tiding to turn her back.

"Swift are the lover's feet,
But swifter our malice flies!
I told her: *Bala is dead;* and dead
In her sunny house she lies."

He scowled on Bala, and rose
A wraith of the mist, and fled
Like a wind-rent cloud; and suddenly Bala
With a great cry fell dead.

Mourn for all lovers true,
Mourn for all beautiful things,
Vanished, faded away, forgotten
With dead forgotten Springs!

So moans the sea on the strand,
Moans over shingle and shell.
Gray sea, of many and many a sorrow
Thy sad waves tell.

WAITING

LONE is my waiting here under the tree,
Under our tree of the woods, where I wait and wait;
Why tarry those white little feet that would bring you to me,
Where are the warm sweet arms that are leaving me desolate?
Oona, *asthore machree?*

Oona, the woods are sighing—they sigh and say:
"The wind of Summer will pass like a lover's sigh,
And love's glad hour as lightly passes away:"
Come to me then, ere my longing hope of despair shall die,
Oona, *asthore machree!*

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HERBERT TRENCH
(1865 ——)

THE NIGHT[1]

I PUT aside the branches
That close the Door on gloom;
A glow-worm lit the pathway
And a lamp out of her room
Shook down a stifled greeting;
How could it greet aright
The thirst of years like deserts
That led up to this night?

But she, like sighing forests,
Stole on me—full of rest,
Her hair was like the sea's wave,
Whiteness was in her breast,—
(*So does one come, at night, upon a wall of roses.*)

As in a stone of crystal
The cloudy web and flaw
Turns, at a flash to rainbows,
Wing'd I became—I saw
I sang; but human singing
Ceased, in a burning awe.

[1] From "Deirdre Wed." Copyright, John Lane. By permission.

Slow amid leaves in silence
  Rapt as the holy pray —
Flame into flame we trembled
  And the world sank away.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH
(1807–1886)

HARMOSAN

NOW the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborn by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet: but awhile the draught forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest—for, around him, angry foes
With a hedge of naked weapons did the lonely man enclose.

But what fear'st thou? cried the caliph, "is it, friend, a secret blow?

Fear it not, our gallant Moslems no such treacherous
dealing know.

"Thou mayest quench thy thirst securely, for thou
shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water, this reprieve is
thine, no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth
with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning
sand.

Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of
that cup
I have drained; then bid thy servants that spilled
water gather up.

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions
stirred —
Then exclaimed: "Forever sacred must remain a
monarch's word.

"Bring another cup, and straightway to the noble
Persian give:
Drink, I said before, and perish—now I bid thee
drink and live!"

SOME MURMUR

SOME murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.

And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON
(1861 ——)

AN ISLAND FISHERMAN

I GROAN as I put out
My nets on the say,
To hear the little *girshas* [1] shout,
Dancin' among the spray.

Ochone! the childher pass
An' lave us to our grief;
The stranger took my little lass
At the fall o' the leaf.

Why would you go so fast
With him you never knew?
In all the throuble that is past
I never frowned on you.

The light o' my ould eyes!
The comfort o' my heart!
Waitin' for me your mother lies
In blessed Innishart.

Her lone grave I keep
From all the cold world wide,
But you in life an' death will sleep
The stranger beside.

[1] *Girshas*, little girls.

Ochone! my thoughts are wild:
But little blame I say;
An ould man hungerin' for his child,
Fishin' the livelong day.

You will not run again,
Laughin' to see me land.
Oh, what was pain an' throuble then,
Holdin' your little hand?

Or when your head let fall
Its soft curls on my breast?
Why do the childher grow at all
To love the stranger best?

AUGUST WEATHER

DEAD heat and windless air,
And silence over all;
Never a leaf astir,
But the ripe apples fall;
Plums are purple-red,
Pears amber and brown;
Thud! in the garden-bed
Ripe apples fall down.

Air like a cider-press
With the bruised apples' scent;
Low whistles express
Some sleepy bird's content;
Still world and windless sky,
A mist of heat o'er all;
Peace like a lullaby,
And the ripe apples fall.

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DE PROFUNDIS

YOU must be troubled, Asthore,
Because last night you came
And stood on the moonlit floor,
And called again my name.
In dreams I felt your tears,
In dreams mine eyes were wet;
O dead for seven long years!
And can you not forget?
Are you not happy yet?

The mass-bell shall be rung,
The mass be said and sung,
And God will surely hear;
Go back and sleep, my dear!

You went away when you heard
The red cock's clarion crow.
You have given my heart a sword,
You have given my life a woe,
I, who your burden bore,
On whom your sorrows fell;
You had to travel, Asthore,
Your bitter need to tell,
And I—was faring well!

The mass-bell shall be rung,
The mass be said and sung,
And God will surely hear;
Go back and sleep, my dear!

LARKS

ALL day in exquisite air
The song clomb an invisible stair,
Flight on flight, story on story,
Into the dazzling glory.

There was no bird, only a singing,
Up in the glory, climbing and ringing,
Like a small golden cloud at even,
Trembling 'twixt earth and heaven.

I saw no staircase winding, winding,
Up in the dazzle, sapphire and blinding,
Yet round by round, in exquisite air,
The song went up the stair.

OH, GREEN AND FRESH

OH, green and fresh your English sod
With daisies sprinkled over;
But greener far were the fields I trod,
And the honeyed Irish clover.

Oh, well your skylark cleaves the blue
To bid the sun good-morrow;
He has not the bonny song I knew
High over an Irish furrow.

And often, often, I'm longing still,
This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face by an Irish hill
And he and I together.

SUMMER-SWEET

HONEY-SWEET, sweet as honey smell the lilies,
Little lilies of the gold in a ring;
Little censers of pale gold are the lilies,
That the wind, sweet and sunny, sets a-swing.
Smell the rose, sweet of sweets, all a-blowing!
Hear the cuckoo call in dreams, low and sweet!
Like a very John-a-Dreams coming, going.
There's honey in the grass at our feet.

There's honey in the leaf and the blossom,
And honey in the night and the day,
And honey-sweet the heart in Love's bosom,
And honey-sweet the words Love will say.

THE CHILDREN OF LIR

OUT upon the sand-dunes thrive the coarse long grasses,
Herons standing knee-deep in the brackish pool,
Overhead the sunset fire and flame amasses,
And the moon to Eastward rises pale and cool:
Rose and green around her, silver-gray and pearly,
Checkered with the black rooks flying home to bed;
For, to wake at daybreak birds must couch them early,
And the day's a long one since the dawn was red.

On the chilly lakelet, in that pleasant gloaming,
See the sad swans sailing: they shall have no rest;
Never a voice to greet them save the bittern's booming
Where the ghostly swallows sway against the West.

"Sister," saith the gray swan, "Sister, I am weary,"
Turning to the white swan wet, despairing eyes;
"O," she saith, "my young one." "O," she saith,
"my dearie,"
Casts her wings about him with a storm of cries.

Woe for Lir's sweet children whom their vile step-
mother
Glamoured with her witch-spells for a thousand
years;
Died their father raving—on his throne another —
Blind before the end came from his burning tears.
She—the fiends possess her, torture her forever,
Gone is all the glory of the race of Lir,
Gone and long forgotten like a dream of fever:
But the swans remember all the days that were.

Hugh, the black and white swan with the beauteous
feathers;
Fiachra, the black swan with the emerald breast;
Conn, the youngest, dearest, sheltered in all
weathers,
Him his snow-white sister loves the tenderest.
These her mother gave her as she lay a-dying,
To her faithful keeping, faithful hath she been,
With her wings spread o'er them when the tempest's
crying,
And her songs so hopeful when the sky's serene.

Other swans have nests made 'mid the reeds and
rushes,
Lined with downy feathers where the cygnets sleep
Dreaming, if a bird dreams, till the daylight blushes,
Then they sail out swiftly on the current deep,

With the proud swan-father, tall, and strong, and stately,
And the mild swan-mother, grave with household cares,
All well-born and comely, all rejoicing greatly:
Full of honest pleasure is a life like theirs.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER
(1810–1894)

LOVE IN REALITY

Translated from the Celtic

AWAY with the nonsense of vain poetasters,
Their sighing and dying's all lying and fudge;
They say love's a disease full of woes and disasters:
I deny it point-blank, and think I'm a judge.

I boldly assert by my manhood, that no man
Is all that he should be who is not in love;
And Providence, sure, sent us beautiful woman,
The joy, not the plague of existence to prove.

For myself I'm in love, head and ears, at the present,
With a maid like a swan so graceful and fair,
And the symptoms I find, on the whole, very pleasant,
And just the reverse of what poets declare.

I shed not a tear, and I ne'er think of sighing;
I moan not, I groan not, in fanciful woe;
And if truth must be told, I am so far from dying
Of love, but for love I'd have died long ago.

I keep up flesh and blood for the sake of this beauty;
I make it a point to be sound wind and limb;
I eat well, I drink well, I sleep as a duty,
For then of my love all sweet things I can dream.

I can listen to music and still feel delighted;
It shakes not my spirits to hear a sweet song;
My pace is quite steady, not like one affrighted
Or a tree down a torrent swept swiftly along.

I've my voice at command, and my words are ne'er wanting;
And if half of the clothes in Conn's northern domain
Were heap'd on my back, with their heat I'd be panting,
And fire is much hotter, I grant, than my skin.

If I stood 'neath a torrent, or plung'd in the ocean,
I'd come out rather chilly and not over dry;
If robust health and strength can cause death, I've a notion
I'm just in the very condition to die.

I'm not swollen out with grief till a long rope won't bind me;
My mouth is more moist than the touchwood, no doubt;
And I'll give you my oath, that you never will find me
Drinking dry a deep lake to extinguish my drought.

I can tell night and day without making a blunder:
A ship from a wherry, as well as the best;
And I know white from black, which you'll say is a wonder,
Despite all the love that is lodged in my breast.

A mountain I never mistake for the ocean,
A horse I can tell with great ease from a deer,
Of great things and small I've an excellent notion,
And distinguish a fly from a whale very clear.

And now to conclude with a stiffish conundrum —
"A part of the stern of a boat o'er the wave,
Seven hazels whose barren twigs cast no fruit under 'em,"
Is the name of the fair one who holds me a slave.

Not one in a thousand that try will make out of it
The name of the maid most belov'd of my heart;
And though love touch my brain, yet the sense 'twon't take out of it,
For I swear there's no poison or pain in his dart.

MARY OF THE CURLS

AS oak-leaves, when autumn is turning them sere,
Is the hue of my own Mary's beautiful hair;
And light as young ash-sprays, that droop in the grove,
Are the ringlets that wave round the head that I love.

Dear Mary! each ringlet, so silken and fine,
Is a fetter that round my poor heart you entwine;
And if the wide ocean I roamed to the West,
It would still draw me back to the maid I love best.

Like stars that shine out from the calm summer sky
Are the glances that beam from your melting blue eye;

Your lips red as poppies, your cheeks bright as morn;
And your bosom and neck white as blossoms of thorn.

The stars may shine down on the whole world at night,
But your eyes, Mary, dear! should give *me* all their light.
Let the poppies and blossoms be plucked by who will,
If those dear lips and bosom be kept for *me* still.

Not more sportive and light is the young lambkin seen,
Than your foot in the dance on our own village green;
And my fond eye still wanders wherever you move
'Midst all the maids seeking for her that I love.

The winter is past, and the Shrovetide is nigh;
Dear Mary! no longer be cruel or shy,
I've a home to receive you, a hand to sustain
And a heart that will love you while life shall remain.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

I

THE white and the orange, the blue and green, boys,
We'll blend them together in concord to-night;
The orange most sweet amid green leaves is seen, boys,
The loveliest pansy is blue and white.
The light of the day,
As it glides away,

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Paints with orange the white clouds that float in the west:
And the billows that roar
Round our own island shore
Lay their green heads to rest on the blue heaven's bosom,
Where sky and sea meet in the distance away:
As Nature thus shows us how well she can fuse 'em,
We'll blend them in love on St. Patrick's Day.

II

The hues of the prism, philosophers say, boys,
Are nought but the sunlight resolved into parts:
They're beauteous, no doubt; but I think that the ray, boys,
Unbroken, more lights up and warms our hearts.
Each musical tone,
Struck one by one,
Makes melody sweet, it is true, on the ear —
But let the hand ring
All at once every string —
And, oh! there is harmony now that is glorious,
In unison pealing to heaven away;
For union is beauty, and strength is victorious,
In hues, tones, or hearts, on St. Patrick's Day.

III

Those hues in our bosoms be sure to unite, boys:
Let each Irish heart wear those emblems so true;
Be fresh as the green, and be pure as the white, boys,
Be bright as the orange, sincere as the blue.
I care not a jot
Be your scarf white or not,

If you love as a brother each child of the soil;
I ask not your creed,
If you'll stand in her need
To the land of your birth in the hour of her dolors,
The foe of her foes, let them be who they may;
Then, "Fusion of hearts, and confusion of colors!"
Be the Irishman's toast on St. Patrick's Day.

THE FIRST CUCKOO IN SPRING

ONE sweet evening in spring, as the daylight died,
Mave sat in her bower by her father's side:
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) So soft and clear,
Sang the bonny cuckoo from a thicket near:
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) "Do listen, my dear,
'Tis the first cuckoo's note I have heard this year."

The maiden smiled archly, then sighed—"'Tis long
I've waited and watched for that sweet bird's song."
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) "Ere winter he'll roam
With some belov'd mate to his distant home."
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) "Ah! would I might roam
With that bonny cuckoo to his distant home."

The old man he frowned at the maid, and said,
"What puts such wild thoughts into your foolish head?"
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) "No maid should desire
To roam from her native land and sire."
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) "I don't love a note
That comes from that foreign bird's weary throat.

"The blackbird and throstle, I love their song,
They cheer us through summer and autumn long;"
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) "And then they ne'er roam,
But they mate and they live all the year at home."
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) "'Tis still the same note
That comes from that foreign bird's weary throat."

The old man he sleeps in the drowsy air,
While soft from his side steals his daughter fair,
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) There's a bird in the grove
That sings a sweet song all young maidens love.
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) Says the bird from the grove,
"I'm weary cuckooing this hour, my love."

The old man he dreams that the cuckoo sings
Close up to his ear very wondrous things:
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) "I love you, dear Mave,
And won her young heart just without your leave."
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) "She is willing to roam
From her own beloved nest to my distant home."

Half in fear, half in anger, her sire awakes,
As her lips on his brow a soft farewell takes.
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) The old man is alone,
For vision, and cuckoo, and child are gone:
(Cuckoo! cuckoo!) A sweet voice whispers near,
"We'll be back with the cuckoo in spring next year."

EDWARD WALSH
(1805–1850)

BRIGHIDIN BAN MO STORE[1]

I AM a wand'ring minstrel man,
And Love my only theme;
I've strayed beside the pleasant Bann,
And eke the Shannon's stream;
I've piped and played to wife and maid
By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
But never met a maiden yet
Like *Brighidin ban mo store.*

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
By Nature's fingers wove —
Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
As is her breast of love;
And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,
Beyond our cottage door,
I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
For *Brighidin ban mo store.*

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
And soft thy voice of song —
It is not that thou fleest to meet
My comings lone and long!

[1] *Brighidin ban mo store* is, in English, *fair young bride*, or *Bridget my treasure.* The proper name, Brighit, or Bride, signifies *a fiery dart*, and was the name of the goddess of poetry in the pagan days of Ireland.— *Walsh.*

But that doth rest beneath thy breast
A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone,
My *Brighidin ban mo store.*

HAVE YOU BEEN AT CARRICK?[1]

From the Irish

HAVE you been at Carrick, and saw you my true-love there,
And saw you her features, all beautiful, bright and fair?
Saw you the most fragrant, flowery, sweet apple-tree?
Oh! saw you my loved one, and pines she in grief like me?

"I have been at Carrick, and saw thy own true-love there;
And saw, too, her features, all beautiful, bright, and fair;
And saw the most fragrant, flowering, sweet apple-tree—
I saw thy loved one—she pines *not* in grief like thee."

[1] The translator remarks: "This is a song of the South, but there are so many places of the name of Carrick, such as Carrick-on-Shannon, Carrick-on-Suir, etc., that I cannot fix its precise locality. In this truly Irish song, when the pining swain learns that his absent mistress is not lovesick like himself, he praises the beauty of her copious hair, throws off a glass to her health, enumerates his sufferings, and swears to forego the sex forever; but she suddenly bursts upon his view, his resolves vanish into thin air, and he greets his glorious maid."

Five guineas would price every tress of her golden
hair —
Then think what a treasure her pillow at night to
share !
These tresses thick-clust'ring and curling around her
brow —
O Ringlet of Fairness ! I'll drink to thy beauty now !

When, seeking to slumber, my bosom is rent with
sighs —
I toss on my pillow till morning's blest beams arise ;
No aid, bright beloved ! can reach me save God
above,
For a blood-lake is formed of the light of my eyes with
love !

.

Until yellow autumn shall usher the Paschal day,
And Patrick's gay festival come in its train alway —
Until through my coffin the blossoming boughs shall
grow,
My love on another I'll never in life bestow !

* * * * * *

Lo ! yonder the maiden illustrious, queen-like, high,
With long-flowing tresses adown to her sandal-tie —
Swan, fair as the lily, descended of high degree,
A myriad of welcomes, dear maid of my heart, to
thee !

.

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO [1]

MY heart is far from Liffey's tide
And Dublin town;
It strays beyond the southern side
Of Cnoc-maol-Donn,[2]
Where Cappoquin hath woodlands green,
Where Amhan-mhor's [3] waters flow,
Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhin cno,
Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno!

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
Are rich and fair,
With wavy plume, and silken gown,
And stately air;
Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair?
Can silks thy neck of snow?
Or measured pace, thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno,
When harebells scarcely show thy trace
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
That maidens sung—
They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
In Saxon tongue.

[1] *Mo craoibhin cno*, pronounced *Ma Creeveen Kno;* "my cluster of nuts"; "my nut-brown maid."

[2] *Cnoc-maol-Donn* (the "brown bare hill"), Knockmealdown: between Tipperary and Waterford.

[3] *Amahan-mhor* (the "Great River," pronounced *Oan-Vore*): the Blackwater, which flows into the sea at Youghal.

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SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Oh ! bring me here that Gaelic dear
Which cursed the Saxon foe,
When thou didst charm my raptured ear
Mo craoibhín cno !
And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhín cno !

I've wandered by the rolling Lee,
And Lene's green bowers;
I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea
And Limerick's towers—
And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
Frown o'er the flood below;
My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,
Mo craoibhín cno !
With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo craoibhín cno !

NELLY BAN

I

O SIT beside me, Nelly Bán, bright favorite of my heart,
Unless I touch thy snowy neck my life will soon depart—
I'd swim for thee the River Suir and Shannon's wide-spread sea:
Thou dost excel the beauteous maids of the town on blue Loch Rea !

II

Were mine the town on blue Loch Rea, Portumna's
pleasant streets,
The city of the Battle-ford, and Limerick of the
fleets,
Unto thy tribe these precious gifts I gladly would
resign,
Could gifts like these incline them, love, to make thee
ever mine!

III

My blessing take to Connaugh back, the land of
friendship free,
And to my own beloved who is so far from me;
On Thomond's dusky mountain, our meeting-place we
chose —
Swoln Shannon's waves detain'd me—in savage wrath
they rose!

IV

I would sooner than my gallant steed—I pass his
bridle-rein,
Or heirdom of the wide domain where stately deer are
slain;
Than all that reach'd to Limerick of laden fleets this
year,
That in the town on blue Loch Rea I could behold my
dear!

V

O! that I were laid in death far on a hill away,
My right hand high extended to feed the bird of prey,

Since, Nelly Bán, the theme of bards, I fell in love
with thee,
And thy mother says she'll have me not, her son-in-
law to be!

ROS GEAL DUBH [1]

I

A LONG, long way since yesterday
I wildly sped,
O'er mountain steep and valley deep,
With airy tread;
Loch Earne's tide, though its wave be wide,
I'd leap above,
Were my guiding light that sunburst bright,
The *Rós geal dubh!*

II

If to the fair you would repair
To sell your flocks,
I pray secure your every door
With bolts and locks;
Nor linger late from the guarded gate,
When abroad you rove,
Or the clerk will play through the live-long day,
With *Rós geal dubh!*

III

My dearest Rose, why should these woes
Dishearten thee?

[1] This is one of those allegorical political songs so common in Ireland. The poet sings of his country under the similitude of a maiden to whom he is ardently attached.

The Pope of Rome hath sent thee home
A pardon free —
A priestly, o'er the briny main,
Shall greet my love,
And wine of Spain to thy health we'll drain,
My *Rós geal dubh !*

IV

My love sincere is centred here
This year and more —
Love sadly vexing, love perplexing,
Love painful, sore,
Love, whose rigor hath crush'd my vigor,
Thrice hopeless love,
While fate doth sever me ever, ever,
From *Rós geal dubh !*

V

Within thy heart could I claim a part,
One secret share —
We'd shape your flight, o'er the wild hills' height,
Towards Munster fair ;
Branch of beauty's tree, it seems to me
I have thy love —
And the mildest flower of hall or bower,
Is *Rós geal dubh !*

VI

The sea outspread shall be raging red,
All blood the skies —
And crimson war shall shout afar
Where the wild hills rise —

Each mountain glen and mossy fen,
In fear shall move,
Some future day, ere thou pass away,
My *Rós geal dubh !*

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY[1]

From the Irish

I

AT early dawn I once had been
Where Lene's blue waters flow,
When summer bid the groves be green,
The lamp of light to glow.
As on by bower, and town, and tower,
And wide-spread fields I stray,
I met a maid in the greenwood shade
At the dawning of the day!

II

Her feet and beauteous head were bare,
No mantle fair she wore;
But down her waist fell golden hair,
That swept the tall grass o'er.
With milking-pail she sought the vale,
And bright her charms' display;
Outshining far the morning star
At the dawning of the day!

[1] A close rendering of the Gaelic *Fáinne geal an Lae.* Walsh has preserved some of the internal chimes characteristic of Irish verse.

III

Beside me sat that maid divine
Where grassy banks outspread.
"Oh, let me call thee ever mine,
Dear maid," I sportive said.
"False man, for shame, why bring me blame?"
She cried, and burst away —
The sun's first light pursued her flight
At the dawning of the day!

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE OGH

I

BEAUTIFUL and wide are the green fields of Erin,
Uileacán dubh O!
With life-giving grain in the golden corn therein,
Uileacán dubh O!
And honey in the woods of the mist-wreaths deep,
And in the summer by the paths the bright streams leap,
At burning noon, rich, sparkling dew the fair flowers steep,
On the fair hills of Eire Ogh!

II

How clustering his ringlets, how lofty his bearing,
Uileacán dubh O!
Each warrior leaving the broad bays of Erin
Uileacán dubh O!
Would heaven grant the hope in my bosom swelling,

I'd seek that land of joy in life's gifts excelling
Beyond your rich rewards, I'd choose a lowly dwelling,
On the fair hills of Eire Ogh!

III

Gainful and large are the corn-stacks of Erin,
Uileacán dubh O!
Yellow cream and butter abound ever therein
Uileacán dubh O!
And sorrel soft and cresses where bright streams stray
And speaking cuckoos fill the grove the live-long day,
And the little thrush so noble of sweetest-sounding lay,
On the fair hills of Eire Ogh!

THE FAIRY NURSE

Anon.—Translated by Edward Walsh

A girl is supposed to be led into the fairy fort of Lissoe, where she sees her little brother, who had died about a week before, laid in a rich cradle, and a young woman singing as she rocks him to sleep.—*Translator's Note.*

SWEET babe, a golden cradle holds thee,
And soft the snow-white fleece enfolds thee;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branching boughs to the winds are sweeping.
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

When mothers languish broken-hearted,
When young wives are from husbands parted,

Ah! little think the keeners lonely
They weep some time-worn fairy only.
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

Within our magic halls of brightness
Trips many a foot of snowy whiteness;
Stolen maidens, queens of fairy,
And kings and chiefs a *sleagh shie*,[1] airy.
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

Rest thee, babe! I love thee dearly,
And as thy mortal mother nearly;
Ours is the swiftest steed and proudest,
That moves where the tramp of the host is loudest;
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

Rest thee, babe! for soon thy slumbers
Shall flee at the magic *keol shie's*[2] numbers;
In airy bower I'll watch thy sleeping,
Where branchy trees to the breeze are sweeping
Shuheen sho, lulo lo!

[1] *Sleagh shie*, fairy host.
[2] *Keol shie*, fairy music.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

JOHN WALSH
(1835–1881)

DRIMIN DONN DILIS[1]

OH! *drimin donn dilis!* the landlord has come,
Like a foul blast of death has he swept o'er our home;
He has withered our roof-tree—beneath the cold sky,
Poor, houseless, and homeless, to-night must we lie.

My heart it is cold as the white winter's snow;
My brain is on fire, and my blood's in a glow.
Oh! *drimin donn dilis*, 'tis hard to forgive
When a robber denies us the right we should live.

With my health and my strength, with hard labor and toil,
I dried the wet marsh and I tilled the harsh soil;
I moiled the long day through, from morn until even,
And I thought in my heart I'd a foretaste of heaven.

The summer shone round us above and below,
The beautiful summer that makes the flowers blow:
Oh! 'tis hard to forget it, and think I must bear
That strangers shall reap the reward of my care.

[1] *Drimin donn dilis*, "Dear brown cow."

Your limbs they were plump then—your coat it was silk,
And never was wanted the mether of milk;
For freely it came in the calm summer's noon,
While you munched to the time of the old milking croon.

How often you left the green side of the hill,
To stretch in the shade and to drink of the rill!
And often I freed you before the gray dawn
From your snug little pen at the edge of the bawn.

But they racked and they ground me with tax and with rent
Till my heart it was sore and my life-blood was spent:
To-day they have finished, and on the wide world
With the mocking of fiends from my home I was hurled.

I knelt down three times for to utter a prayer,
But my heart it was seared, and the words were not there;
Oh! wild were the thoughts through my dizzy head came,
Like the rushing of wind through a forest of flame.

I bid you, old comrade, a long last farewell;
For the gaunt hand of famine has clutched us too well;
It severed the master and you, my good cow,
With a blight on his life and a brand on his brow.

TO MY PROMISED WIFE

DEAR maiden, when the sun is down,
And darkness creeps above the town,
The woodlands' green is changed to brown,
And the mild light
Melting beneath the tall hills' frown
Steals into night,

I don an honest coat of gray,
And, setting stupid care at bay,
Across the fields of scented hay
I stroll along,
Humming some quaint old Irish lay
Or simple song.

And when, dear maid, I come to you,
A laughing eye of brightest blue,
And flushing cheek of crimson hue,
Tell whom I greet,
And bounds a little heart as true
As ever beat.

The green grass on the riverside,
The full moon dancing on the tide,
The half-blown rose that tries to hide
Her blush in dew,
Are fair; but none, my promised bride,
As fair as you.

And though, dear love, our gathered store
Of gold is small, the brighter ore
Of love's deep mine we'll seek the more,
And truth shall be
The guard beside our cottage-door,
Astor mo chroidhe !

CHARLES WEEKES
(*Living*)

THAT

WHAT is that beyond thy life,
And beyond all life around,
Which, when thy quick brain is still,
Nods to thee from the stars?
Lo, it says, thou hast found
Me, the lonely, lonely one.

THINK

THINK, the ragged turf-boy urges
O'er the dusty road his asses;
Think, on seashore far the lonely
Heron wings along the sand;
Think, in woodland under oak-boughs
Now the streaming sunbeam passes;
And bethink thee thou art servant
To the same all-moving hand.

LADY WILDE

"Speranza"

(1826–1896)

RELATED SOULS

BETWEEN us may roll the severing ocean
That girdles the land where the red suns set,
But the spell and thrill of that strange emotion
Which touched us once is upon us yet.
Ever your soul shadows mine, o'erleaning
The deepest depths of my inmost thought;
And still on my heart comes back the meaning
Of all your eloquent lips have taught.
Time was not made for spirits like ours,
Nor the changing light of the changing hours;
For the life eternal still lies below
The drifted leaves and the fallen snow.

Chords struck clear from our human nature
Will vibrate still to that past delight
When our genius sprang to its highest stature,
And we walked like gods on the spirit-height.
Can we forget—while these memories waken,
Like golden strings 'neath the player's hands,
Or as palms that quiver, by night-winds shaken,
Warm with the breath of the perfumed lands?
Philosophy lifted her torch on high,
And we read the deep things of the spirit thereby,
And I stood in the strength your teaching gave,
As under Truth's mighty architrave.

Royally crowned were those moments of feeling,
Or sad with the softness of twilight skies,
While silent tears came mournfully stealing
Up through the purple depths of our eyes!
I think of you now—while ocean is dashing
The foam in a thunder of silver spray,
And the glittering gleams of the white oars flashing
Die in the sunset flush of the day.
For all things beautiful, free, divine,
The music that floats through the waving pine,
The starry night, or the infinite sea,
Speak with the breath of your spirit to me.

All my soul's unfulfilled aspiration—
Founts that flow from eternal streams—
Awoke to life, like a new creation,
In the paradise light of your glowing dreams.
As gold refined in a threefold fire,
As the Talith robe of the sainted dead,
Were the pure, high aims of our hearts' desire,
The words we uttered, the thoughts half said.
We spoke of the grave with a voice unmoved,
Of love that could die as a thing disproved,
And we poured the rich wine, and drank, at our pleasure,
Of the higher life, without stint or measure.

Time fled onward without our noting,
Soft as the fall of the summer rain,
While thoughts in starry cascades came floating
Down from the living fount of the brain.
Yet—better apart! Without human aidance
I cross the River of Life and Fate—
Wake me no more with that voice, whose cadence

Could lure me back from the Golden Gate;
For my spirit would answer your spirit's call,
Though life lay hid where the death-shadows fall,
And the mystic joys of the world unseen
Would be less to me than the days that have been.

Life may be fair in that new existence
Where saints are crowned and the saved rejoice,
But over the depth of the infinite distance
I'll lean and listen to hear your voice.
For never on earth, though the tempest rages,
And never in heaven, if God be just,
Never through all the unnumbered ages
Can souls be parted that love and trust.
Wait—there are worlds diviner than this,
Worlds of splendor, of knowledge, and bliss!
Across the death-river—the victory won —
We shall meet in the light of a changeless sun.

THE EXODUS

"A MILLION a decade!" Calmly and cold
The units are read by our statesmen sage;
Little they think of a nation old,
Fading away from history's page;
Outcast weeds by a desolate sea—
Fallen leaves of humanity.

"A million a decade!"—of human wrecks,
Corpses lying in fever sheds —
Corpses huddled on foundering decks,

And shroudless dead on their rocky beds;
Nerve and muscle, and heart and brain,
Lost to Ireland—lost in vain.

"A million a decade!" Count ten by ten,
Column and line of the record fair;
Each unit stands for ten thousand men,
Staring with blank, dead eye-balls there
Strewn like blasted trees on the sod,
Men that were made in the image of God.

"A million a decade!"—and nothing done;
The Cæsars had less to conquer a world;
And the war for the right not yet begun,
The banner of freedom not yet unfurled;
The soil is fed by the weed that dies;
If forest leaves fall, yet they fertilize.

But ye—dead, dead, not climbing the height,
Not clearing a path for the future to tread;
Not opening the golden portals of light,
Ere the gate was choked by your piled-up dead:
Martyrs ye, yet never a name
Shines on the golden roll of fame.

Had ye rent one gyve of the festering chain,
Strangling the life of the nation's soul;
Poured your life-blood by river and plain,
Yet touched with your dead hand freedom's goal;
Left of heroes one footprint more
On our soil, tho' stamped in your gore—

We could triumph while mourning the brave,
  Dead for all that was holy and just,
And write, through our tears, on the grave,
  As we flung down the dust to dust —
    "They died for their country, but led
    Her up from the sleep of the dead."

"A million a decade!" What does it mean?
  A nation dying of inner decay —
A churchyard silence where life has been —
  The base of the pyramid crumbling away:
    A drift of men gone over the sea,
    A drift of the dead where men should be.

Was it for this ye plighted your word,
  Crowned and crownless rulers of men?
Have ye kept faith with your crucified Lord,
  And fed his sheep till he comes again?
    Or fled like hireling shepherds away,
    Leaving the fold the gaunt wolf's prey?

Have ye given of your purple to cover,
  Have ye given of your gold to cheer,
Have ye given of your love, as a lover
  Might cherish the bride he held dear,
    Broken the sacrament-bread to feed
    Souls and bodies in uttermost need?

Ye stand at the judgment-bar to-day —
  The angels are counting the dead-roll, too;
Have ye trod in the pure and perfect way,
  And ruled for God as the crowned should do?
    Count our dead—before angels and men,
    Ye're judged and doomed by the statist's pen.

TO IRELAND

MY country, wounded to the heart,
Could I but flash along thy soul
Electric power to rive apart
The thunder-clouds that round thee roll,
And, by my burning words, uplift
Thy life from out Death's icy drift,
Till the full splendors of our age
Shone round thee for thy heritage —
As Miriam's, by the Red Sea strand
Clashing proud cymbals, so my hand
Would strike thy harp,
Loved Ireland!

She flung her triumphs to the stars
In glorious chants for freedom won,
While over Pharaoh's gilded cars
The fierce, death-bearing waves rolled on;
I can but look in God's great face,
And pray him for our fated race,
To come in Sinai thunders down,
And, with his mystic radiance, crown
Some prophet-leader, with command
To break the strength of Egypt's band,
And set thee free,
Loved Ireland!

New energies, from higher source,
Must make the strong life-currents flow,
As Alpine glaciers in their course
Stir the deep torrents 'neath the snow.
The woman's voice dies in the strife
Of Liberty's awakening life;

We wait the hero heart to lead,
The hero, who can guide at need,
And strike with bolder, stronger hand,
Though towering hosts his path withstand,
Thy golden harp,
Loved Ireland!

For I can breathe no trumpet call,
To make the slumbering soul arise;
I only lift the funeral-pall,
That so God's light might touch thine eyes,
And ring the silver prayer-bell clear,
To rouse thee from thy trance of fear;
Yet, if thy mighty heart has stirred,
Even with one pulse-throb at my word,
Then not in vain my woman's hand
Has struck the gold harp while I stand,
Waiting thy rise,
Loved Ireland!

OSCAR WILDE
(1856–1900)

AMOR INTELLECTUALIS

OFT have we trod the vales of Castaly
And heard sweet notes of sylvan music blown
From antique reeds to common folk unknown:
And often launched our bark upon that sea
Which the nine Muses hold in empery,
And plowed free furrows through the wave and foam
Nor spread reluctant sail for more safe home
Till we had freighted well our argosy.
Of which despoilèd treasures these remain,
Sordello's passion, and the honeyed line
Of young Endymion, lordly Tamburlaine
Driving his pampered jades, and more than these,
The sevenfold vision of the Florentine,
And grave-browed Milton's solemn harmonies.

APOLOGIA

IS it thy will that I should wax and wane,
Barter my cloth of gold for hodden gray,
And at thy pleasure weave that web of pain
Whose brightest threads are each a wasted day?

Is it thy will—Love that I love so well—
That my Soul's House should be a tortured spot
Wherein, like evil paramours, must dwell
The quenchless flame, the worm that dieth not?

Nay, if it be thy will I shall endure,
And sell ambition at the common mart,
And let dull failure be my vestiture,
And sorrow dig its grave within my heart.

Perchance it may be better so—at least
I have not made my heart a heart of stone,
Nor starved my boyhood of its goodly feast,
Nor walked where Beauty is a thing unknown.

Many a man hath done so; sought to fence
In straitened bonds the soul that should be free,
Trodden the dusty road of common sense,
While all the forest sang of liberty.

Not marking how the spotted hawk in flight
Passed on wide pinion through the lofty air,
To where the steep untrodden mountain height
Caught the last tresses of the Sun God's hair.

Or how the little flower he trod upon,
The daisy, that white-feathered shield of gold,
Followed with wistful eyes the wandering sun,
Content if once its leaves were aureoled.

But surely it is something to have been
The best belovèd for a little while,
To have walked hand in hand with Love, and seen
His purple wings flit once across thy smile.

Ay! though the gorged asp of passion feed
On my boy's heart, yet have I burst the bars,
Stood face to face with Beauty, known indeed
The Love which moves the Sun and all the stars!

AVE IMPERATRIX

SET in this stormy Northern sea,
Queen of these restless fields of tide,
England! What shall men say of thee,
Before whose feet the worlds divide?

The earth, a brittle globe of glass,
Lies in the hollow of thy hand,
And through its heart of crystal pass,
Like shadows through a twilight land,

The spears of crimson-suited war,
The long white-crested waves of fight,
And all the deadly fires which are
The torches of the lords of Night.

The yellow leopards, strained and lean,
The treacherous Russian knows so well,
With gaping blackened jaws are seen
To leap through hail of screaming shell.

The strong sea-lion of England's wars
Hath left his sapphire cave of sea,
To battle with the storm that mars
The star of England's chivalry.

The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steeps of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armèd men.

And many an Afghan chief who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate-trees,

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Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountainside he sees

The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar.

For southern wind and east wind meet
Where, girt and crowned by sword and fire,
England with bare and bloody feet
Climbs the steep road of wide empire.

O lonely Himalayan height,
Gray pillar of the Indian sky,
Where saw'st thou last in clanging fight
Our wingèd dogs of Victory?

The almond groves of Samarcand,
Bokhara, where red lilies blow,
And Oxus, by whose yellow sand
The grave white-turbaned merchants go;

And on from thence to Ispahan,
The gilded garden of the sun,
Whence the long dusty caravan
Brings cedar and vermilion;

And that dread city of Cabool
Set at the mountain's scarpèd feet,
Whose marble tanks are ever full
With water for the noonday heat,

Where through the narrow straight Bazaar
A little maid Circassian
Is led, a present from the Czar
Unto some old and bearded khan,—

Here have our wild war-eagles flown,
And flapped wide wings in fiery fight;
But the sad dove, that sits alone
In England—she hath no delight.

In vain the laughing girl will lean
To greet her love with love-lit eyes:
Down in some treacherous black ravine,
Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see
The lingering wistful children wait
To climb upon their father's knee;
And in each house made desolate

Pale women who have lost their lord
Will kiss the relics of the slain —
Some tarnished epaulette—some sword —
Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

For not in quiet English fields
Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,
Where we might deck their broken shields
With all the flowers the dead love best.

For some are by the Delhi walls,
And many in the Afghan land,
And many where the Ganges falls
Through seven mouths of shifting sand.

And some in Russian waters lie,
And others in the seas which are
The portals to the East, or by
The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.

O wandering graves! O restless sleep!
O silence of the sunless day!
O still ravine! O stormy deep!
Give up your prey! Give up your prey!

And those whose wounds are never healed,
Whose weary race is never won,
O Cromwell's England! must thou yield
For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head,
Change thy glad song to song of pain;
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,
And will not yield them back again.

Wave and wild wind and foreign shore
Possess the flower of English land —
Lips that thy lips shall kiss no more,
Hands that shall never clasp thy hand.

What profit now that we have bound
The whole round world with nets of gold,
If hidden in our heart is found
That care that groweth never old?

What profit that our galleys ride,
Pine-forest like, on every main?
Ruin and wreck are at our side,
Grim warders of the House of Pain.

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?
Where is our English chivalry?
Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,
And sobbing waves their threnody.

O loved ones lying far away,
What word of love can dead lips send?
O wasted dust! O senseless clay!
Is this the end? Is this the end?

Peace, peace! we wrong the noble dead
To vex their solemn slumber so;
Though childless, and with thorn-crowned head,
Up the steep road must England go.

Yet when this fiery web is spun,
Her watchman shall descry from far
The young Republic like a sun
Rise from these crimson seas of war.

HELAS!

TO drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?—
Methinks my life is a twice-written scroll
Scrawled over on some boyish holiday
With idle songs for pipe and virelay
Which do but mar the secret of the whole.
Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and from life's dissonance

Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God :
Is that time dead? lo! with a little rod
I did but touch the honey of romance —
And must I lose a soul's inheritance?

HER VOICE

THE wild bee reels from bough to bough
With his furry coat and his gauzy wing,
Now in a lily-cup, and now
Setting a jacinth bell a-swing,
In his wandering;
Sit closer love: it was here I trow
I made that vow,

Swore that two lives should be like one
As long as the sea-gull loved the sea,
As long as the sun-flower sought the sun,—
It shall be, as I said, for eternity
'Twixt you and me!
Dear friend, those times are over and done,
Love's web is spun.

Look upward where the poplar trees
Sway in the summer air,
Here in the valley never a breeze
Scatters the thistledown, but there
Great winds blow fair
From the mighty murmuring mystical seas,
And the wave-lashed leas.

Look upward where the white gull screams,
What does it see that we do not see?

Is that a star? or the lamp that gleams
On some outward voyaging argosy,—
Ah! can it be
We have lived our lives in a land of dreams!
How sad it seems.

Sweet, there is nothing left to say
But this, that love is never lost,
Keen winter stabs the breasts of May
Whose crimson roses burst his frost,
Ships tempest-tossed
Will find a harbor in some bay,
And so we may.

And there is nothing left to do
But to kiss once again, and part,
Nay, there is nothing we should rue,
I have my beauty,—you your Art,
Nay, do not start,
One world was not enough for two
Like me and you.

RICHARD HENRY WILDE
(1789–1847)

A FAREWELL TO AMERICA

FAREWELL, my more than fatherland!
Home of my heart and friends, adieu!
Lingering beside some foreign strand,
How oft shall I remember you!
How often o'er the waters blue,
Send back a sigh to those I leave,
The loving and beloved few,
Who grieved for me,—for whom I grieve!

We part!—no matter how we part,
There are some thoughts we utter not,
Deep treasured in our inmost heart,
Never revealed, and ne'er forgot!
Why murmur at the common lot?
We part!—I speak not of the pain —
But when shall I each lovely spot
And each loved face behold again?

It must be months,—it may be years,—
It may—but no!—I will not fill
Fond hearts with gloom,—fond eyes with tears,
"Curious to shape uncertain ill."
Though humble,—few and far,—yet, still
Those hearts and eyes are ever dear;
Theirs is the love no time can chill,
The truth no chance or change can sear!

All I have seen, and all I see,
  Only endears them more and more;
Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee,
  Affection lives when all is o'er!
  Farewell, my more than native shore!
I do not seek or hope to find,
  Roam where I will, what I deplore
To leave with them and thee behind!

MY LIFE IS LIKE THE SUMMER ROSE[1]

MY life is like the summer rose,
  That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
  Is scattered on the ground—to die.
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
  That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
  Restless—and soon to pass away!

[1] These beautiful verses ran the risk of being considered merely a translation from the Greek. Some time after their publication they appeared in a Georgia newspaper in Greek, purporting to be an ode written by Alcæus, an early Eolian poet of obscure fame. Mr. Wilde, conscious that the poem was his own, had the matter investigated. It was found that the author was a young Oxford scholar, who had translated the poem into Greek for the purpose of deciding a wager that no one in the University was sufficiently familiar with the style of the early Greek poets to detect the forgery. We believe the student won the wager.

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Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

WILLIAM WILKINS
(1852 ——)

DISILLUSION

"Say a day without the ever."—"*As You Like It.*"

YOUR proud eyes give me their wearied splendor;
Your cold loose touch and your colder smile
The truth to my jealous heart surrender:
You tire, having loved me a little while.
Ah! well, my sweet, I was sure you would,
For I knew you false when I saw you fair.
I have watched and watched for your altered mood,
And have schooled me so that I shall not care.

The knoll's blue bonnet, the dell's green mantle,
The mid-wood hollow where waters run,
The bare, stained shore, with its white surf-sandal,
The sudden smile of the gallant sun —
Will change not, be you or sweet or bitter:
A heart after all is hard to break;
But the world at sweetest were surely sweeter
If only sweet for your own sweet sake.

Yea, I know right well, if our love were sterling
We had drained the earth and the skies of joy;
But I—God wot—and you too, my darling,
No rare fair flower of girl and boy:

How should we rise to such exaltation
As climbs from a cloud a splendid star?
How live—how love with such perfect passion,
We—who are only what others are?

RICHARD DALTON WILLIAMS
(1822–1862)

THE MUNSTER WAR-SONG

Battle of Aherlow, A. D. 1190

CAN the depths of the ocean afford you not graves,
That you come thus to perish afar o'er the waves—
To redden and swell the wild torrents that flow
Through the valley of vengeance, the dark Aherlow?[1]

The clangor of conflict o'erburthens the breeze,
From the stormy Slieve Bloom to the stately Galtees;
Your caverns and torrents are purple with gore,
Slievenamon, Glen Colaich, and sublime Galtee Mor!

The Sunburst that slumbered, enbalmed in our tears,
Tipperary! shall wave o'er thy tall mountaineers!
And the dark hill shall bristle with sabre and spear
While one tyrant remains to forge manacles here.

The riderless war-steed careers o'er the plain
With a shaft in his flank and a blood-dripping mane;
His gallant breast labors, and glare his wild eyes;
He plunges in torture—falls—shivers—and dies.

[1] Aherlow Glen, County Tipperary.

Let the trumpets ring triumph ! The tyrant is slain !
He reels o'er his charger deep-pierced through the brain;
And his myriads are flying, like leaves on the gale —
But who shall escape from our hills with the tale?

For the arrows of vengeance are showering like rain,
And choke the strong rivers with islands of slain,
Till thy waves, lordly Shannon, all crimsonly flow,
Like the billows of hell, with the blood of the foe.

Ay ! the foemen are flying, but vainly they fly —
Revenge with the fleetness of lightning can vie;
And the septs of the mountains spring up from each rock
And rush down the ravines like wolves on the flock.

And who shall pass over the stormy Slieve Bloom,
To tell the pale Saxon of tyranny's doom,
When, like tigers from ambush, our fierce mountaineers
Leap along from the crags with their death-dealing spears?

They came with high boasting to bind us as slaves,
But the glen and the torrent have yawned on their graves.
From the gloomy Ardfinnan to wild Temple Mor —
From the Suir to the Shannon—is red with their gore.

By the soul of Heremon ! our warriors may smile,
To remember the march of the foe through our isle;
Their banners and harness were costly and gay,
And proudly they flashed in the summer sun's ray;

The hilts of their falchions were crusted with gold,
And the gems of their helmets were bright to behold;
By Saint Bride of Kildare! but they moved in fair show —
To gorge the young eagles of dark Aherlow!

THE RATH OF MULLAGHMAST

O'ER the Rath of Mullaghmast,
On the solemn midnight blast,
What bleeding spectres past,
With their gash'd breasts bare?
Hast thou heard the fitful wail
That o'erloads the sullen gale,
When the waning moon shines pale
O'er the curs'd ground there?

Hark! hollow moans arise
Thro' the black tempestuous skie
And curses, strife, and cries,
From the lone Rath swell;
For bloody Sidney there,
Nightly fills the lurid air
With the unholy pomp and glare
Of the foul, deep hell.

He scorches up the gale,
With his knights, in fiery mail;
And the banners of the Pale
O'er the red ranks rest.

But a wan and gory band
All apart and silent stand,
And they point th' accusing hand
At that hell-hound's crest!

Red streamlets, trickling slow,
O'er their clotted cuilins flow,
And still and awful woe,
On each pale brow weeps —
Rich bowls bestrew the ground,
And broken harps around,
Whose once enchanting sound
In the bard's blood sleeps.

False Sydney! Knighthood's stain,
The trusting brave in vain —
Thy guest—ride o'er the plain
To thy dark cow'rd snare.
Flow'r of Offaly and Lein,
They have come thy board to grace —
Fools! to meet a faithless race
Save with true swords bare.

While cup and song abound
The triple lines surround
The closed and guarded mound,
In the night's dark noon.
Alas! to brave O'More,
Ere the revelry was o'er
They have spill'd thy young heart's gore,
Snatch'd from love too soon!

At the feast, unarmed all,
Priest, bard and chieftain fall
In the treacherous Saxon's hall,
O'er the bright wine-bowl;
And now nightly round the board,
With unsheath'd and reeking sword,
Strides the cruel felon lord
Of the blood-stain'd soul.

Since that hour the clouds that pass'd
O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast,
One tear have never cast
On the gore-dyed sod;
For the shower of crimson rain,
That o'erflowed that fatal plain,
Cries aloud, and not in vain,
To the most high God.

Tho' the Saxon snake unfold
At thy feet his scales of gold,
And vow thee love untold,
Trust him not, Green Land!
Touch not with gloveless clasp
A coil'd and deadly asp,
But with strong and guarded grasp
In your steel-clad hand!

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REV. JAMES WILLS
(*Living*)

THE MINSTREL'S WALK

GREEN hills of the west, where I carolled along,
In the May-day of life, with my harp and my song.
Though the winter of time o'er my spirit hath rolled,
And the steps of the minstrel are weary and old.
Though no more by those famous old haunts shall I stray —
Once the themes of my songs and the guides of my way,
That each had its story, and true-hearted friend —
Before I forget ye, life's journey shall end.

Oh! 'twas joy in the prime of life's morning to go
On the path where Clan Connell once followed Hugh Roe,
O'er the hill of Ceiscorran, renowned Ballymote,
By the Boyle, or by Newport, all passes of note,
Where the foe their vain armaments haughtily kept;
But the foot of th' avenger went by while they slept —
The hills told no tale—but the night-cloud was red,
And the friends of the Sasanach quaked at their tread.

By the plains of Rath Croghan, fields famous of yore,
Though stronghold and seat of the kingly no more;

By Tulsk and Tamona, hill, valley, and plain,
To gray Ballintubber, O'Connor's domain;
Then ages rolled backward in lengthened array,
In song and old story, the long summer day;
And cloud-like, the glories of Connaught rolled by,
Till they sank in the horrors of grim Athenry!

Through the heaths of Kiltulagh, kind, simple, though rude,
To Aeliun's bright waters, where Willsborough stood;
Ballinlough then spoke welcome from many a door,
Where smiles lit kind faces that now smile no more!
Then away to the Moyne, o'er the Moors of Mayo,
Still onward, still welcomed by high and by low —
Blake, Burke, and O'Malley, Lynch, Kirwan and Browne;
By forest, lake, mountain, through village and town.

And kind were the voices that guided my way —
'Twas *cead mile failte* at closing of day,
When young hearts beat lightly, and labor was done,
For joy tracked my steps as light follows the sun.
Then tales pleased the hamlet, and news cheered the hall,
And the tune of old times was still welcome to all;
The praise of thy glory, dear Land of the West —
But thy praises are still, and thy kind bosoms rest.

My blessing rest with you, dear friends, though no more
Shall the poor and the weary rejoice at your door;
Though like stars to your homes I have seen you depart,
Still ye live, O ye live, in each vein of my heart!

Still the light of your looks on my darkness is thrown;
Still your voices breathe round me when weary and lone;
Like shades ye come back with each feeling old strain —
But the world shall ne'er look on your equals again.

ROBERT A. WILSON

Barney Maglone

(1820–1875)

HALLOWEVE COMPLAINT

ARRAH, Barney, it's raly too bad
Bedad,
To see you there lookin' so sad,
My lad.
It's now Halloweve,
An' you sit there an' grieve,
On account of your sittin' alone,
Like a stone,—
Poor, dismal pilgarlic Maglone!

Other people have homes of their own,
Maglone;
But your share of the world's to have none,
Mavrone.
As you lived you must die;
An' your last gasp or cry
Will be heard, very likely, by none,
Not one—
You unfortunate divil Maglone!

You're only asthray among men,
Again,
You'll never have chicken or hen;
So then,
You may growl at your aise,

You may die when you plaise,
Like a poor crippled bear in his den,
My fren'.
An' the worl' be well rid of Maglone.

Well, still there's a home to be foun',
Up town,
You'll get quarters in sanctified groun'
You clown.
An' they'll lay down your head,
An' they'll fix up your bed,
With cowld fat, rich clay, soft and brown,
Packed down;
An' they'll lave you there, sleepin' so soun'.

An' when they have laid down your head,
When dead,
An' a quilt of green scraws on your bed
Have spread,
'Twill be comfort, d'ye mind,
To lave no one behind,
To gulp for the spirit that's fled,
Or shed
A tear on the sod of Maglone.

Though you ne'er had a Hallowe'en faste,
At laste
You'll give the poor worms a taste,
You baste!
Let them work as they will,
Let them feed their sweet fill,
Till they nibble you down in prime haste
Nor waste
A morsel of Barney Maglone.

An' when they have licked every bone,
Ochone,
As smooth an' as bare as a hone,
Maglone,
An' have empty'd the skull,
That of nonsense was full,
They'll say, "Come, boys, it's time to be gone,
Come on —
He was mighty poor pickin' Maglone!"

I WISH THE DEVIL WAS DEAD

I WISH the devil was dead,
And buried down as far
As from the centre of Godhead shines
The last remotest star —
A star so far away,
That only God can tell,
That in its distant loneliness
His utmost creatures dwell —
A world so far away,
That they who live out there,
Believe themselves the only ones
That ever lived anywhere.
I wish the devil was dead!

I wish the devil was dead,
And all his works destroyed,
Dashed plunging down the steeps of night,
Through bottomless boundless void —
Horns and tail and all —
Fangs and claws and all —

Clattering down Duration's rocks,
In a thundering endless fall,
I wish the devil was dead !

How would the clergy feel ?
Would reverend tears be shed,
And the caoine from the pulpit rise —
Gin the auld deil were dead ?
The ways of the Lord are strange,—
To keep the devil alive,
And keep so many clergymen
Against the devil to strive.
And all in vain, it seems,
They strive against the foe,
Since most who go by the train of life
Get tickets for below.
I wish the devil was dead !

Suppose a change like this,
Suppose the devil were dead —
No longer driver on God's estate,
And I were in his stead.
I would not be so hard,
I think, on tenant souls,
As frizzle and grizzle them evermore
On nasty brimstone coals.
I think I would not be still
Driving them on to sin,
To the brink of a smoking fiery pit,
And pitching them yelling in.
But I might be just as bad
As the auld deil himsel'.

So I wish his trade was gone, and
The bottom dashed out of hell.
I wish the devil was dead!

Perhaps, if he were dead,
The heart would not be sore;
Life might not be the pain it is;
The soul might bleed no more.
Oh, if the devil were dead,
Life might not then be death —
A fire, a flame of wretchedness,
That's fed by this poor breath,
Fed by the spirit's pangs,
Fed by the soul's hot tears,
Fed by the string of agonies,
That men call days and years.
I wish the devil was dead!

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THE BEE AND THE FLOWERET

SAYS the bee to the flow'ret, "Och, how do you do?"
Says the flow'ret straight back, "Nothing better for you,
With your humming an' bumming, an' coming aroun',
It's on filling your bag you are bent, I'll be bound."

Says the bee, "My bright darlin' your temper is up;
You must surely have sthronger than dew in your cup;
Hould on till I taste it, my charmer, an' see
The effect that your brewin' will have on a bee."

Says the flow'ret, deep blushing, "Stan' off, if you plase,
Till you're better acquainted I'd have you not taize;
It's quite onbecoming in maidens like me
To be rumpled an' tossed by a flirt of a bee."

But the bee, an "ould playboy," desayver and wag,
Wouldn't budge till he'd get something into his bag;
He'd take no denial, he'd give her a hug,
An' lighten her sowl with a swig from her jug.

He kissed her, he teased her, he rumpl'd her, too,
An' from her soft lips suck'd the honey'd love dew,
Then left the tossed flow'ret as dry as a dyke,
An' singing "Bum boozle" set off for his bike.

Ye flowers that in sheenongs an' crinolynes shine,
Sure the lesson that Moore gives is no match for mine,
Since you'll surely take care if you're bidden by me
To keep your lips-dew from the bill of the bee.

CHARLES WOLFE
(1791–1823)

LINES WRITTEN TO MUSIC

Air.—"Grammachree"

IF I had thought thou couldst have died
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary, thou art dead!

If thou would stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been.

While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own:
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And now I am alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me,
And I perhaps may soothe this heart
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light, ne'er seen before,
As Fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore.

O SAY NOT THAT MY HEART IS COLD

O SAY not that my heart is cold
To aught that once could warm it,—
That Nature's form, so dear of old,
No more has power to charm it;
Or that the ungenerous world can chill
One glow of fond emotion
For those who made it dearer still,
And shared my wild devotion.

Still oft those solemn scenes I view,
In rapt and dreamy sadness,—
Oft look on those who loved them too
With Fancy's idle gladness.
Again I longed to view the light
In Nature's features glowing,
Again to tread the mountain's height,
And taste the soul's o'erflowing.

Stern duty rose, and frowning flung
His leaden chain around me;
With iron look and sullen tongue
He muttered as he bound me:
"The mountain breeze, the boundless heaven,
Unfit for toil the creature;
These for the free alone are given;
And what have slaves with Nature?"

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

I

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

II

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

III

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

IV

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

V

We thought, as we hallowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

VI

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

VII

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

VIII

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory!

FRANCES WYNNE
(—— 1893)

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

AWAY from the town, in the safe retreat
Of a rare old garden, sunny and sweet,
Four little happy children played
In and out of the light and shade,
Through a long summer's blissful prime,
Once on a time.
Between the garden borders neat
The gravel-walks stretched warm and wide.
The diligent brown-coated bees
Were ever astir
Among the roses and lavender
And the great dark pansies, yellow-eyed,
And the faint sweet-peas.
But the children on their tireless feet
Flitted about in the pleasant heat
Like the butterflies,
Nor even cared to stray outside
Their Paradise.
Round the old garden was a wall;
Snapdragons crowded along the ledge,
Crimson and tall,
And in every niche and crevice small
Tiny mosses uncurled.
And though the children would often try,

And even stand on tiptoe to look,
They could hardly see over the top at all.
But there was one corner not quite so high
And above it, against the farthest edge
Of the beautiful sky —
(The part that was golden and green and red
In the evenings, when they were going to bed) —
A row of poplars shook and shook;
And the children said
The poplars must be the end of the world.

On one of those happy summer days —
When the garden borders were all ablaze,
And the children for once felt too hot to play,
Though all their lessons were done,
But lay
On the grass and watched a delicate haze
Quiver across the brooding blue
Up to the sun —
Something happened strange and new.
For a beggar pushed open the garden door
And stood in the flooding sunshine bright
Full in the wondering children's sight,
A pale-faced woman, young and footsore,
With a baby boy on her arm.
Her ragged dress was all powdered gray
With the dust of the road.
She fixed a long bewildered gaze
On the quaint old garden gay,
Then, with a sudden smile and a nod,
She pointed in rapt delight
To the place where, cool and shimmering white,

The lilies shone —
Touched the baby and said, "Ah! plaze,
If it wudn't do them flowers no harm,
Childhren, will yiz give him wan
For the love o' God?"
The children started, an awe-struck band,
At the stranger pair.
Then the youngest ran, and with one bold twist
Of his firm little wrist
He wrenched a thick lily stem in two,
And put it, with all its blossoms fair,
In the beggar baby's hand.
"Ah! acushla," the woman said, "there's few
In this hard world like you.
I've a long, long way to thravel yet,
Beyond them high threes over there,
But I'll not forget
To pray for you and yours everywhere,
Never fear.
Good-evenin' an' God love ye, dear."

"She's gone," said Cissy; "how queer she spoke!"
Whispered Dickie: "O Tom, you've broke
The best lily: whatever shall you do
When gardener sees the empty space
There where it grew,
And father has to be told?"
"It was for the love of God, you see,
I did it," said Tom: "so maybe He
Won't let them scold."
"We know now," said Will,
"There's world the other side of that hill."

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EN ATTENDANT

THIS morning there were dazzling drifts of daisies
in the meadow,
On sunny slopes the celandines were glittering
like gold,
Across the bright and breezy world ran shifting shine
and shadow,
The wind blew warmly from the west. Now all is
changed and cold.

He's half an hour late,
While here I wait and wait.
Well, it is just my fate —
Too plainly I can see,
He never cared for me.
How cruel men can be!

I wish those daffodils out there would cease their
foolish flutter,
And keep their bobbing yellow heads for just a second
still.
My eyes ache *so!* Would some one please to partly
close the shutter,
And move those hateful hyacinths from off the
window-sill?

He's half an hour late,
No longer I shall wait.
Hark, there's the garden gate!
Love is this you at last?
Ah, do not be downcast —
I knew the clocks were fast.

"PERHAPS"

A WHISPER of spring's in the air —
A soft west wind setting the elm-boughs a-sway —
There are more flowers I'm sure on the gorse than there were
When last I came this way.
I think, perhaps, it is true —
That as long as the flower's on the gorse,
Love is in season too.
But it must be true, of course;
And if not, why should I care?
The sky is shining blue;
The sparrows twitter anew
Of beginning to pair,
And we've passed the shortest day.

How the gorse will blaze
'Neath the flitting, rushing brightness of April days!
In a glowing mass 'twill sweep down the bare hill-side,
The golden overflow round the bank will glide
Where the dear blue violets hide,
And the careless sunshine strays.
Shall I be all alone?
Or will some one come to love me
When the white clouds race above me,
And the buttercups have grown?
Perhaps—ah! who can tell? —
When the meadows flush with clover,
Perhaps I'll have a lover,
Perhaps he'll love me well.

All too surely the year will wane,
And the fair gorse-gold will tarnish and dim,
But lonely eyes shall ne'er seek in vain
A fugitive flower 'twixt the thorns so grim
While love and hope remain.
Perhaps if I had—him,
And he was kind,
And called me gently by my name,
Perhaps I should not mind
Even when winter came,
And the dreary, dreary rain.

WHISPER!

YOU saucy south wind, setting all the budded beech boughs swinging
Above the wood anemones that flutter, flushed and white,
When far across the wide salt waves your quick way you were winging,
Oh! tell me, tell me, did you pass my sweetheart's ship last night?
Ah! let the daisies be,
South wind, and answer me:
Did you my sailor see?
Wind, whisper very low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so.

You've come by many a gorsy hill, your breath has sweetness in it,
You've ruffled up the high white clouds that fleck the shining blue;

You've rushed and danced and whirled, so now perhaps you'll spare a minute
To tell me whether you have seen my lover brave and true?
Wind, answer me, I pray,
I'm lonelier every day,
My love is far away;
And, sweet wind, whisper low,
For none but you must know
I love my lover so.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
(1865 ——)

A DREAM OF A BLESSED SPIRIT

ALL the heavy days are over;
Leave the body's colored pride
Underneath the grass and clover,
With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty;
Bear the gold-embroidered dress,
For she needs not her sad beauty,
To the scented oaken press.

Hers the kiss of Mother Mary,
The long hair is on her face;
Still she goes with footsteps wary,
Full of earth's old timid grace:

With white feet of angels seven
Her white feet go glimmering;
And above the deep of heaven,
Flame on flame and wing on wing.

A FAERY SONG[1]

From "Poems"

WE who are old, old and gray,
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told:

Give to these children, new from the world,
Silence and love;
And the long dew-dropping hours of the night,
And the stars above:

Give to these children, new from the world,
Rest far from men.
Is anything better, anything better?
Tell us it then.

Us who are old, old and gray:
O so old!
Thousands of years, thousands of years,
If all were told.

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS

DOWN by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.

[1] Sung by the people of faery over Diarmuid and Grania, who lay in their bridal sleep under a Cromlech.

She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her could not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid a snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

INTO THE TWILIGHT

From "The Wind Among the Reeds"

OUTWORN heart, in a time outworn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right;
Laugh, heart, again in the gray twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Your mother Eire is always young,
Dew ever shining and twilight gray;
Though hope fall from you and love decay,
Burning in fires of a slanderous tongue.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill:
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will;

And God stands winding His lonely horn,
And time and the world are ever in flight;

And love is less kind than the gray twilight,
And hope is less dear than the dew of the morn.

THE HOST OF THE AIR

O'DRISCOLL drove with a song
The wild duck and the drake
From the tall and the tufted reeds
Of the drear Hart Lake.

And he saw how the reeds grew dark
At the coming of night tide,
And dreamed of the long dim hair
Of Bridget his bride.

He heard, while he sang and dreamed,
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad,
And never was piping so gay.

And he saw young men and young girls
Who danced on a level place,
And Bridget his bride among them
With a sad and a gay face.

The dancers crowded about him
And many a sweet thing said,
And a young man brought him red wine
And a young girl white bread.

But Bridget drew him by the sleeve
Away from the merry bands,
To old men playing at cards
With a twinkling of ancient hands.

The bread and the wine had a doom,
For these were the host of the air.
He sat and played in a dream
Of her long dim hair.

He played with the merry old men
And thought not of evil chance,
Until one bore Bridget his bride
Away from the merry dance.

He bore her away in his arms,
The handsomest young man there,
And his neck and his breast and his arms
Were drowned in her long dim hair.

O'Driscoll scattered the cards
And out of his dream awoke.
Old men and young men and young girls
Were gone like a drifting smoke.

But he heard high up in the air
A piper piping away,
And never was piping so sad
And never was piping so gay.

THE HOSTING OF THE SIDHE

THE host is riding from Knocknarea
And over the grave of Clooth-na-bare;
Caolte tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling: *Away, come away:*
Empty your heart of its mortal dream.

The winds awaken, the leaves whirl round,
Our cheeks are pale, our hair is unbound,
Our breasts are heaving, our eyes are a-gleam,
Our arms are waving, our lips are apart;
And if any gaze on our rushing band,
We come between him and the deed of his hand—
We come between him and the hope of his heart.
The host is rushing 'twixt night and day,
And where is there hope or deed as fair?
Caolte tossing his burning hair,
And Niamh calling: *Away, come away.*

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I WILL arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;

While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

THE LAMENTATION OF THE OLD PENSIONER

I HAD a chair at every hearth,
When no one turned to see,
With "Look at that old fellow there
And who may he be?"
And therefore do I wander now,
And the fret lies on me.

The roadside trees keep murmuring
Ah! wherefore murmur ye,
As in the old days long gone by,
Green oak and poplar-tree?
The well-known faces are all gone,
And the fret lies on me.

THE PITY OF LOVE

A PITY beyond all telling
Is hid in the heart of love;
The folk who are buying and selling,
The clouds on their journey above,
The cold wet winds ever blowing,
And the shadowy hazel grove,
Where mouse-gray waters are flowing,
Threaten the head that I love.

THE ROSE OF THE WORLD

WHO dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?
For these red lips, with all their mournful pride,
Mournful that no new wonder may betide,
Troy passed away in one high funeral gleam,
And Usna's children died.

We and the laboring world are passing by:
Amid men's souls, that waver and give place,
Like the pale waters in their wintry race,
Under the passing stars, foam of the sky,
Lives on this lonely face.

Bow down, archangels, in your dim abode:
Before you were, or any hearts to beat,
Weary and kind one lingered by his seat;
He made the world to be a grassy road
Before her wandering feet.

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER

I RISE in the dawn, and I kneel and blow,
Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow.
And I must scrub, and bake, and sweep,
Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
But the young lie long and dream in their bed
Of the matching of ribbons, the blue and the red,
And their day goes over in idleness,
And they sigh in the wind but lift up a tress;
While I must work, because I am old
And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold.

THE TWO TREES

BELOVED, gaze in thine own heart,
The holy tree is growing there;
From joy the holy branches start,
And all the trembling flowers they bear.
The changing colors of its fruit
Have dowered the stars with merry light;
The surety of its hidden root
Has planted quiet in the night;
The shaking of its leafy head
Has given the waves their melody,
And made my lips and music wed,
Murmuring a wizard song for thee.
There, through bewildered branches, go
Winged Loves borne on in gentle strife,
Tossing and tossing to and fro
The flaming circle of our life.
When looking on their shaken hair,
And dreaming how they dance and dart,
Thine eyes grow full of tender care:
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart.

Gaze no more in the bitter glass
The demons, with their subtle guile,
Lift up before us when they pass,
Or only gaze a little while;
For there a fatal image grows,
With broken boughs and blackened leaves,
And roots half hidden under snows
Driven by a storm that ever grieves.
For all things turn to barrenness
In the dim glass the demons hold —
The glass of outer weariness,

Made when God slept in times of old.
There, through the broken branches, go
The ravens of unresting thought;
Peering and flying to and fro,
To see men's souls bartered and bought.
When they are heard upon the wind,
And when they shake their wings, alas!
Thy tender eyes grow all unkind:
Gaze no more in the bitter glass.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

WHEN you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once: and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

WHERE MY BOOKS GO

ALL the words that I utter,
And all the words that I write,
Must spread out their wings untiring,

And never rest in their flight,
Till they come where your sad, sad heart is,
And sing to you in the night,
Beyond where the waters are moving,
Storm darken'd or starry bright.

ELLA YOUNG
(*Living*)

A DREAM OF TIR-NAN-OGE

WITHOUT, a grayness floods the skies;
Within, a deeper grayness spares
All the pale twilight world that lies
Beyond my glimmering window squares.

I watch the gathering shadows creep
About the tree-tops, as of yore
We used to watch them, brooding deep
On some strange tale of faery lore.

The darkening branches move and sway,
The stars look through the tangled dusk,
Thine eyes are there; I throw away
The years without thee, like a husk.

We are together, and o'erhead
The trees lean close to shut us in,
The giant trees whose branches spread
Back to the world where dreams begin.

O dim and deep this forest heart
And far away from haunts of pain:
Dream-fair its shadows meet and part:
The light comes through like golden rain.

There's golden apples on each bough;
The spreading branches gleam above.
Art thou, grown tall and queenly now,
The little maid I used to love?

The deep recesses are aglow
With purple and with pearl-pale green,
And all about thee come and go
Bright forms that bend and hail thee queen.

I know that now we stand within
The faery-land of Heart's Delight
Where old-time heroes came to win
The Spear, the Cup, the Sword of Might.

And thou art Naive, the white flower
Of Death and Dream, of Hope and Doubt,
Immortal Beauty, for whose dower,
The starry worlds were counted out.

Faint music softly swells and falls:
I follow thee, and we draw near
A deep where never storm-bird calls,
And thy boat waits us crystal clear.

Through shimmering seas of opal fire
We speed to gain the Well of Truth,
The Well that holds the World's Desire
And gives the gods immortal youth.

Thy winged boat of diamond white,
Like a great bird that fain would fly,
Beats back in flakes of rainbow light
The crested waves swift fleeting by.

But ere we reach the Magic Well
The glory fades across the seas;
A wind from earth revokes thy spell,
A wind that moans and stirs the trees;

I see their shadowy branches wave
Athwart my window in the gloom,
Scarce yet awake, while gray and grave
The light of morning fills the room.

Outside the sky is rose and gold
The dead moon slowly drifts away,
My dream is done, for loud and bold
The dawn-lord sounds the trump of day.

THE STAR OF KNOWLEDGE

THOU hast the golden glory of the day
For trailing garment worn by women-folk,
And night about thee, like a purple cloak,
But evermore thy head is turned away;
Austere thou goest where the starry spray
Beats on the verge of time with rhythmic stroke.
Far off I follow, for my soul awoke
And knew thee passing without smile or stay.
Once face to face with thee Odysseus came
In the lone island where the gods had hurled
His ship to ruin on an alien sea!
And I may reach thee, Ashless Heart of Flame,
When I have wrecked for thee the narrow world
Fate built about me, and my soul is free.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER

NOW Day's worn out, and Dusk has claimed a share
Of earth and sky and all the things that be,
I lay my tired head against your knee
And feel your fingers smooth my tangled hair.
I loved you once, when I had the heart to dare;
And sought you over many a land and sea;
Yet all the while you waited here for me
In a sweet stillness, shut away from care.
I have no longing now, no dreams of bliss,
But drowse in peace, through the soft gloom I wait
Until the stars be kindled by God's breath;
For then you'll bend above me with the kiss
Earth's children long for when the hour grows late,
Mother of Consolation, Sovereign Death.

INDEX OF TITLES

A Budget of Paradoxes . . . . . II, 129
A Call of the Sidhe . . . . . II, 285
A Canadian Boat-Song . . . . . II, 150
A Christmas Scene, or Love in the Country . . . . I, 207
A Cushla Gal mo Chree . . . . . I, 234
A Dream . . . . . I, 17
A Dream of a Blessed Spirit . . . . . II, 524
A Dream of Tir-nan-oge . . . . . II, 535
A Drover . . . . . I, 157
A Faery Song . . . . . II, 525
A Farewell to America . . . . . II, 494
A Lament . . . . . I, 188
A Lay of Ossian and Patrick . . . . . I, 396
A Lay of the Famine . . . . . II, 396
A Lesson in Geography . . . . . II, 517
A Lullaby . . . . . II, 240
A May Love-Song . . . . . II, 133
A Memory . . . . . II, 30
A Nation Once Again . . . . . I, 209
A Plea for Love . . . . . I, 210
A Retort . . . . . I, 482
A Rose Will Fade . . . . . II, 314
A Royal Love . . . . . I, 484
A Sigh for Knockmany . . . . . I, 122
A Spinning Song . . . . . II, 205
A Stor, Gra Geal Mochree . . . . . II, 87
A Vision . . . . . II, 97
A White Rose . . . . . II, 231
A Window Song . . . . . I, 428
Abbey Asaroe . . . . . I, 15
Abhrain an Bhuideil . . . . . I, 486
Across the Sea . . . . . I, 17
Ad Aristiden Obfuscatum . . . . . I, 382
Ad Aristium Fuscum . . . . . I, 383

Adieu . . . . . I, 48
After Aughrim . . . . . I, 348
After the Fianna . . . . . II, 320
Ah, Sweet is Tipperary . . . . . II, 42
Aileen . . . . . I, 50
Air—" Don Cæsar " . . . . . II, 224
Aldfrid's Itinerary . . . . . II, 99
All Souls Night . . . . . II, 314
All That's Bright Must Fade . . . . . II, 151
Among the Heather . . . . . I, 19
Amor Intellectualis . . . . . II, 485
Amoret . . . . . I, 161
An Elegy on the Glory of Her Sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize, I, 360
An Irish Grace . . . . . I, 372
An Irish Love Song . . . . . I, 333
An Island Fisherman . . . . . II, 447
And Doth Not a Meeting Like This . . . . . II, 151
And Must We Part? . . . . . I, 94
Andromeda . . . . . II, 270
Apologia . . . . . II, 485
Apology . . . . . I, 467
Arcadian . . . . . II, 54
As Slow Our Ship . . . . . II, 153
At Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862 . . . . . II, 231
At Sea . . . . . II, 270
At the Mid Hour of Night . . . . . II, 154
August Weather . . . . . II, 448
Autumn . . . . . I, 468
Ave Imperatrix . . . . . II, 487
Awakening . . . . . I, 241

Banish Sorrow . . . . . II, 214
Barney O'Hea . . . . . II, 9
Battle of Dundalk . . . . . II, 60
Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms . II, 155
Bellewstown Races . . . . . II, 363
Bindin' the Oats . . . . . I, 153
Bingen on the Rhine . . . . . II, 186
Bless the Dear Old Verdant Land . . . . . II, 44
Bog Cotton on the Red Bog . . . . . II, 193

Boyhood's Years . . . . . II, 131
Breasting the World . . . . . II, 299
Brian O'Linn . . . . . II, 365
Bridget Cruise . . . . . I, 337
Brighidin Ban Mo Store . . . . . II, 461
Brosna's Banks . . . . . I, 326
Bumpers, Squire Jones . . . . . I, 223
By Memory Inspired . . . . . II, 367
By Right Divine . . . . . I, 275
By the Margin of the Great Deep . . . . . II, 286

Caoch the Piper . . . . . I, 454
Caoine on Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry . . . I, 178
Cean Dubh Deelish (Ferguson) . . . . . I, 287
Cean Duv Deelish (Shorter) . . . . . II, 315
Centenary Ode to the Memory of Thomas Moore, Lines From the . . . . . II, 46
Charming Judy Callaghan . . . . . II, 369
Civil War . . . . . II, 306
Claragh's Lament . . . . . I, 195
Colleen Rue . . . . . II, 371
Come All You Pale Lovers . . . . . I, 263
Come Rest in This Bosom . . . . . II, 155
Come to Me, Dearest . . . . . I, 80
Compensation . . . . . I, 163
Connla's Well . . . . . II, 287
Consolation . . . . . I, 480
Corrymeela . . . . . II, 340
Crossing the Blackwater . . . . . I, 442
Cuchullin's Chariot . . . . . I, 257
Cushla Ma Chree . . . . . II, 376
Cushla-ma-chree (Curran) . . . . . I, 191

Dark Margaret . . . . . II, 181
Dark Rosaleen . . . . . II, 101
De Profundis . . . . . II, 449
Dear Harp of My Country . . . . . II, 156
Dear Land . . . . . II, 220
Dear Old Ireland . . . . . II, 431
Death of the Homeward Bound . . . . . II, 64

Dermot Astore . . . . . I, 176
Deus Meus . . . . . II, 321
Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear . . . . . I, 95
Dirge of Rory O'More . . . . . I, 229
Disillusion . . . . . II, 497
Divided . . . . . II, 288
Donal Kenny . . . . . I, 124
Down by the Salley Gardens . . . . . II, 525
Draherin O Machree . . . . . I, 412
Dream and Shadow . . . . . I, 158
Dreams . . . . . I, 1
Drimin Donn Dilis . . . . . II, 473
Drimmin Dhu . . . . . I, 287
Drimmin Dubh Dheelish . . . . . II, 378
Drinking Song . . . . . II, 310

Eileen Aroon (Furlong) . . . . . I, 339
Eileen Aroon (Griffin) . . . . . I, 389
Eman-ac-Knuck to Eva . . . . . I, 143
Emmet's Death . . . . . I, 114
En Attendant . . . . . II, 520
Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer . . . . . II, 235
Epitaph . . . . . I, 116
Erin . . . . . I, 250
Erin My Queen . . . . . II, 258
Evensong . . . . . II, 276

Fairest! Put On Awhile . . . . . II, 157
Fairy Gold . . . . . II, 436
Far-Away . . . . . II, 323
Farewell . . . . . II, 429
Farewell! But Whenever You Welcome the Hour . II, 158
Father O'Flynn . . . . . I, 373
Feithfailge . . . . . II, 75
Fionnuala . . . . . II, 133
Flowers I Would Bring . . . . . I, 230
Fontenoy . . . . . I, 211
Four Ducks on a Pond . . . . . I, 20
From a Poem by Teige MacDaire . . . . . I, 414
From East to West . . . . . I, 369

GARRYOWEN . . . . . II, 380
Gay Provence . . . . . II, 303
General Monro . . . . . II, 382
Gile Machree . . . . . I, 391
Girl of the Red Mouth . . . . . II, 55
Glandore . . . . . II, 184
Glen-na-Smoel . . . . . I, 335
Go Where Glory Waits Thee . . . . . II, 159
God Save Ireland . . . . . II, 433
Gone in the Wind . . . . . II, 104
Gougane Barra . . . . . I, 97
Gracie og Machree . . . . . I, 126
Guesses . . . . . II, 206

HALF-WAKING . . . . . I, 20
Halloweve Complaint . . . . . II, 507
Hannah Healy, the Pride of Howth . . . . . II, 383
Harmosan . . . . . II, 444
Have You Been at Carrick . . . . . II, 462
Helas . . . . . II, 491
Her Voice . . . . . II, 492
Herself and Myself . . . . . II, 38
Home . . . . . II, 352
Hush Song . . . . . II, 241
Hy-Brasail: the Isle of the Blest . . . . . I, 393

I GIVE MY HEART TO THEE . . . . . II, 218
I Knew by the Smoke . . . . . II, 160
I Shall Not Die for Thee . . . . . I, 415
I Wish the Devil Was Dead . . . . . II, 509
I'm Not Myself at All . . . . . II, 10
I-Breasil . . . . . II, 76
In Exile: Australia . . . . . II, 245
Inheritance . . . . . II, 288
Innishowen . . . . . I, 265
Into the Twilight . . . . . II, 526
Ireland (Gwynn) . . . . . I, 403
Ireland (MacCarthy) . . . . . II, 47
Ireland Shall Be Free . . . . . II, 283
Irish Eyes . . . . . I, 375

Irish Lullaby . . . . . II, 324
Irish Mist and Sunshine . . . . . I, 236
Irish Molly O (Fahy) . . . . . I, 279
Irish Molly O . . . . . II, 387

Janus . . . . . II, 289
Jenny From Ballinasloe . . . . . II, 388
Jesukin . . . . . II, 325
Johneen . . . . . II, 341
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye . . . . . II, 390

Kate Kearney . . . . . II, 178
Kate of Arraglen . . . . . I, 477
Kate of Garnavilla . . . . . II, 27
Katey's Letter . . . . . I, 259
Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan . . . . . II, 106
Kathleen Mavourneen . . . . . I, 177
Kathleen O'More . . . . . II, 266
Kilfenora . . . . . I, 351
King Ailill's Death . . . . . II, 353
Kinkora . . . . . II, 108
Kitty Bhan . . . . . I, 375
Kitty of Coleraine . . . . . II, 393

Lady Margaret's Song . . . . . I, 241
Lament for King Ivor . . . . . II, 354
Lament of the Irish Emigrant . . . . . I, 260
Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague . I, 288
Larks . . . . . II, 450
Larry M'Hale . . . . . II, 1
Laus Infantium . . . . . I, 121
Leonidas . . . . . I, 184
Liberty of the Press . . . . . I, 227
Like a Stone in the Street . . . . . I, 376
Lines by Robert Emmet . . . . . I, 277
Lines Written to Music . . . . . II, 513
Little Child, I Call Thee . . . . . I, 416
Loch Ina . . . . . II, 198
Long Deserted . . . . . II, 179
Longing . . . . . II, 437

Lookin' Back . . . . . II, 342
Lough Bray (Kavanagh) . . . . . I, 449
Lough Bray (O'Grady) . . . . . II, 219
Love in Reality . . . . . II, 454
Love Making in Paddy Land . . . . . I, 458
Love Not . . . . . II, 189
Love's Despair . . . . . II, 326
Love's Mendicant . . . . . II, 142
Love's Warning . . . . . I, 459
Love's Young Dream . . . . . II, 161
Lovely Mary Donnelly . . . . . I, 21

Maggy Laidir . . . . . I, 340
Mailligh Mo Stoir . . . . . II, 215
Maire Bhan a Stor . . . . . I, 214
Maire My Girl . . . . . I, 127
Man Octipartite . . . . . II, 356
Marriage . . . . . II, 343
Mary of the Curls . . . . . II, 456
Mater Severa . . . . . I, 404
Mayflower . . . . . II, 236
Memories . . . . . II, 65
Memories of the Erne . . . . . I, 165
Memory . . . . . I, 361
Mild Mabel Kelly . . . . . I, 291
Mo Craoibhin Cno . . . . . II, 464
Molly Carew . . . . . II, 12
Moonlight on New York Bay . . . . . I, 311
Mourning Bride, Extracts From the . . . . . I, 161
Murmurs of Love . . . . . II, 202
My Ambition . . . . . II, 28
My Connor . . . . . II, 400
My Grave . . . . . I, 216
My Grief on the Sea . . . . . I, 417
My Inver Bay . . . . . II, 88
My Kallagh Dhu Asthore . . . . . I, 203
My Land . . . . . I, 217
My Life is Like the Summer Rose . . . . . II, 495
My Love—Oh! She is My Love . . . . . I, 418
My Mother Dear . . . . . II, 15

My Native Land . . . . . II, 237
My Old Home . . . . . II, 226
My Ulick . . . . . I, 470

NANNY . . . . . I, 205
Nell Flaherty's Drake . . . . . II, 403
Nelly Ban . . . . . II, 465
Newtownbreda . . . . . I, 105
Niam . . . . . I, 135
Nora Creina . . . . . II, 163
Not a Star From the Flag Shall Fade . . . . . I, 407
Nurse's Song . . . . . II, 409

O BREATHE NOT HIS NAME . . . . . II, 162
O Ever Thus, From Childhood's Hour . . . . . II, 164
O Say, My Brown Drimin . . . . . I, 100
O Say Not that My Heart is Cold . . . . . II, 514
O the Pleasant Days of Old . . . . . I, 87
O Were You on the Mountain . . . . . I, 420
Ode (O'Shaughnessy) . . . . . II, 249
Ode (Pierpont) . . . . . II, 264
O'Donnell Aboo . . . . . II, 40
Of Drinking . . . . . I, 317
Oft in the Stilly Night . . . . . II, 164
Oh, Green and Fresh . . . . . II, 450
Oh! the Marriage . . . . . I, 217
On Great Sugarloaf . . . . . I, 386
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America . . . . . I, 64
Ould Orange Flute . . . . . II, 410
Our Road . . . . . II, 77
Our Thrones Decay . . . . . II, 290
Ourselves Alone . . . . . II, 221
Owen Bawn . . . . . I, 292

PADDIES EVERMORE . . . . . II, 412
Pastheen Fion . . . . . I, 294
Patrick Sheehan . . . . . I, 472
Pearl of the White Breast . . . . . II, 263
"Perhaps" . . . . . II, 521

Philandering . . . . . I, 78
Post-Mortem . . . . . II, 258
Pulse of My Heart . . . . . I, 82

Rebel Song of '98 . . . . . II, 208
Recruiting Song for the Irish Brigade . . . . . II, 200
Related Souls . . . . . II, 478
Rest . . . . . II, 261
Rich and Rare were the Gems She Wore . . . . II, 165
Ringleted Youth of My Love . . . . . I, 420
Roisin Dubh . . . . . I, 343
Rory of the Hill . . . . . I, 474
Rory O'More . . . . . II, 15
Ros Geal Dubh . . . . . II, 467
Rose Adair . . . . . II, 297
Rough Rider O'Neill . . . . . I, 146

Sacrifice . . . . . II, 290
Sad is Our Youth, For it is Ever Going . . . . . I, 230
Saint Brigid . . . . . I, 352
St. Michan's Churchyard . . . . . I, 450
St. Patrick's Day . . . . . II, 457
St. Patrick's Hymn Before Tarah . . . . . II, 110
Salutation to the Celts . . . . . II, 66
Seed-Time . . . . . I, 154
Shamrocks . . . . . I, 353
Shamus O'Brien . . . . . I, 489
Shane's Head . . . . . II, 299
She is Far from the Land . . . . . II, 166
She is My Love . . . . . I, 379
Shiela-ni-Gara . . . . . II, 78
Shule Aroon . . . . . II, 420
Siberia . . . . . II, 114
Sleep On . . . . . I, 63
Soggarth Aroon . . . . . I, 51
Solace in Winter . . . . . II, 328
Some Murmur . . . . . II, 445
Song (Bickerstaff) . . . . . I, 66
Song (Boucicault) . . . . . I, 74
Song (Canning) . . . . . I, 117

Song (Darley) . . . . . I, 198
Song (De Vere) . . . . . I, 231
Song (Gilbert) . . . . . I, 353
Song (O'Brien) . . . . . II, 195
Song (O'Shaughnessy) . . . . . II, 250
Song (O'Shaughnessy) . . . . . II, 251
Song (Sheridan) . . . . . II, 311
Song (Sheridan) . . . . . II, 311
Song (Sheridan) . . . . . II, 312
Song (Todhunter) . . . . . II, 438
Song for July 12th, 1843 . . . . . I, 328
Song from Windle Straws . . . . . I, 242
Song of Maelduin . . . . . II, 277
Song of the Summer Winds . . . . . I, 199
Soon and Forever . . . . . II, 148
Sorrow . . . . . I, 232
Sound the Loud Timbrel . . . . . II, 167
Spring is Come . . . . . I, 23
Spring-Time . . . . . I, 387
Summer-Sweet . . . . . II, 451
Sweet Chloe . . . . . II, 29
Symbolism . . . . . II, 291

That . . . . . II, 477
The Angel's Whisper . . . . . II, 17
The Army of the Voice . . . . . II, 142
The Banks of Banna . . . . . II, 217
The Ban-Shee (Allingham) . . . . . I, 25
The Banshee . . . . . II, 362
The Banshee's Song . . . . . I, 318
The Battle of Beal-an-atha-Buidh . . . . . I, 254
The Bay of Biscay . . . . . I, 131
The Bee and the Floweret . . . . . II, 511
The Bells . . . . . I, 159
The Bells of Shandon . . . . . II, 94
The Blacksmith of Limerick . . . . . I, 444
The Blind Student . . . . . I, 48
The Blue, Blue Smoke . . . . . I, 377
"The Bog Road" . . . . . I, 280
The Boys of Kilkenny . . . . . II, 365

The Brigade at Fontenoy . . . . . I, 244
The Brow of Nefin . . . . . I, 421
The Brown Wind of Connacht . . . . . II, 79
The Builders . . . . . I, 354
The Burial of Moses . . . . . I, 2
The Burial of Sir John Moore . . . . . II, 515
The Buried Forests of Erin . . . . . II, 134
The Call . . . . . II, 268
The Calling . . . . . II, 329
The Celts . . . . . II, 67
The Children Band . . . . . I, 227
The Children of Lir . . . . . II, 451
The Clang of the Wooden Shoon . . . . . II, 144
The Cold Sleep of Brighidin . . . . . II, 80
The Convict of Clonmel . . . . . I, 101
The Coolun . . . . . I, 296
The County of Mayo . . . . . I, 324
The Croppy Boy (McBurney) . . . . . II, 32
The Croppy Boy . . . . . II, 373
The Cruiskeen Lawn . . . . . II, 374
The Cuckoo Sings in the Heart of Winter . . . . . I, 137
The Dark Angel . . . . . I, 435
The Dark Man . . . . . I, 137
The Dawning of the Day (Mangan) . . . . . II, 116
The Dawning of the Day (Walsh) . . . . . II, 469
The Dawning o' the Year . . . . . I, 69
The Dead Antiquary O'Donovan . . . . . II, 69
The Dead of Clonmacnois . . . . . II, 278
The Dear and Darling Boy . . . . . II, 376
The Deluge . . . . . I, 409
The Deserter's Meditation . . . . . I, 192
The Devotee . . . . . I, 468
The Donovans . . . . . I, 283
The Dreamer . . . . . I, 330
The Earth Spirit . . . . . II, 292
The Emigrant Mother . . . . . II, 379
The Emigrants . . . . . II, 348
The Emigrant's Voyage . . . . . I, 430
The Enchanted Island . . . . . I, 174
The Exile's Return, or Morning on the Irish Coast . II, 6

The Exodus . . . . . II, 480
The Faery Fool . . . . . I, 138
The Fair Hills of Eire . . . . . II, 330
The Fair Hills of Eire Ogh . . . . . II, 470
The Fair Hills of Ireland . . . . . I, 298
The Fairies . . . . . I, 27
The Fairy Child . . . . . I, 46
The Fairy Fiddler . . . . . I, 139
The Fairy Nurse . . . . . II, 471
The Fairy Thorn . . . . . I, 299
The Fairy Well of Lagnanay . . . . . I, 302
The Fallin' o' the Rain . . . . . I, 237
The Fetch . . . . . I, 53
The Fighting Race . . . . . I, 148
The First Cuckoo in Spring . . . . . II, 459
The First Steps . . . . . I, 71
The First Voyage . . . . . II, 145
The Flitting of the Fairies . . . . . I, 56
The Forging of the Anchor . . . . . I, 305
The Fountain of Tears . . . . . II, 252
The Friar of Orders Gray . . . . . II, 224
The Friar's Bush . . . . . I, 106
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder . . I, 119
The Garden of the Bees . . . . . I, 109
The Gates of Dreamland . . . . . II, 293
The Girl of Dunbwy . . . . . I, 219
The Gobban Saor . . . . . II, 72
The Good Ship Castle Down . . . . . II, 34
The Grand Match . . . . . II, 345
The Grave, the Grave . . . . . II, 117
The Gray Dusk . . . . . II, 255
The Gray Fog . . . . . I, 140
The Great Breath . . . . . II, 294
The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland . . . . . I, 132
The Groves of Blarney . . . . . II, 138
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls . . . . II, 168
The Hermit . . . . . I, 361
The Holy Well . . . . . II, 385
The Host of the Air . . . . . II, 527
The Hosting of the Sidhe . . . . . II, 528

The Humors of Donnybrook Fair . . . . . II, 210
The Hymn Called Saint Patrick's Breastplate . . . . II, 358
The Irish Exile . . . . . II, 56
The Irish Girl's Lament . . . . . II, 209
The Irish Mother in the Penal Days . . . . . I, 54
The Irish Mother's Lament . . . . . I, 4
The Irish Peasant to His Mistress . . . . . II, 169
The Irish Rapparees . . . . . I, 267
The Irish Spinning-Wheel . . . . . I, 380
The Irishman . . . . . II, 247
The Island of Atlantis . . . . . I, 185
The Kearsarge . . . . . II, 271
The Kerry Dance . . . . . II, 146
The King of Denmark's Ride . . . . . II, 190
The King of Ireland's Son . . . . . I, 141
The Laborer . . . . . I, 346
The Lake Isle of Innisfree . . . . . II, 529
The Lament of O'Gnive . . . . . I, 102
The Lament of Patraic Mor MacCruimin Over His Sons . . . . . I, 110
The Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds . . . . . II, 394
The Lamentation of the Old Pensioner . . . . . II, 530
The Lapful of Nuts . . . . . I, 310
The Last Desire . . . . . II, 279
The Last Friends . . . . . I, 89
The Last Music . . . . . I, 437
The Last Request . . . . . I, 461
The Legend of Stumpie's Brae . . . . . I, 7
The Leprecaun, or Fairy Shoemaker . . . . . I, 29
The Little Black Rose . . . . . I, 232
The Little Waves of Breffny . . . . . I, 369
The Living Chalice . . . . . II, 143
The Lord of Dunkerron . . . . . I, 180
The Lover and Birds . . . . . I, 31
The Low-backed Car . . . . . II, 18
The Maid of Cloghroe . . . . . II, 398
The Meeting of the Waters . . . . . II, 170
The Memory of Earth . . . . . II, 295
The Memory of the Dead . . . . . I, 426
The Milkmaid . . . . . I, 33

The Minstrel-Boy . . . . . II, 171
The Minstrel's Walk . . . . . II, 504
The Monks of the Screw . . . . . I, 192
The Moon Behind the Hill . . . . . I, 462
The Mountain Fern . . . . . I, 348
The Munster War-Song . . . . . II, 499
The Muster of the North . . . . . I, 270
The Mystery . . . . . II, 304
The Nameless One . . . . . II, 118
The Native Irishman . . . . . II, 401
The Night . . . . . II, 442
The Night Before Larry Was Stretched . . . . . II, 406
The Nine Glens of Aon-Druim . . . . . I, 112
The Noble Lay of Aillinn . . . . . I, 83
The Northern Blackwater . . . . . I, 451
The Old Church at Lismore . . . . . I, 247
The One Forgotten . . . . . II, 316
The Ould Plaid Shawl . . . . . I, 284
The Passing of the Gael . . . . . II, 82
The Phantom Ship . . . . . II, 136
The Pity of Love . . . . . II, 530
The Place of Rest . . . . . II, 296
The Place Where Man Should Die . . . . . I, 59
The Plower . . . . . I, 159
The Poet's Heart . . . . . I, 464
The Pope He Leads a Happy Life . . . . . II, 4
The Potato-Digger's Song . . . . . I, 432
The Prisoner of Love . . . . . II, 268
The Rakes of Mallow . . . . . II, 414
The Rath of Mullaghmast . . . . . II, 501
The Red Man's Wife . . . . . I, 423
The Red Wind . . . . . I, 438
The Rising of the Moon . . . . . I, 128
The Rose of Kenmare . . . . . II, 415
The Rose of the World . . . . . II, 531
The Ruined Chapel . . . . . I, 35
The Ruined Nest . . . . . II, 332
The Sailor . . . . . I, 36
The Saxon Shilling . . . . . I, 92
The Sea Madness . . . . . I, 345

The Shamrock . . . . . I, 275
The Shan Van Vocht . . . . . II, 417
The Shannon . . . . . I, 228
The Sign of the Cross Forever . . . . . I, 424
The Skeleton at the Feast . . . . . II, 272
The Soldier-Boy . . . . . II, 93
The Song of Fionnuala . . . . . II, 171
The Song of Glen Dun . . . . . II, 346
The Song of Ilann . . . . . I, 173
The Song of the Irish Emigrant in America . . . . I, 314
The Song of the Old Mother . . . . . II, 531
The Sorrow of Love . . . . . II, 256
The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally, and Mullen . . . . . II, 421
The Spell-Struck . . . . . II, 280
The Sprig of Shillelah . . . . . I, 151
The Star of Knowledge . . . . . II, 537
The Star of Slane . . . . . II, 423
The Sword . . . . . I, 60
The Three Counselors . . . . . II, 296
The Time I've Lost in Wooing . . . . . II, 172
The Time of the Barmecides . . . . . II, 121
The Trees . . . . . I, 331
The Twilight People . . . . . II, 257
The Twisting of the Rope . . . . . II, 427
The Two Trees . . . . . II, 532
The United Brothers . . . . . II, 92
The Valley of Shanganagh . . . . . II, 129
The V-a-s-e . . . . . II, 274
The Virgin Mother . . . . . II, 538
The Vision of Viands . . . . . II, 334
The Wake of the Absent . . . . . I, 394
The Wake of William Orr . . . . . I, 252
The Walker of the Snow . . . . . II, 307
The War-Ship of Peace . . . . . II, 20
The Waves' Legend of the Strand of Bala . . . . . II, 438
The Wearin' o' the Green . . . . . II, 427
The Welcome . . . . . I, 220
The West's Asleep . . . . . I, 221
The Whistlin' Thief . . . . . II, 21

The Widow Malone . . . . . II, 2
The Widow's Message to Her Son . . . . . I, 321
The Wild Geese . . . . . I, 357
The Wind on the Hills . . . . . II, 318
The Wind That Shakes the Barley . . . . . I, 447
The Winding Banks of Erne . . . . . I, 37
The Woman of Three Cows . . . . . II, 123
The Young May Moon . . . . . II, 173
There is a Green Hill . . . . . I, 13
Things Delightful . . . . . II, 337
Think . . . . . II, 477
Thinking Long . . . . . II, 84
This World is All a Fleeting Show . . . . . II, 174
Those Evening Bells . . . . . II, 174
Thou Art, O God . . . . . II, 175
Thou Canst Not Boast . . . . . II, 312
Time and the Virgin . . . . . II, 26
Tipperary . . . . . II, 203
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer . . . . . II, 176
To Douglas Hyde . . . . . I, 312
To God and Ireland True . . . . . II, 227
To Helene . . . . . I, 200
To Ireland . . . . . II, 483
To Maeve . . . . . I, 370
To Morfydd . . . . . I, 439
To My Bicycle . . . . . II, 281
To My Buried Rifle . . . . . II, 52
To My Promised Wife . . . . . II, 475
To the Leanan Sidhe . . . . . I, 76
To the Memory of Thomas Hood . . . . . II, 338
Tom Moody . . . . . I, 133
Tony Lumpkin's Song . . . . . I, 367
Trout Fishing . . . . . I, 169
True Loveliness . . . . . I, 201
Trust to Luck . . . . . II, 425
Turlough MacSweeney . . . . . II, 85
Twenty Golden Years Ago . . . . . II, 126
Two Songs . . . . . I, 66

ULAD . . . . . I, 410
Unspoken Words . . . . . II, 238

VERY FAR AWAY . . . . . I, 14

WAITING . . . . . II, 441
Waiting For the May . . . . . II, 50
Ways of War . . . . . I, 440
What Hath Time Taken . . . . . I, 90
What Will You Do, Love . . . . . II, 23
When He Who Adores Thee . . . . . II, 177
When the West Wind Blows . . . . . I, 239
When You Are Old . . . . . II, 533
When Your Beauty Appears . . . . . II, 260
Where My Books Go . . . . . II, 533
Where the Primroses Grow by the Noie . . . . . II, 242
Whiskey, Drink Divine . . . . . II, 229
Whisper . . . . . II, 522
Why Are You Wandering Here . . . . . I, 466
Widow Machree . . . . . II, 24
Windlass Song . . . . . I, 43
Winning . . . . . I, 44
Wishing . . . . . I, 45
Woman . . . . . I, 368
Written in a Nunnery Chapel . . . . . II, 128

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A BABY was sleeping, its mother was weeping . . . II, 17
A cabin on the mountain side hid in a grassy nook . . II, 287
A dream lives in the purple of thy hills . . . . . I, 351
A fair lady once, with her young lover walked . . . I, 459
A health to you, Piper . . . . . II, 85
A laughter in the diamond air . . . . . II, 292
A little lonely moorland lake . . . . . I, 449
A long, long way since yesterday . . . . . II, 467
"A million a decade" . . . . . II, 480
A pity beyond all telling . . . . . II, 530
A plenteous place is Ireland . . . . . I, 298
A poor old cottage tottering to its fall . . . . . II, 226
A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers . . . . II, 186
A spirit speeding down on All Souls Eve . . . . . II, 316
A terrible and splendid trust . . . . . I, 440
A voice of the winds . . . . . I, 439
A whisper of spring's in the air . . . . . II, 521
A wind that dies on the meadows lush . . . . . I, 330
Across the fields and through the dew . . . . . I, 169
Adieu to Belashanny . . . . . I, 37
Adown the leafy lane we two . . . . . II, 30
Again the flowery feet of June . . . . . I, 203
Ah, Drimmin dhu dheelish, a pride of the flow . . . I, 287
Ah! my heart is weary waiting . . . . . II, 50
Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring-time . . . . . II, 42
"Ah, then, who is that there talkin'" . . . . . I, 458
Ah! why should I recall them . . . . . II, 131
Alas, for the days of dear Ireland's splendor . . . . II, 208
All day in exquisite air . . . . . II, 450
All holy influence dwells within . . . . . I, 227
All that's bright must fade . . . . . II, 151
All the heavy days are over . . . . . II, 524
All the words that I utter . . . . . II, 533
All ye who love the spring-time . . . . . I, 69

Am I the slave they say . . . . . I, 51
Among the reeds, round waters blue . . . . . II, 133
And as not only by the Calton Mountain . . . . . II, 46
And doth not a meeting like this make amends . . . II, 151
And must we part? then fare thee well . . . . . I, 94
Arrah, Barney, it's raly too bad . . . . . II, 507
As beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping . . . . II, 393
As chimes that flow o'er shining seas . . . . . II, 323
As down by Banna's banks I strayed . . . . . II, 215
As flow the rivers to the sea . . . . . II, 288
As I roved out, at Faha, one morning . . . . . II, 398
As I roved out one summer's morning . . . . . II, 371
As oak-leaves, when autumn is turning them sere . . II, 456
As slow our ship her foamy track . . . . . II, 153
"As the breath of the musk-rose is sweetest" . . . . II, 258
As the sweet blackberry's modest bloom . . . . . I, 82
At early dawn I once had been . . . . . II, 469
At Tarah to-day in this awful hour . . . . . II, 110
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping . . II, 154
Away from the town in the safe retreat . . . . . II, 517
Away with the nonsense of vain poetasters . . . . . II, 454

BANISH sorrow, grief's a folly . . . . . II, 214
Beauing, belling, dancing, drinking . . . . . II, 414
Beautiful and wide are the green fields of Erin . . . II, 470
Before I came across the sea . . . . . II, 401
Before the first ray of blushing day . . . . . I, 375
Before the sun rose at yester-dawn . . . . . II, 376
Behold! a troop of travelers descending to the shore . II, 348
Believe me, if all those endearing young charms . . . II, 155
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart . . . . . II, 532
Beside my cottage door I stand . . . . . II, 209
Between us may roll the severing ocean . . . . . II, 478
Beyond, beyond the mountain line . . . . . I, 1
Bindin' the oats in sweet September . . . . . I, 153
Bless the dear old verdant land . . . . . II, 44
Blest are the dormant . . . . . II, 117
Brian O'Linn was a gentleman born . . . . . II, 365
Bring from the craggy haunts of birch and pine . . . II, 438
Buttercups and daisies in the meadow . . . . . II, 436

By all the glories of our race . . . . . II, 283
By memory inspired . . . . . II, 367
By Nebo's lonely mountain . . . . . I, 2
By O'Neill close beleaguered . . . . . I, 254
By our camp-fires rose a murmur . . . . . I, 244
By the shore, a plot of ground . . . . . I, 35

Calmly, breathe calmly all your music, maids . . . I, 437
Can the depths of the ocean afford you not graves . . II, 499
Cean duv deelish, beside the sea . . . . . II, 315
Child in thy beauty, empress in thy pride . . . . . II, 129
Chill the winter, cold the wind . . . . . II, 328
Come all you pale lovers that sigh and complain . . I, 263
Come, Connal, acushla, turn the clay . . . . . I, 432
Come, dear Fancy, my fay, we'll be happy to-day . . II, 242
Come in the evening, or come in the morning . . . I, 220
"Come, piper, play the 'Shaskan Reel'" . . . . . I, 124
Come! pledge again thy heart and hand . . . . . I, 328
Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer . . II, 155
Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged . . . . . I, 305
"Come, tell me, dearest mother, what makes my father stay" . . . . . II, 421
Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee . . . I, 80
Could I travel afar now . . . . . I, 280
Count each affliction, whether light or grave . . . . I, 232

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust . . . . . I, 435
Dark source of my anguish . . . . . I, 188
Dead heat and windless air . . . . . II, 448
Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises . . . I, 191
Dear Harp of my Country! in darkness I found thee . II, 156
Dear maiden, when the sun is down . . . . . II, 475
Deep, deep in the earth you must lie . . . . . II, 52
Deep in Canadian woods we've met . . . . . II, 431
Dennis was hearty when Dennis was young . . . . II, 345
Deus meus adiuva me . . . . . II, 321
Did I stand on the bald top of Nefin . . . . . I, 421
Did ye hear of the widow Malone . . . . . II, 2
Do you remember, long ago . . . . . I, 348
Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet . II, 525

EASE often visits shepherd-swains . . . . . II, 28
Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders . . . . . II, 235

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime . . . . . II, 150
Fair Amoret is gone astray . . . . . I, 161
Fairest! put on awhile . . . . . II, 157
Far are the Gaelic tribes and wide . . . . . II, 69
Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour . . . II, 158
Farewell, my more than fatherland . . . . . II, 494
Flow, thou regal purple stream . . . . . II, 224
Flowers I would bring if flowers could make thee fairer . . . . . I, 230
For beauty's blaze . . . . . I, 372
For thee I shall not die . . . . . I, 415
Four ducks on a pond . . . . . I, 20
From the banks of Androscoggin . . . . . I, 312
From the fireside of your heart . . . . . II, 268
From the foes of my land . . . . . I, 424
From the madding crowd they stand apart . . . . . II, 274
From what dripping cell, through what fairy glen . . I, 486

"GET up, our Anna dear" . . . . . I, 299
Gile Machree, sit down by me . . . . . I, 391
Girl of the red mouth . . . . . II, 55
Girls, when I am gone away . . . . . I, 241
Go not to the hills of Erin . . . . . II, 318
Go where glory waits thee . . . . . II, 159
God bless the gray mountains of dark Donegal . . . I, 265
God send us peace, and keep red strife away . . . II, 231
"Good men and true! in this house who dwell" . . II, 32
Good people all, with one accord . . . . . I, 360
Good-bye to County Carlow . . . . . I, 237
Gray, gray is Abbey Asaroe . . . . . I, 15
Great ships glided into the port . . . . . I, 369
Green hills of the west, where I carolled along . . . II, 504

HAD I a heart for falsehood framed . . . . . II, 311
Hail to our Celtic brethren . . . . . II, 66
Hame, what's hame . . . . . II, 352
Hark! a martial sound is heard . . . . . I, 92
Has summer come without the rose . . . . . II, 250

Have you been at Carrick . . . . . II, 462
Have you been at Garnavilla . . . . . II, 27
"He dies to-day," said the heartless judge . . . . . I, 114
He grasped his ponderous hammer . . . . . I, 444
He stepped a man, out of the ways of men . . . . . II, 72
Heard ye no tell o' the Stumpie's Brae . . . . . I, 7
"Heard'st thou over the Fortress" . . . . . I, 25
Heave at the windlass!—Heave O, cheerly, men . . I, 43
Her blue eyes they beam and they twinkle . . . . . I, 44
Here is the road that you must climb with me . . . . II, 77
Here rests, and let no saucy knave . . . . . I, 116
Here's first the toast, the pride and boast . . . . . I, 340
Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen . . . . . II, 310
High upon the gallows tree . . . . . II, 433
His surely is a happy lot who dwells . . . . . II, 54
Honey-sweet, sweet as honey . . . . . II, 451
How dimmed is the glory that circled the Gael . . . I, 102
How hard is my fortune . . . . . I, 101
How little recks it where men lie . . . . . I, 59
Hush! hear you how the night wind keens around the craggy reek . . . . . II, 396

I AM a friar of orders gray . . . . . II, 224
I am a wand'ring minstrel man . . . . . II, 461
I am desolate . . . . . II, 326
I am leaving of Kilyonan . . . . . I, 239
I am Patraic Mor MacCruimin . . . . . I, 110
I bind myself to-day to a strong virtue . . . . . II, 358
I come to my country . . . . . I, 89
I found in Innisfail the fair . . . . . II, 99
I give my heart to thee, O mother-land . . . . . II, 218
I give my soldier-boy a blade . . . . . II, 93
I grieve when I think on the dear, happy days . . . I, 412
I groan as I put out . . . . . II, 447
I had a chair at every hearth . . . . . II, 530
I had heard lamentations . . . . . I, 178
I had no sail to cross the sea . . . . . I, 357
I have come far from the sound of the thresh . . . . I, 345
I hear a distant clarion blare . . . . . I, 48
I heard the dogs howl in the moonlight night . . . . I, 17
I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled . . . II, 160

I know a lake where the cool waves break . . . . . II, 198
I know a maiden; she is dark and fair . . . . . II, 206
I know who won the peace of God . . . . . II, 353
I left two loves on a distant strand . . . . . II, 65
I love you, and I love you . . . . . I, 333
I loved a love—a royal love . . . . . I, 484
I loved the High King's Daughter . . . . . I, 173
I made another garden, yea . . . . . II, 251
I met an ould caillach I knowed right well . . . . . II, 343
I ne'er could any lustre see . . . . . II, 311
I placed the silver in her palm . . . . . I, 126
I put aside the branches . . . . . II, 442
I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow . . . . . II, 531
I said my pleasure shall not move . . . . . II, 290
I sat within the valley green . . . . . I, 447
I saw the builders laying . . . . . I, 354
I send a ring—a little band . . . . . I, 200
I sit beside my darling's grave . . . . . II, 227
I tell you an ancient story . . . . . I, 396
I thought it was the little bed . . . . . I, 20
I walked in the lonesome evening . . . . . I, 17
I watched last night the rising moon . . . . . I, 462
I wear a shamrock in my heart . . . . . I, 353
I whispered my great sorrow . . . . . II, 256
I will arise and go now . . . . . II, 529
I wish the devil was dead . . . . . II, 509
I would I were on yonder hill . . . . . II. 420
I'll love thee evermore . . . . . I, 339
I'll put you myself, my baby! to slumber . . . . . II, 324
I'm left all alone like a stone at the side of the street . I, 376
I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary . . . . . I, 260
I'm very happy where I am . . . . . I, 74
I've been soft in a small way . . . . . II, 415
If a respite ye'd borrow from turmoil or sorrow . . . II, 363
If clear be your conscience, my Morley . . . . . I, 382
If I had thought thou couldst have died . . . . . II, 513
If I'm the Faery fool, Dalua . . . . . I, 138
If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking . . . . . I, 192
If you go over desert and mountain . . . . . II, 252
If you would like to see the height of hospitality . . I, 283

Image of beauty, when I gaze on thee . . . . . II, 289
In a quiet watered land, a land of roses . . . . . II, 278
In a slumber visional . . . . . II, 334
In a valley far away . . . . . I, 214
In childhood days we were not apart . . . . . II, 288
In penal times, as peasants tell . . . . . I, 106
In praise of little children I will say . . . . . I, 121
In Siberia's wastes . . . . . II, 114
In the airy whirling wheel . . . . . II, 281
In the County Tyrone, near the town of Dungannon . II, 410
In the garden of my youth . . . . . I, 467
In the gloomy ocean bed . . . . . II, 271
In the heart of a German forest . . . . . II, 276
In the heart of high blue hills . . . . . I, 335
In the north is the strength of the wind . . . . . I, 410
In the Valley of Shanganagh . . . . . II, 129
In the wet dusk silver sweet . . . . . II, 295
In this free land I know a tyrant king . . . . . I, 275
Inside the city's throbbing heart . . . . . I, 450
Integer vitæ scleresque purus . . . . . I, 383
Ireland, oh, Ireland! centre of my longings . . . . I, 403
Irish eyes! Irish eyes . . . . . I, 375
Is it thus, O Shane the haughty . . . . . II, 299
Is it thy will that I should wax and wane . . . . . II, 485
Is there a youthful gallant here . . . . . II, 200
It chanced to me upon a time to sail . . . . . II, 237
It is a whisper among the hazel bushes . . . . . II, 257
It is far and it is far . . . . . II, 133
It is not beauty I demand . . . . . I, 201
It was the fairy of the place . . . . . II, 296
It was very early in the spring . . . . . II, 373
Its edges foamed with amethyst and rose . . . . . II, 294
It's a lonely road through bogland . . . . . II, 293

JESUKIN . . . . . II, 325
Joy! joy! the day is come at last . . . . . I, 270
Just after the war, in the year Ninety-Eight . . . . I, 489

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN! the gray dawn is breaking, I, 177

LESBIA hath a beaming eye . . . . . II, 163

Let Bacchus's sons be not dismayed . . . . . II, 380
Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain . . . . . I, 367
Let the farmer praise his grounds . . . . . II, 374
Little child, I call thee fair . . . . . I, 416
Little cowboy, what have you heard . . . . . I, 29
Lo, they come, they come; but all too late . . . . . II, 60
Lone and weary as I wandered . . . . . I, 288
Lone is my waiting here under the tree . . . . . II, 441
Long, long ago beyond the misty space . . . . . II, 67
Long they pine in weary woe . . . . . II, 106
Long, this night, the clouds delay . . . . . II, 320
Loud roared the dreadful thunder . . . . . I, 131
Love not, love not! ye hapless sons of clay . . . . II, 189

MANY years have burst upon my forehead . . . . . II, 299
Maureen, acushla, ah! why such a frown on you . . I, 78
Me hither from moonlight . . . . . II, 128
'Mid dewy pastures girdled with blue air . . . . . I, 352
Mo cheann ban beag, lie still and rest . . . . . II, 240
Mournfully, sing mournfully . . . . . I, 302
Mouth of the rose and hair like a cloud . . . . . I, 135
Music has charms to soothe a savage breast . . . . I, 161
My country, wounded to the heart . . . . . II, 483
My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray . . . . . II, 121
My grief on the sea . . . . . I, 417
My heart is far from Liffey's tide . . . . . II, 464
My heart is heavy in my breast . . . . . I, 314
My life is like the summer rose . . . . . II, 495
"My little one's going to sea" . . . . . II, 145
My love, still I think that I see her . . . . . II, 266
My love to fight the Saxon goes . . . . . II, 205
My name is Hugh Reynolds . . . . . II, 394
My name is Patrick Sheehan . . . . . I, 472
My name it is Nell, quite candid I tell . . . . . II, 403
My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread of gold spun . . I, 292
My time how happy once and gay . . . . . I, 66
My Ulick is sturdy and strong . . . . . I, 470

NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going . . . I, 119
No rising column marks the spot . . . . . I, 277
Not a drum was heard . . . . . II, 515

Not far from old Kinvara . . . . . I, 284
Not for thee, O Maeve, is the song . . . . . I, 370
Not hers your vast imperial mart . . . . . I, 482
Now all away to Tir na n'Og . . . . . I, 141
Now Day's worn out, and Dusk has claimed a share . II, 538
Now let me alone, though I know you won't . . . II, 9
Now Memory, false, spendthrift Memory . . . . . II, 219
Now the third and fatal conflict . . . . . II, 444
Now welcome, welcome, baby-boy . . . . . I, 54
Now when the giant in us wakes and broods . . . . II, 291

O BREATHE not his name, let it sleep in the shade . . II, 162
O did you not hear of Kate Kearney . . . . . II, 178
O ever thus, from childhood's hour . . . . . II, 164
O for an hour when the day is breaking . . . . . I, 205
O had you seen the Coolun . . . . . I, 296
O I'm not myself at all, Molly dear . . . . . II, 10
O memory, thou fond deceiver . . . . . I, 361
O mother, mother, I swept the hearth . . . . . II, 314
O say, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine . . . I, 100
O say not that my heart is cold . . . . . II, 514
O season of the withering of the leaves . . . . . I, 468
O sigh of the Sea, O soft lone-wandering sound . . . II, 329
O sit beside me, Nelly Ban . . . . . II, 465
" O strong-winged birds from over the moorland dark " II, 193
O the broom banks of the river are fair . . . . . I, 451
O! the days are gone, when Beauty bright . . . . II, 161
O! the days of the Kerry dancing . . . . . II, 146
O the pleasant days of old . . . . . I, 87
O the sunshine of old Ireland . . . . . II, 437
O! thou Atlantic, dark and deep . . . . . I, 185
O were you on the mountain . . . . . I, 420
O where, Kinkora! is Brian the Great . . . . . II, 108
O woman of Three Cows, agra . . . . . II, 123
Och! a rare ould flag was the flag we bore . . . . . I, 407
Och, girls dear, did you ever hear . . . . . I, 259
Och hone! and what will I do . . . . . II, 12
O'Driscoll drove with a song . . . . . II, 527
O'er Provence breathing, nimble air . . . . . II, 303
O'er the Rath of Mullaghmast . . . . . II, 501

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"O'er the wild heath I roam" . . . . . I, 318
Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety . . . . . I, 373
Oft have we trod the vales of Castaly . . . . . II, 485
Oft in the stilly night . . . . . II, 164
Oh! Dermot Astore! between waking and sleeping . I, 176
Oh! drimin donn dilis! the landlord has come . . . II, 473
Oh! fairer than the lily tall . . . . . I, 279
Oh, green and fresh your English sod . . . . . II, 450
Oh, how she plowed the ocean . . . . . II, 34
Oh! Inver Bay on a harvest day . . . . . II, 88
Oh, Larry M'Hale he had little to fear . . . . . II, 1
Oh! love is the soul of a neat Irishman . . . . . I, 151
Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the best . . I, 21
Oh, many and many a time . . . . . I, 377
Oh! my dark Rosaleen . . . . . II, 101
Oh, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight . . . . . I, 294
Oh! my sweet little rose, cease to pine for the past . I, 343
Oh, Paddy dear! an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round . . . . . II, 427
Oh, say is that beautiful moon that I see . . . . . I, 311
Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are nate roving blades . . II, 365
Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon . . . . . II, 144
Oh, the fern, the fern, the Irish hill fern . . . . . I, 348
Oh! the French are on the sea . . . . . II, 417
Oh! the marriage, the marriage . . . . . I, 217
Oh, the rain, the weary, dreary rain . . . . . II, 126
"Oh, then, tell me, Shawn O'Ferrall" . . . . . I, 128
Oh, there was a poor man . . . . . II, 378
Oh, thinkin' long's the weary work . . . . . II, 84
"Oh, Time, be kind and be my guide" . . . . . II, 26
Oh! turn thee to me, my only love . . . . . I, 337
Oh! 'twas Dermot O'Nowlan McFigg . . . . . II, 210
Oh, weary's on money and weary's on wealth . . . . II, 400
Oh, were you at the battle of Ballynahinch . . . . . II, 382
Oh, where are you going so early? he said . . . . . I, 33
Oh! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town . . . . . II, 387
Old Church, thou still art Catholic . . . . . I, 247
On Euripides' plays we debated . . . . . I, 48
On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat . . . . . I, 324

On the ocean that hollows the rocks . . . . . I, 393
On the white hawthorn's bloom . . . . . I, 143
Once I strayed from Charleville . . . . . II, 97
Once Manannan Mac Lir his deep blue mantle cast . I, 409
One morning by the streamlet I walked . . . . . II, 195
One morning, walking out . . . . . I, 19
One sweet evening in spring, as the daylight died . . II, 459
One touch there is of magic white . . . . . I, 14
One winter's day, long, long ago . . . . . I, 454
Out upon the sand-dunes thrive the coarse long grasses, II, 451
Outworn heart, in a time outworn . . . . . II, 526
Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay . . . . II, 340
Over moving water and surges white . . . . . II, 136
Over the dim blue hills . . . . . I, 127

PALER and thinner the morning moon grew . . . . II, 64
Prince Baile of Ulster rode out in the morn . . . . . I, 83
Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding . . . . II, 40
Put your head, darling, darling, darling . . . . . I, 287

"READ out the names" . . . . . I, 148
Red wind from out the East . . . . . I, 438
"Remember, Denis, all I bade you say" . . . . . I, 321
Rest asthoreen, down the boreen . . . . . II, 241
Rich and rare were the gems she wore . . . . . II, 165
"Rifleman, shoot me a fancy shot" . . . . . II, 306
Righ Shemus, he has gone to France . . . . . I, 267
Ring, little bells, tormenting tunes . . . . . I, 159
Ringleted youth of my love . . . . . I, 420
Ring-Ting! I wish I were a Primrose . . . . . I, 45
River of billows, to whose mighty heart . . . . . I, 228
Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river . . . . . II, 118
Rose o' the World, she came to my bed . . . . . I, 137

SAD is our youth, for it is ever going . . . . . I, 230
Sad is yonder blackbird's song . . . . . II, 332
Sail bravely on, thou gallant bark . . . . . II, 429
Says the bee to the flow'ret . . . . . II, 511
Seek not the tree of silkiest bark . . . . . I, 231
Seest thou how just the hand of heav'n has been . . I, 162

Set in this stormy Northern sea . . . . . II, 487
Shall mine eyes behold thy glory, O my country . . . II, 258
Shall they bury me in the deep . . . . . I, 216
Shall we, the storm-tossed sailors, weep . . . . . II, 270
She casts a spell—oh! casts a spell . . . . . I, 418
She is a rich and rare land . . . . . I, 217
She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps . II, 166
She is my love beyond all thought . . . . . I, 379
She walks as she were moving . . . . . II, 280
Shepherds, I have lost my love . . . . . II, 217
Shiela-ni-Gara, it is lonesome where you bide . . . . II, 78
Shout for the mighty men . . . . . I, 184
Show me a sight . . . . . I, 380
Silence sleeping on a waste of ocean . . . . . II, 261
Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water . . . . . II, 171
Sleep, my child, my darling child . . . . . II, 409
Sleep on, for I know 'tis of me you are dreaming . . I, 63
Soft mist on Irish mountain . . . . . I, 236
Solomon! where is thy throne . . . . . II, 104
Some laws there are too sacred . . . . . I, 227
Some murmur, when their sky is clear . . . . . II, 445
Soon and forever . . . . . II, 148
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea . . . II, 167
Speed on, speed on, good master . . . . . II, 307
Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form . . . . . I, 346
Still, although I know our ways . . . . . II, 268
Sunset and silence; a man . . . . . I, 159
Sure, he's five months, an' he's two foot long . . . II, 341
Sure this is blessed Erin . . . . . II, 346
Sweet babe, a golden cradle holds thee . . . . . II, 471
Sweet Chloe advised me, in accents divine . . . . . II, 29
Sweet in her green dell . . . . . I, 198
Sweet is a voice in the land of gold . . . . . II, 337
Sweet Land of Song! thy harp doth hang . . . . II, 20

Take back into thy bosom, Earth . . . . . II, 338
Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eire's strand . II, 330
Take, proud ambition, take thy fill . . . . . I, 122
Tarry thou yet, late lingerer . . . . . II, 285
Th'anam an Dhia. But there it is . . . . . II, 6

"That rake up near the rafters" . . . . . I, 474
The autumn wind sighs through the trees . . . . . I, 468
The blue lake of Devenish . . . . . II, 75
The braes they are aflame with whin . . . . . II, 87
The brothers in love are united in death . . . . . II, 92
The brown wind of Connacht . . . . . II, 79
The car, light moving, I behold . . . . . I, 257
The cuckoo sings in the heart of winter . . . . . I, 137
The day was declining . . . . . II, 362
The dismal yew and cypress tall . . . . . I, 394
The fountains drink caves subterrene . . . . . I, 317
The Grand Road from the mountain goes shining to the sea . . . . . I, 369
The Groves of Blarney . . . . . II, 138
The harp that once through Tara's Halls . . . . . II, 168
The hill blast comes howling . . . . . I, 207
The host is riding from Knocknarea . . . . . II, 528
The hour is past to fawn and crouch . . . . . II, 412
The kindly words that rise within the heart . . . . II, 238
The Little Black Rose shall be red at last . . . . . I, 232
The long, long wished-for hour has come . . . . . I, 234
The lord of Dunkerron, O'Sullivan More . . . . . I, 180
The Minstrel-Boy to the war has gone . . . . . II, 171
The mother died when the child was born . . . . . I, 53
The mother sent me on the Holy Quest . . . . . II, 143
The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime . . . . . I, 64
The night before Larry was stretched . . . . . II, 406
The Pope he leads a happy life . . . . . II, 4
The red rose whispers of passion . . . . . II, 231
The savage loves his native shore . . . . . II, 247
The sea moans on the strand . . . . . II, 438
The silent bird is hid in the boughs . . . . . I, 353
The stars are watching, the winds are playing . . . II, 202
The summer brook flows in the bed . . . . . I, 210
The summer days are darker now . . . . . I, 165
The summer sun was sinking . . . . . I, 46
The sun on Ivera . . . . . I, 95
The sunny South is glowing . . . . . II, 245
The tears are ever in my wasted eye . . . . . I, 195
The time I've lost in wooing . . . . . II, 172

The top o' the mornin' to you, Mick . . . . . I, 154
The white and the orange, the blue and green, boys . II, 457
The white sails are filled . . . . . I, 430
The wild bee reels from bough to bough . . . . . II, 492
The winter fleeteth like a dream . . . . . I, 387
The work that should to-day be wrought . . . . . II, 221
The young May moon is beaming, love . . . . . II, 173
Then Oberon spake the word of might . . . . . I, 56
There are veils that lift, there are bars that fall . . . II, 277
There is a clearing in the maze of flowers . . . . . I, 109
There is a green hill far away . . . . . I, 13
There is a green island . . . . . I, 97
There is a way I am fain to go . . . . . II, 76
There is fire in the heart of the Nine Glens within . I, 112
There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet . . II, 170
There our murdered brother lies . . . . . I, 252
There was a jolly miller once . . . . . I, 66
There was a place in childhood . . . . . II, 15
There were trees in Tir-Conal . . . . . II, 134
There's a colleen fair as May . . . . . II, 263
There's a dear little plant . . . . . I, 132
There's a gray fog over Dublin . . . . . I, 140
There's a sweet sleep for my love . . . . . II, 80
"There's no one on the long white road" . . . . . I, 4
These be God's fair high palaces . . . . . I, 331
They are dying! they are dying . . . . . II, 47
They are going, going, going . . . . . II, 82
They chained her fair young body . . . . . II, 270
Think, the ragged turf-boy urges . . . . . II, 477
This morning there were dazzling drifts of daisies . . II, 520
This world is all a fleeting show . . . . . II, 174
Those delicate wanderers . . . . . II, 290
Those evening bells! those evening bells . . . . . II, 174
Thou art, O God! the life and light . . . . . II, 175
Thou canst not boast of Fortune's store . . . . . II, 312
Thou golden sunshine in the peaceful day . . . . . II, 354
Thou hast the golden glory of the day . . . . . II, 537
Thou know'st it not, love, when light looks are around thee . . . . . I, 464
Thou that hast a daughter . . . . . I, 36

Though cause for suspicion appears . . . . . II, 312
Though I have forsaken long . . . . . II, 184
Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy . . . . . I, 211
Through grief and through danger . . . . . II, 169
Thunder our thanks to her . . . . . II, 236
Thus sang the sages of the Gael . . . . . II, 356
'Tis I go fiddling, fiddling . . . . . I, 139
'Tis not for love of gold I go . . . . . I, 50
'Tis not War we Want to Wage . . . . . I, 414
'Tis pretty tae be in Ballylesson . . . . . I, 105
'Tis pretty to see the girl of Dunbwy . . . . . I, 219
'Tis the last rose of summer . . . . . II, 176
'Tis what they say . . . . . I, 423
To drift with every passion till my soul . . . . . II, 491
To Meath of the Pastures . . . . . I, 157
To Rathlin's Isle I chanced to sail . . . . . I, 174
To the Emerald Isle, where our kindred are dwelling, II, 264
To-night as the tender gloaming . . . . . I, 71
Tremulous gray of dusk . . . . . II, 255
Trust to luck, trust to luck . . . . . II, 425
"Turn gentle Hermit of the dale" . . . . . I, 361
'Twas a balmy summer morning . . . . . II, 116
'Twas a very lonely spot . . . . . II, 385
'Twas beyond at Macreddin . . . . . II, 38
'Twas in green-leafy spring-time . . . . . II, 297
'Twas on a windy night . . . . . II, 369

Unto the deep the deep heart goes . . . . . II, 296
Up the airy mountain . . . . . I, 27
Up the dale and down the bourne . . . . . I, 199
Up the sea-saddened valley . . . . . I, 229

Vile and ingrate! too late thou shalt repent . . . . I, 162

Wathers o' Moyle an' the white gulls flyin' . . . . II, 342
We are the music-makers . . . . . II, 249
We sit by the fire . . . . . II, 181
We stood so steady . . . . . I, 442
We summoned not the Silent Guest . . . . . II, 272
We who are old, old and gray . . . . . II, 525

Were life to last forever, love . . . . . I, 242
Were you ever in sweet Tipperary . . . . . II, 203
What do I want of thee . . . . . II, 142
What hath Time taken . . . . . I, 90
What is beyond thy life . . . . . II, 477
What mortal conflict drove me here to roam . . . . II, 427
What rights the brave . . . . . I, 60
"What will you do, love, when I am going" . . . . II, 23
When all beside a vigil keep . . . . . I, 221
When April rains make flowers bloom . . . . . I, 275
When boyhood's fire was in my blood . . . . . I, 209
When comes the day all hearts to weigh . . . . . II, 220
When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood . . I, 250
When first I met sweet Peggy . . . . . II, 18
When first I saw thee, Kate . . . . . I, 477
When first unto this town I came . . . . . II, 376
When he who adores thee has left but the name . . . II, 177
When, like the early rose . . . . . I, 388
When lovely woman stoops to folly . . . . . I, 368
When Pat came over the hill . . . . . II, 21
When round the festive Christmas board . . . . . II, 56
When Saint Patrick this order established . . . . . I, 192
When the breath of twilight blows to flame . . . . II, 286
When the cresset of war blazed over the land . . . . I, 146
When the time comes for me to die . . . . . II, 279
When you are old and gray . . . . . II, 533
"When your beauty appears" . . . . . II, 260
Whene'er I see soft hazel eyes . . . . . I, 310
Whene'er with haggard eyes I view . . . . . I, 117
Where is thy lovely perilous abode . . . . . I, 76
Where Sugarloaf with bare and ruinous wedge . . . I, 386
Where the huge Atlantic swings heavy water eastward, I, 404
While going the road to sweet Athy . . . . . II, 390
Whiskey, drink divine . . . . . II, 229
Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream . . . II, 531
Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight . . . . . I, 426
Whoever the youth who by Heaven's decree . . . . I, 291
Why are you wandering here, I pray . . . . . I, 466
Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown . . . . . II, 24
With brain o'erworn, with heart a summer clod . . . I, 241

With deep affection . . . . . II, 94
Within a budding grove . . . . . I, 31
Within the window of this white . . . . . I, 428
Without, a grayness floods the skies . . . . . II, 535
Word was brought to the Danish king . . . . . II, 190

Ye brilliant muses, who ne'er refuses . . . . . II, 423
Ye good fellows all . . . . . I, 223
Ye scan the timid verdure . . . . . I, 23
Year after year . . . . . II, 304
Yes, let us speak, with lips confirming . . . . . I, 480
Yes, the years are passing quickly . . . . . I, 163
Yes, yes, I idled many an hour . . . . . I, 326
Yon old house in moonlight sleeping . . . . . II, 179
You all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well . . . I, 133
You cannot take me, ah, I will not go . . . . . II, 142
You lads that are funny, and call maids your honey . II, 388
You matchless nine, to my aid incline . . . . . II, 383
You must be troubled, Asthore . . . . . II, 449
You saucy south wind . . . . . II, 522
You were always a dreamer . . . . . II, 314
Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn . . . . II, 15
Your eyes have the twin stars' light, ma croidhe . . . II, 379
Your face has not the bloom I gave . . . . . I, 158
Your proud eyes give me their wearied splendor . . II, 497
You're going away, Alanna . . . . . I, 461

GENERAL INDEX

A

"A. E." . . . . . *Geo. W. Russell.* II, 285
Abbey of Timoleague, Lament over the Ruins of the . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 288
Adaptations from the Irish. See Gaelic Authors.
Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of Whiskey. See Abhrain an Bhuideil . . . . . *Le Fanu* . . . I, 486
Adieus. See Farewells. Aherlow, Battle of. See The Munster War-Song . . . . . *Williams* . . . II, 499
Ailill's, King, Death . . . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 353
Aillinn, The Noble Lay of . . . . . *Brooke* . . . . I, 83
Airs. Boyne Water. See Song for July 12 . . . . . *Frazer* . . . . I, 328
Cailin deas cruithi-na-mbo. See The Maid of Cloghroe . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 398
Dear Old Ireland . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 431
Don Cæsar . . . . . *O'Keeffe* . . . II, 224
Garryowen . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 380
Grammachree. See Lines Written to Music . . . . . *Wolfe* . . . . II, 513
Hush Song . . . . . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 241
Mairgread ni Chealleadh. See Maire My Girl . . . . . *Casey* . . . . . I, 127
New Langolee. See Dear Harp of My Country . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 156
Paddy's Land. See Ode . . . . *Pierpont* . . . II, 264
Roy's Wife. See Kate of Garnavilla . . . . . *Lysaght* . . . . II, 27
The Memory of the Dead. See Ireland Shall be Free . . . . *Rooney* . . . . II, 283
The Protestant Boys. See Ould Orange Flute . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 410

The Wearing of the Green. See Irish Molly O . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 387
The Valley of Shanganagh . . . *Martley* . . . . II, 129
The Wearin' o' the Green . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 427
Uileacan Dub O. See The Fair Hills of Eire . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 330
Alcæus, Ode ascribed to . . . . . II, 495, *note*
All Souls Night, superstition of . . . . . II, 317, *note*
Allegories. See also Fancy, Poems of
O Say, my Brown Drimin . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 100
The Garden of the Bees . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 109
The Nine Glens of Aon-Druim . *Campbell* . . . I, 112
Epitaph . . . . . *Canning* . . . I, 116
The King of Ireland's Son . . . *Chesson* . . . . I, 141
A Drover . . . . . *Colum* . . . . I, 157
Cushla-ma-chree . . . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 191
Dirge of Rory O'More . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 229
The Little Black Rose . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 232
A Cushla Gal mo Chree . . . . *Doheny* . . . . I, 234
Drimmin Dhu . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 287
Roisin Dubh . . . . . *Furlong* . . . I, 343
Apology . . . . . *Keohler* . . . I, 467
A Royal Love . . . . . *Leamy* . . . . I, 484
Time and the Virgin . . . . . *Lynch* . . . . II, 26
Shiela-ni-Gara . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 78
Dark Rosaleen . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 101
Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 106
Fionnuala . . . . . *Milligan* . . . II, 133
The Song of Fionnuala . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 171
The Fountain of Tears . . . . *O'Shaughnessy* . II, 252
Pearl of the White Breast . . . *Petrie* . . . . . II, 263
Andromeda . . . . . *Roche* . . . . . II, 270
The Kearsarge . . . . . *Roche* . . . . . II, 271
The Skeleton at the Feast . . . *Roche* . . . . . II, 272
Cean Duv Deelish . . . . . *Shorter* . . . . II, 315
The Vision of Viands . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . . II, 334
Drimmin Dubh Dheelish . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 378
The Shan Van Vocht . . . . . *Street Songs* II, 417
The Children of Lir . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 451
Mo Craoibhin Cno . . . . . *Walsh, Edward* . II, 464
Ros Geal Dubh . . . . . *Walsh, Edward* . II, 467

Drimin Donn Dilis . . . . . *Walsh, John* . . II, 473
Amor Intellectualis . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 485
The Rose of the World . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 531
The Two Trees . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 532
Allen, William O'Meara. See God Save Ireland . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 433
An Irish Thing in Rhyme . . . . . *Keeling* . . . . I, 458
Anecdotes. See Narrative Poems.
Angelsea, Marquis of. See Epitaph . *Canning* . . . I, 116
Anonymous Verse. See Street Songs, Ballads, and Anonymous Verse . . . . . II, 362
Aon-Druim, The Nine Glens of . . . *Campbell* . . I, 112
Apparition, The. See the Fetch . . *Banim* . . . . I, 53
Arbor Hill Burying-ground, Lines on *Emmet* . . . . I, 277
Armstrong, G. F. Savage-. See Savage-Armstrong . . . . . II, 303
Asaroe, Abbey . . . . . *Allingham* . . . I, 15
Atlantis, The Island of . . . . . *Croly* . . . . I, 185
Aughrim, After . . . . . *Geoghegan* . . I, 348

B

Bacchanalian Songs. See Conviviality.
Bala, The Waves' Legend of the Strand of . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 438
"Ballad Poetry of Ireland" quoted . . II, 394, 420, 422, *notes*
Ballads. See also Street Songs, Ballads and Anonymous Verse . . . . . II. 362
A Ballad of Ancient Erin. See The Ban-Shee . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 25
A Local Ballad. See The Winding Banks of Erne . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 37
A Peasant Ballad. See the Irish Rapparees . . . . . *Duffy* . . . . . I, 267
An Ulster Ballad. See The Fairy Thorn . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 299
A Brigade Ballad. See Shule Aroon . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 420
A Ballad of '48. See Fairy Gold *Todhunter* . . . II, 436
Ballyshannon, The Emigrant's Adieu to . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 37

Banna, The Banks of . . . . . *Ogle* . . . . II, 217
Banshee, superstition of the. See Caoine on Maurice Fitzgerald . . . *Croker* . . . . I, 178
Barmecides, The Time of the . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 121
Barney Maglone . . . . . *Robert A. Wilson* II, 507
Beal-an-atha-Buidh, Battle of . . . *Drennan* . . . I, 254
Bearhaven, Morty Oge of. See Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 95
Biscay, The Bay of . . . . . *Cherry* . . . . I, 131
Bishop of Cloyne, George Berkeley . . . . . I, 64
Blackwater, Crossing the . . . . . *Joyce* . . . . . I, 442
Blackwater, The Northern . . . . . *Kavanagh* . . . I, 451
Blaize, Mrs. Mary, An Elegy on . . *Goldsmith* . . . I, 360
Blarney, The Groves of . . . . . *Millikin* . . . II, 138
Blind Piper, The. See Caoch the Piper . . . . . *Keegan* . . . . I, 454
Booth, Eva Gore-. See Gore-Booth . . . . . I, 369
Breffny, The Little Waves of . . . . *Gore-Booth* . . I, 369
Brian Boruimha. See Kinkora . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 108
Bridget, my Treasure. See Brighidin ban mo Store . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 461
Brigade, The. See Irish Brigade.
Brighidin, The Cold Sleep of . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 80
Bright Treasure of my Heart. See A Stor, Gra Geal Mochree . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 87
Bright Vein of my Heart. See A Cushla Gal mo Chree . . . . . *Doheny* . . . . I, 234
Burghs, William de, Earl of Ulster. See Owen Bawn . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 292

C

Caillino, The Woods of . . . . . *Fitzsimon* . . . I, 314
Cailte. See Solace in Winter . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 328
Callaghan, Greally, and Mullen, The Sorrowful Lamentation of . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 421
Carrick, Have you been at . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 462
Celts, Salutation to the . . . . . *M'Gee* . . . . II, 66
Chevalier de St. George. See A Lament . . . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 188
Child Life. See also Fairy Lore, and Lullabies.

Half-Waking . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 20
Wishing . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 45
The Fairy Child . . . . . *Anster* . . . . I, 46
The Fetch . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 53
The First Steps . . . . . *Blake* . . . . I, 71
Laus Infantium . . . . . *Canton* . . . . I, 121
The Children Band . . . . . *De Vere* . . . . I, 227
By Right Divine . . . . . *Egan* . . . . . I, 275
My Mother Dear . . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 15
The Angel's Whisper . . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 17
Johneen . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 341
A Lesson in Geography . . . . *Wynne* . . . . II, 517

Clergy. See also Sacred.

Soggarth Aroon . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 51
The Friar's Bush . . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 106
The Old Church at Lismore . . *Downing* . . . I, 247
Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 288
The Builders . . . . . *Gilbert* . . . . I, 354
Father O'Flynn . . . . . *Graves* . . . . I, 373
St. Michan's Churchyard . . . . *Kavanagh* . . I, 450
The Croppy Boy . . . . . *McBurney* . . II, 32
The Bells of Shandon . . . . . *Mahony* . . . . II, 94
Cloghroe, The Maid of . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 398
Clonmacnois, The Dead at . . . . . *Rolleston* . . . II, 278
Clonmel, The Convict of . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 101
Cloyne, Bishop of . . . . . *George Berkeley* I, 64
Coleraine, Kitty of . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 393
Con Cead Catha, of the Hundred Fights. See The Lament of O'Gnive . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 103
Connacht, Love Songs of. See Douglas Hyde . . . . . I, 414
Connacht, The Brown Wind of . . . *MacManus* . . II, 79

Conviviality. See also Humor.

The Sprig of Shillelah . . . . . *Code* . . . . . I, 151
The Deserter's Meditation . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 192
The Monks of the Screw . . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 192
Bumpers, Squire Jones . . . . *Dawson* . . . . I, 223
Of Drinking . . . . . *Flecknoe* . . . I, 317
Maggy Laidir . . . . . *Furlong* . . . I, 340

Tony Lumpkin's Song . . . . . *Goldsmith* . . . I, 367
Abhrain an Bhuideil . . . . . *Le Fanu* . . . I, 486
Larry M'Hale . . . . . *Lever* . . . . . II, 1
The Pope he leads a Happy Life *Lever* . . . . . II, 4
Sweet Chloe . . . . . *Lysaght* . . . . II, 29
Banish Sorrow . . . . . *Ogle* . . . . . II, 214
Air—"Don Cæsar" . . . . . *O'Keeffe* . . . II, 224
The Friar of Orders Gray . . . *O'Keeffe* . . . II, 224
Whiskey, Drink Divine . . . . *O'Leary* . . . II, 229
Drinking Song . . . . . *Sheridan* . . . II, 310
The Vision of Viands . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 334
Bellewstown Races . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 363
The Boys of Kilkenny . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 365
The Cruiskeen Lawn . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 374
Garryowen . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 380
The Night before Larry was Stretched . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 406
The Rakes of Mallow . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 414
Couldah. See Innishowen . . . . . *Duffy* . . . . I, 265
Country Life. See also Nature.
Song . . . . . *Bickerstaff* . . I, 66
The Garden of the Bees . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 109
Bindin' the Oats . . . . . *Coleman* . . . I, 153
Seed-Time . . . . . *Coleman* . . . I, 154
A Drover . . . . . *Colum* . . . . I, 157
The Plower . . . . . *Colum* . . . . I, 159
Trout Fishing . . . . . *Connolly* . . . I, 169
A Christmas Scene . . . . . *Davis* . . . . I, 207
The Widow's Message to her Son *Forrester* . . . I, 321
Song . . . . . *Gilbert* . . . . I, 353
A Window Song . . . . . *Irwin* . . . . I, 428
The Potato-Digger's Song . . . *Irwin* . . . . I, 432
Arcadian . . . . . *McCarthy* . . . II, 54
The Lake Isle of Innisfree . . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 529
Culdaff. See Innishowen . . . . *Duffy* . . . . I, 265
Cumhadh no Cloinne. See the Lament of Patraic Mor MacCruimin . *Campbell* . . . I, 110

D

Darrynacloughery, Fair of. See The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally, and Mullen . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 421

Dean of Lismore's Book . . . . . II, 320, 337
Dear Black Cow, The. See Drimmin Dhu . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 287
And Drimmin Dubh Dheelish . *Street Songs* . . II, 378
Dear Black Head. See Cean Dubh Deelish . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 287
And Cean Duv Deelish . . . . *Shorter* . . . . II, 315
Dear Brown Cow. See Drimin Donn Dilis . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 473
Descriptive Pieces.
Abbey Asaroe . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 15
The Ruined Chapel . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 35
The Bay of Biscay . . . . . *Cherry* . . . . I, 131
Tom Moody . . . . . *Cherry* . . . . I, 133
Trout Fishing . . . . . *Connolly* . . . I, 169
A Christmas Scene . . . . . *Davis* . . . . I, 207
The Shannon . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 228
"The Bog Road" . . . . . *Fahy* . . . . I, 280
Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 288
The Forging of the Anchor . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 305
Glen-na-Smoel . . . . . *Furlong* . . . I, 335
St. Michan's Churchyard . . . . *Kavanagh* . . . I, 450
Love Making in Paddy Land . . *Keeling* . . . . I, 458
Aldfrid's Itinerary . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 99
Siberia . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 114
A Budget of Paradoxes . . . . *Martley* . . . . II, 129
The Groves of Blarney . . . . *Millikin* . . . II, 138
The Irishman . . . . . *Orr* . . . . II, 247
Rest . . . . . *Payne* . . . . II, 261
To My Bicycle . . . . . *Rolleston* . . . II, 281
Gay Provence . . . . . *Savage-Armstrong* II, 303
Bellewstown Races . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 363
The Native Irishman . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 401
August Weather . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* II, 448
Larks . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* II, 450
The Munster War-Song . . . . *Williams* . . . II, 499
D'Esterre-Keeling See Keeling . . . . . I, 458
Diarmuid and Grania. See A Faery Song . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 525
Didactic Poems. See Moral, Philosophical, and Didactic.

Donegal, A Legend of. See The Legend of Stumpie's Brae . . . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 7
Donnybrook Fair, The Humors of . . *O'Flaherty* . . II, 210
Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland," quoted . . . . . II, 394, 420, 422, *notes*
Dugan, Maurice. See Gaelic Authors.
Dunbwy, The Girl of . . . . . *Davis* . . . . . I, 219
Dundalk, Battle of . . . . . *M'Devitt* . . . II, 60
Dunfanaghy, A Legend of . . . . . *Milligan* . . . II, 136
Dunkerron, The Lord of . . . . . *Croker* . . . . I, 180

E

Eire, The Fair Hills of . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 330
Eire Ogh, The Fair Hills of . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 470
Emigrants and Exiles.
The Irish Mother's Lament . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 4
The Winding Banks of Erne . . *Allingham* . . I, 37
Aileen . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 50
Song . . . . . *Boucicault* . . I, 74
The Last Friends . . . . . *Browne* . . . . I, 89
Donal Kenny . . . . . *Casey* . . . . I, 124
Memories of the Erne . . . . *Connolly* . . . I, 165
The Fallin' o' the Rain . . . . *Dollard* . . . . I, 237
When the West Wind Blows . . *Dollard* . . . . I, 239
Lament of the Irish Emigrant . *Dufferin* . . . I, 260
Irish Molly O . . . . . *Fahy* . . . . I, 279
Moonlight on New York Bay . *Fitzgerald* . . . I, 311
The Song of the Irish Emigrant in America . . . . . *Fitzsimon* . . . I, 314
The Widow's Message to her Son *Forrester* . . . I, 321
The County of Mayo . . . . . *Fox* . . . . . I, 324
The Emigrant's Voyage . . . . *Irwin* . . . . I, 430
The Last Request . . . . . *Kenealy* . . . . I, 461
The Moon behind the Hill . . . *Kenealy* . . . . I, 462
The Exile's Return . . . . . *Locke* . . . . . II, 6
A Memory . . . . . *MacAleese* . . . II, 30
The Irish Exile . . . . . *MacDermott* . . II, 56
Death of the Homeward Bound . *M'Gee* . . . . II, 64
The Passing of the Gael . . . *MacManus* . . II, 82
In Exile; Australia . . . . . *Orr* . . . . . II, 245

Ode . . . . . *Pierpont* . . . II, 264
The Emigrants . . . . . *Starkey* . . . . II, 348
The Emigrant Mother . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 379
Farewell . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 429
A Farewell to America . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 494
Emmet, Robert.
——'s Betrothed. See She is Far from the Land . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 166
——'s Death . . . . . *Campion* . . . I, 114
——'s Grave. See St. Michan's Churchyard . . . . . *Kavanagh* . . . I, 450
Lines by —— . . . . . I, 277
——'s Address to Erin. See When He who Adores Thee . *Moore* . . . . II, 177
Erne, Memories of the . . . . . *Connolly* . . . I, 165
Erne, The Winding Banks of . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 37
"Ethna Carbery." MacManus, Mrs. Seumas . . . . II, 75
Exiles. See Emigrants and Exiles.

F

Fainne geal an Lae. See The Dawning of the Day . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 469
Fair Mary my Treasure. See Maire Bhan a Stor . . . . . *Davis* . . . . I, 214
Fair Young Bride. See Brighidin Ban mo Store . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 461
Fairy Bride, To the. See To the Leanan Sidhe . . . . . *Boyd* . . . . . I, 76
Fairy Lore.
Dreams . . . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 1
The Fairies . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 27
The Leprecaun, or Fairy Shoemaker . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 29
The Fairy Child . . . . . *Anster* . . . . I, 46
The Flitting of the Fairies . . . *Barlow* . . . . I, 56
To the Leanan Sidhe . . . . . *Boyd* . . . . . I, 76
The Faery Fool . . . . . *Chesson* . . . . I, 138
The Fairy Fiddler . . . . *Chesson* . . . . I, 139
The King of Ireland's Son . . . *Chesson* . . . . I, 141
The Enchanted Island . . . . *Conolly* . . . . I, 174

The Fairy Thorn . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 299
The Fairy Well of Lagnanay . *Ferguson* . . . I, 302
From East to West . . . . . *Gore-Booth* . . I, 369
I-Breasil . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 76
A Call of the Sidhe . . . . . *Russell* . . . . II, 285
The Gates of Dreamland . . . . *Russell* . . . . II, 293
The Fairy Nurse . . . . . *Walsh* . . . II, 471
A Faery Song . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 525
Fairy Shoemaker, The Leprecaun, or *Allingham* . . I, 29
Famine, The, Poems of. A Lay of the Famine . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 396
Drimin Donn Dilis . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 473
Ireland . . . . . *MacCarthy* . . II, 47
The War-Ship of Peace . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 20
Fancy, Poems of. See also Allegories.
Dreams . . . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 1
Very Far Away . . . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 14
A dream . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 17
Wishing . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 45
To the Leanan Sidhe . . . . . *Boyd* . . . I, 76
Niam . . . . . *Chesson* . . . I, 135
The Dark Man . . . . . *Chesson* . . . . I, 137
The Faery Fool . . . . . *Chesson* . . . . I, 138
The Fairy Fiddler . . . . . *Chesson* . . . . I, 139
Dream and Shadow . . . . . *Colum* . . . . I, 158
The Enchanted Island . . . . *Conolly* . . . . I, 174
Song of the Summer Winds . . *Darley* . . . . I, 199
From East to West . . . . . *Gore-Booth* . . I, 369
Hy-Brasail: the Isle of the Blest *Griffin* . . . I, 392
The Deluge . . . . . *Hobson* . . . . I, 408
To Morfydd . . . . . *Johnson* . . . . I, 439
Feithfailge . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 75
I-Breasil . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 76
A Vision . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 97
Where the Primroses grow by the Nore . . . . . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 242
Evensong . . . . . *Rolleston* . . II, 276
The Gates of Dreamland . . . . *Russell* . . . . II, 293
The Memory of Earth . . . . *Russell* . . . . II, 295
The Wind on the Hills . . . . *Shorter* . . . . II, 318
Far-Away . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 323

The Hosting of the Sidhe . . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 528
A Dream of Tir-nan-oge . . . . *Young* . . . . II, 535
Farewells.
The Winding Banks of Erne . . *Allingham* . . I, 37
Adieu . . . . . *Armstrong* . . I, 48
And Must We Part? . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 94
Dermot Astore . . . . . *Crawford* . . . I, 170
Kathleen Mavourneen . . . . . *Crawford* . . . I, 177
Song . . . . . *Dowden* . . . . I, 242
The Last Request . . . . . *Kenealy* . . . . I, 461
Farewell! but Whenever you Welcome the Hour . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 158
Go Where Glory Waits Thee . . *Moore* . . . II, 159
The Call . . . . . *Roberts* . . . . II, 268
Song of Maelduin . . . . . *Rolleston* . . . II, 277
The Dear and Darling Boy . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 376
Farewell . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 429
Her Voice . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 492
A Farewell to America . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 494
Fearflatha O'Gniamh. See The Lament of O'Gnive . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 102
Fianna, After the . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 320
Fingal, Description of Cuchullin's Car from . . . . . I, 258
Fionnuala, The Song of . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 171
Fitzgerald, Maurice, Knight of Kerry, Caoine on . . . . . *Croker* . . . . I, 178
Flavell, Thomas. See Gaelic Authors.
Folk Songs. See Fairy Lore, Gaelic Authors, and Legendary and Historical.
Fontenoy. See Irish Brigade.
Foynes in June, 1895. See Bog Cotton on the Red Bog . . . . . *O'Brien* . . . . II, 193
Fredericksburg, At, December 13, 1862 . . . . . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 231
Friendship, Hospitality, and Sympathy.
The Winding Banks of Erne . . *Allingham* . . I, 37
Soggarth Aroon . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 51
The Last Friends . . . . . *Browne* . . . . I, 89
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder . . . . . *Canning* . . . I, 119
Donal Kenny . . . . . *Casey* . . . . . I, 124

Compensation . . . . . *Connolly* . . . I, 163
A Lament . . . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 188
The Donovans . . . . . *Fahy* . . . . . I, 283
To Douglas Hyde . . . . . *Fitzgerald* . . . I, 312
Song for July 12th, 1843 . . . . *Frazer* . . . . I, 328
Father O'Flynn . . . . . *Graves* . . . . I, 373
Like a Stone in the Street . . . *Graves* . . . . I, 376
Draherin O Machree . . . . . *Hogan* . . . . I, 412
Caoch the Piper . . . . . *Keegan* . . . . I, 454
My Ambition . . . . . *Lysaght* . . . . II, 28
And Doth Not a Meeting like This . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 151
As Slow Our Ship . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 153
Farewell! but Whenever you Welcome the Hour . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 158
The Meeting of the Waters . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 170
The Night before Larry was Stretched . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 406
St. Patrick's Day . . . . . *Waller* . . . . II, 457

G

Gael, The Passing of the . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 82
Gaelic Authors, Adaptations and Translations from. Pulse of My Heart . . . . . *Brooke* . . . . I, 82
The Noble Lay of Aillinn (Book of Leinster) . . . . . *Brooke* . . . . I, 83
Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 95
O Say, my Brown Drimin . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 100
The Convict of Clonmel . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 101
The Lament of O'Gnive . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 102
The Lament of Patraic Mor Mac-Cruimin over his Sons . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 110
A Lament (John O'Neachtan) . *Curran* . . . . I, 188
Claragh's Lament (John Mac-Donnell) . . . . . *D'Alton* . . . I, 195
Cuchullin's Chariot (The Breach of the Plain of Muirhevney) . *Drummond* . I, 257
Drimmin Dhu . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 287
Mild Mabel Kelly (O'Carolan) . *Ferguson* . . . I, 291
Pastheen Fion . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 294

The Coolun (Maurice Dugan) . *Ferguson* . . . I, 296
The Fair Hills of Ireland . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 298
The County of Mayo (Thomas Flavell) . . . . . *Fox* . . . . I, 324
Bridget Cruise (O'Carolan) . . *Furlong* . . . I, 337
Maggy Laidir (John O'Neachtan) *Furlong* . . . I, 340
Roisin Dubh . . . . . *Furlong* . . . I, 343
From a Poem by Teige MacDaire *Hyde* . . . . . I, 414
I Shall Not Die for Thee . . . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 415
Little Child, I Call Thee . . . . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 416
My Grief on the Sea . . . . . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 417
My Love—oh! She is My Love *Hyde* . . . . . I, 418
O Were You on the Mountain? . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 420
Ringleted Youth of My Love . . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 420
The Brow of Nefin . . . . . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 421
The Red Man's Wife . . . . . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 423
The Sign of the Cross Forever (Father O'Meehan) . . . . . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 424
A Vision (Conor O'Riordan) . . *Mangan* . . . II, 97
Aldfrid's Itinerary . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 99
Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 106
Kinkora (MacLaig) . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 108
St. Patrick's Hymn before Tarah *Mangan* . . . II, 110
The Woman of Three Cows . . *Mangan* . . . II, 123
Murmurs of Love . . . . . *O'Doherty* . . . II, 202
Pearl of the White Breast . . *Petrie* . . . II, 263
After the Fianna (Oisin) . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 320
Deus Meus (Maelisu) . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 321
Irish Lullaby . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 324
Jesukin ("St. Ita") . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 325
Love's Despair (Diarmad O'Curnain) . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 326
Solace in Winter (Silva Gadelica) *Sigerson* . . . II, 328
The Ruined Nest . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 332
The Vision of Viands (Anair MacConglinne) . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 334
Things Delightful (Oisin) . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 337
King Ailill's Death . . . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 353
Man Octipartite . . . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 356
The Hymn called Saint Patrick's Breastplate (Goidelica) . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 358

Cushla ma Chree . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 376
Love in Reality . . . . . *Waller* . . . . II, 454
Have you been at Carrick? . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 462
The Dawning of the Day . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 469
The Fairy Nurse . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 471
Garnavilla, Kate of . . . . . *Lysaght* . . . . II, 27
Garryowen, Air of . . . . . II, 382, *note*
Glen Dun, The Song of . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 346
Glens of Aon-Druim, The Nine . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 112
Goidelica. See Gaelic Authors.
Grammachree, Air of. See Lines written to Music . . . . . *Wolfe* . . . . II, 513
Greally, and Mullen, The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 421
Guiney, Louise Imogene, quoted . . . . . II, 123, *note*

H

Hardiman, quoted . . . . . I, 339, 343, *notes*
Hinkson, Katherine Tynan-. See Tynan-Hinkson . . II, 447
Historical. See Legendary and Historical.
Home, Poems of. Half-Waking . . *Allingham* . . I, 20
The Winding Banks of Erne . . *Allingham* . . I, 37
A Sigh for Knockmany . . . . *Carleton* . . . I, 122
Memories of the Erne . . . . *Connolly* . . . I, 165
The Fallin' o' the Rain . . . . *Dollard* . . . . I, 237
Irish Molly O . . . . . *Fahy* . . . . . I, 279
Moonlight on New York Bay . . *Fitzgerald* . . . I, 311
The Song of the Irish Emigrant in America . . . . . *Fitzsimon* . . . I, 314
The County of Mayo . . . . . *Fox* . . . . . I, 324
Brosna's Banks . . . . . *Frazer* . . . . I, 326
The Blue, Blue Smoke . . . . *Graves* . . . . I, 377
Gile Machree . . . . . *Griffin* . . . . I, 390
A Window Song . . . . . *Irwin* . . . . I, 428
The Emigrant's Voyage . . . . *Irwin* . . . . I, 430
The Last Request . . . . . *Kenealy* . . . . I, 461
The Moon behind the Hill . . *Kenealy* . . . . I, 462
The Exile's Return . . . . . *Locke* . . . . II, 6
The Irish Exile . . . . . *MacDermott* . . II, 56
Death of the Homeward Bound . *M'Gee* . . . . II, 64

Our Road . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 77
My Inver Bay . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 88
The Bells of Shandon . . . . . *Mahony* . . . . II, 94
The Meeting of the Waters . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 170
Dark Margaret . . . . . *Murray* . . . . II, 181
Bingen on the Rhine . . . . . *Norton* . . . . II, 186
My Old Home . . . . . *O'Leary* . . . II, 226
The Fair Hills of Eire . . . . . *Sigerson* . . II, 330
Corrymeela . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 340
Home . . . . . *Stevenson* . . . II, 352
Hood, Thomas, To the Memory of . *Simmons* . . . II, 338
Hopper, Nora. See Mrs. W. H. Chesson . . . . . I, 135
Hospitality. See Friendship, Hospitality, and Sympathy.
Howth, Hannah Healy, the Pride of . *Street Songs* . . II, 383
Humor.
Song . . . . . *Bickerstaff* . . I, 66
Philandering . . . . . *Boyle* . . . . I, 78
O the Pleasant Days of Old . . *Browne* . . . I, 87
Epitaph . . . . . *Canning* . . . I, 116
Song . . . . . *Canning* . . . I, 117
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder . . . . . *Canning* . . . I, 119
The Sprig of Shillelah . . . . . *Code* . . . . . I, 151
Katey's Letter . . . . . *Dufferin* . . . I, 259
An Elegy . . . . . *Goldsmith* . . . I, 360
Father O'Flynn . . . . . *Graves* . . . . I, 373
The Irish Spinning-Wheel . . . *Graves* . . . . I, 380
Ad Aristiden Obfuscatum . . . . *Graves* . . . . I, 382
Love Making in Paddy Land . . *Keeling* . . . . I, 458
Why Are You Wandering Here? *Kenney* . . . . I, 466
Larry M'Hale . . . . . *Lever* . . . . II, 1
The Widow Malone . . . . . *Lever* . . . . . II, 2
The Pope He Leads a Happy Life . . . . . *Lever* . . . . . II, 4
Barney O'Hea . . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 9
I'm Not Myself at All . . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 10
Molly Carew . . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 12
Rory O'More . . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 15
The Low-backed Car . . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 18
The Whistlin' Thief . . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 21
Widow Machree . . . . . *Lover* . . . . II, 24

Herself and Myself . . . . . *McCall* . . . II, 38
The Groves of Blarney . . . . *Millikin* . . . II, 138
The Humors of Donnybrook Fair *O'Flaherty* II, 210
The Friar of Orders Gray . . *O'Keeffe* . . . II, 224
The V-a-s-e . . . . . *Roche* . . . . II, 274
Song . . . . . *Sheridan* . . . II, 311
Marriage . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 343
The Grand Match . . . . . *Skrine* . . . II, 345
Brian O'Linn . . . . . *Street Songs* II, 365
Charming Judy Callaghan . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 369
Colleen Rue . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 371
Garryowen . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 380
Hannah Healy, the Pride of Howth . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 383
Jenny from Ballinasloe . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 388
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye . . *Street Songs* . . II, 390
Kitty of Coleraine . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 393
The Maid of Cloghroe . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 398
The Native Irishman . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 401
Nell Flaherty's Drake . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 403
The Night before Larry was Stretched . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 406
Ould Orange Flute . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 410
The Rose of Kenmare . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 415
The Star of Slane . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 423
Love in Reality . . . . . *Waller* . . . . II, 454
The First Cuckoo in Spring . . *Waller* . . . . II, 459
Halloweve Complaint . . . . . *Wilson* . . . II, 507
I Wish the Devil was Dead . . *Wilson* . . . . II, 509
The Bee and the Floweret . . . *Wilson* . . . . II, 511
En Attendant . . . . . *Wynne* . . . . II, 520
Hunting Song.
Tom Moody . . . . . *Cherry* . . . . I, 133
Hymns. See Sacred.

I

Ilann, The Song of . . . . . *Connolly* . . . I, 173
Imagination. See Fancy, Poems of.
Ina, Loch . . . . . *O'Brien* . . . II, 198
Innisfail . . . . . I, 102, *note 2*

Innisfree, The Lake Isle of . . . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 529
Irish, Translations from the. See Gaelic Authors.
Irish Brigade, The.
A ——— Ballad. See Shule Aroon . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 420
The ——— at Fontenoy . . . . *Dowling* . . . I, 244
Fontenoy . . . . . *Davis* . . . . . I, 211
Recruiting Song for the Irish — . *O'Connell* . . II, 200
Sarsfield and the ——— . . . . . I, 267, *note 2*
Irish Minstrelsy, quoted . . . . . I, 339, 343, *notes*
Island Magee, massacre of . . . . . I, 272, *note*
Isle of the Blest, Hy-Brasail: the . . *Griffin* . . . . I, 392

J

James Francis Edward, Chevalier de St. George. See A Lament . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 188
Jamestown, The. See The War-Ship of Peace . . . . . *Lover* . . . . . II, 20
Johnston, Anna. See MacManus, Mrs. Seumas . . . II, 75

K

Kelly, Eva Mary. O'Doherty, Mrs. Kevin Izod . . . II, 202
Kelly and Deasy affair. See God Save Ireland . . . . . *Cullivan* . . . II, 433
Kenmare, The Rose of . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 415
Kerry, Caoine on Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of . . . . . *Croker* . . . . I, 178
Kilkenny Exile's Christmas Song, The. See The Moon Behind the Hill . . . . . *Kenealy* . . . . I, 462
Kilkenny, The Boys of . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 365
King Ivor, Lament for . . . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 354
Knight of Kerry, Caoine on Maurice Fitzgerald . . . . . *Croker* . . . . I, 178
Knockmany, A Sigh for . . . . . *Carleton* . . . I, 122

L

Lagan Vale, a story of. See The Friar's Bush . . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 106

Lagnanay, The Fairy Well of . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 302
Laments.
The Irish Mother's Lament . . *Alexander* . . . I, 4
The Irish Mother in the Penal Days . . . . . *Banim* . . I, 54
Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear . . . *Callanan* . . I, 95
The Convict of Clonmel . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 101
The Lament of O'Gnive . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 102
The Lament of Patraic Mor Mac-Cruimin over his Sons . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 110
A Sigh for Knockmany . . . . *Carleton* . . . I, 122
A Lament . . . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 188
Claragh's Lament . . . . . *D'Alton* . . . I, 195
Dirge of Rory O'More . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 229
Lament of the Irish Emigrant . *Dufferin* . . . I, 260
Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 288
Like a Stone in the Street . . . *Graves* . . . . I, 376
The Wake of the Absent . . . . *Griffin* . . . . I, 393
The Cold Sleep of Brighidin . . *MacManus* . . II, 80
The Passing of the Gael . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 82
Kinkora . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 108
The Nameless One . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 118
The Irish Girl's Lament . . . . *O'Donoghue* . . II, 209
The Wind on the Hills . . . . *Shorter* . . . . II, 318
After the Fianna . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . . II, 320
Love's Despair . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 326
The Ruined Nest . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 332
Lament for King Ivor . . . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 354
The Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 394
The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally, and Mullen *Street Songs* . . II, 421
An Island Fisherman . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 447
Nelly Ban . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 465
My Life is like the Summer Rose *Wilde* . . . . II, 495
Halloweve Complaint . . . . *Wilson* . . . . II, 507
Down by the Salley Gardens . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 525
The Lamentation of the Old Pensioner . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 530
Lanbert, Nannie. See O'Donoghue, Mrs. Power . . II, 208

Land of Cokaigne, The . . . . . II, 334, *note*
Larkin, Michael. See God Save Ireland . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 433
Leanan Sidhe, To the . . . . . *Boyd* . . . . . I, 76
Legendary and Historical. See also Fairy Lore, and Superstitions.
Leland, quoted . . . . . I, 271, *note*
Limerick, The Blacksmith of . . . *Joyce* . . . . . I, 444
Abbey Asaroe . . . . . *Allingham* . . . I, 15
The Ban-Shee . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 25
The Noble Lay of Aillinn . . *Brooke* . . . . I, 83
The Saxon Shilling . . . . . *Buggy* . . . . I, 92
Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 95
The Lament of O'Gnive . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 102
The Friar's Bush . . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 106
Emmet's Death . . . . . *Campion* . . . I, 114
The Rising of the Moon . . . . *Casey* . . . . . I, 128
Niam . . . . . *Chesson* . . . . I, 135
The King of Ireland's Son . . . *Chesson* . . . . I, 141
Rough Rider O'Neill . . . . . *Clarke* . . . . I, 146
The Song of Ilann . . . . . *Connolly* . . . I, 173
Caoine on Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry . . . *Croker* . . . . I, 178
The Lord of Dunkerron . . . *Croker* . . . . I, 180
The Island of Atlantis . . . *Croly* . . . . . I, 185
Fontenoy . . . . . *Davis* . . . . I, 211
The Children Band . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 227
Dirge of Rory O'More . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 229
The Brigade at Fontenoy . . . *Dowling* . . . I, 244
The Battle of Beal-an-atha-Buidh *Drennan* . . . I, 254
Cuchullin's Chariot . . . . . *Drummond* . . I, 257
The Irish Rapparees . . . . . *Duffy* . . . . I, 267
The Muster of the North . . . *Duffy* . . . . I, 270
Owen Bawn . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 292
Saint Brigid . . . . . *Gilbert* . . . I, 352
To Maeve . . . . . *Gore-Booth* . . I, 370
Hy-Brasail: the Isle of the Blest *Griffin* . . . I, 392
A Lay of Ossian and Patrick . . *Gwynn* . . . . I, 395
Crossing the Blackwater . . . *Joyce* . . . . . I, 442
The Blacksmith of Limerick . . *Joyce* . . . . . I, 444
Shamus O'Brien . . . . . *Le Fanu* . . I, 489

The Croppy Boy	*McBurney*	II, 32
The Good Ship Castle Down	*McBurney*	II, 34
O'Donnell Aboo	*McCann*	II, 40
Battle of Dundalk	*M'Devitt*	II, 60
The Celts	*M'Gee*	II, 67
The Gobban Saor	*M'Gee*	II, 72
A Vision	*Mangan*	II, 97
Aldfrid's Itinerary	*Mangan*	II, 99
Kinkora	*Mangan*	II, 108
The Time of the Barmecides	*Mangan*	II, 121
The Woman of Three Cows	*Mangan*	II, 123
Fionnuala	*Milligan*	II, 133
The Buried Forests of Erin	*Milligan*	II, 134
The Phantom Ship	*Milligan*	II, 136
Rich and Rare were the Gems she Wore	*Moore*	II, 165
The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls	*Moore*	II, 168
Song of Fionnuala	*Moore*	II, 171
The King of Denmark's Ride	*Norton*	II, 190
Song	*O'Brien*	II, 195
Loch Ina	*O'Brien*	II, 198
At Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862	*O'Reilly*	II, 231
Ensign Epps	*O'Reilly*	II, 235
The Kearsarge	*Roche*	II, 271
The Dead at Clonmacnois	*Rolleston*	II, 278
Connla's Well	*Russell*	II, 287
Shane's Head	*Savage*	II, 299
After the Fianna	*Sigerson*	II, 320
Solace in Winter	*Sigerson*	II, 328
Things Delightful	*Sigerson*	II, 337
King Ailill's Death	*Stokes*	II, 353
Lament for King Ivor	*Stokes*	II, 354
The Banshee	*Street Songs*	II, 362
The Croppy Boy	*Street Songs*	II, 373
General Monro	*Street Songs*	II, 382
A Lay of the Famine	*Street Songs*	II, 396
The Shan Van Vocht	*Street Songs*	II, 417
The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally, and Mullen	*Street Songs*	II, 421

The Twisting of the Rope . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 427
God Save Ireland . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 433
The Waves' Legend of the Strand of Bala . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 438
Harmosan . . . . . *Trench* . . . . II, 444
The Children of Lir . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 451
Ave Imperatrix . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 487
The Munster War-Song . . . *Williams* . . . II, 499
The Rath of Mullaghmast . . *Williams* . . . II, 501
The Burial of Sir John Moore . *Wolfe* . . . . II, 515
The Hosting of the Sidhe . . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 528
Lir, The Children of . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 451
Lisdoonvarna. See "The Bog Road" *Fahy* . . . . I, 280
Lismore's Book, Dean of . . . . . II, 320, 337
Lismore, The Old Church at . . . . *Downing* . . I, 247
Lissoe, The Fairy Fort of. See the Fairy Nurse . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 471
Little Black Rose. See Roisin Dubh *Furlong* . . . . I, 343
Little Brother of my Heart. See Draherin O Machree . . . . . *Hogan* . . . . I, 412
Little Full Jug, The. See the Cruiskeen Lawn . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 374
Love.
Across the Sea . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 17
Among the Heather . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 19
Lovely Mary Donnelly . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 21
The Lover and Birds . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 31
The Milkmaid . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 33
The Sailor . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 36
Winning . . . . . *Allingham* . . . I, 44
Aileen . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 50
Sleep On . . . . . *Beamish* . . . I, 63
Two Songs I . . . . . *Bickerstaff* . . I, 66
Philandering . . . . . *Boyle* . . . . I, 78
Come to me, Dearest . . . . . *Brenan* . . . . I, 80
Pulse of my Heart . . . . . *Brooke* . . . . I, 82
And Must We Part? . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 94
Emmet's Death . . . . . *Campion* . . . I, 114
Donal Kenny . . . . . *Casey* . . . . . I, 124
Gracie og Machree . . . . . *Casey* . . . . . I, 126
Maire my Girl . . . . . *Casey* . . . . . I, 127

Niam	*Chesson*	I, 135
The Cuckoo Sings in the Heart of Winter	*Chesson*	I, 137
The Dark Man	*Chesson*	I, 137
The Gray Fog	*Chesson*	I, 140
Eman-ac-Knuck to Eva	*Clarke*	I, 143
Bindin' the Oats	*Coleman*	I, 153
Dream and Shadow	*Colum*	I, 158
Amoret	*Congreve*	I, 161
The Song of Ilann	*Connolly*	I, 173
Dermot Astore	*Crawford*	I, 176
Kathleen Mavourneen	*Crawford*	I, 177
Claragh's Lament	*D'Alton*	I, 195
Song	*Darley*	I, 198
To Helene	*Darley*	I, 200
True Loveliness	*Darley*	I, 201
My Kallagh Dhu Asthore	*Davis*	I, 203
Nanny	*Davis*	I, 205
A Christmas Scene, or Love in the Country	*Davis*	I, 207
A Plea for Love	*Davis*	I, 210
Maire Bhan a Stor	*Davis*	I, 214
Oh! the Marriage	*Davis*	I, 217
The Girl of Dunbwy	*Davis*	I, 219
The Welcome	*Davis*	I, 220
Flowers I Would Bring	*De Vere*	I, 230
Song	*De Vere*	I, 231
Song	*Dowden*	I, 242
Katey's Letter	*Dufferin*	I, 259
Lament of the Irish Emigrant	*Dufferin*	I, 260
Come all You Pale Lovers	*Duffet*	I, 263
The Ould Plaid Shawl	*Fahy*	I, 284
Cean Dubh Deelish	*Ferguson*	I, 287
Mild Mabel Kelly	*Ferguson*	I, 291
Owen Bawn	*Ferguson*	I, 292
Pastheen Fion	*Ferguson*	I, 294
The Coolun	*Ferguson*	I, 296
The Lapful of Nuts	*Ferguson*	I, 310
The Dreamer	*Furlong*	I, 330
An Irish Love-Song	*Furlong*	I, 333
Bridget Cruise	*Furlong*	I, 337

Eileen Aroon	*Furlong*	I, 339
Maggy Laidir	*Furlong*	I, 340
Roisin Dubh	*Furlong*	I, 343
After Aughrim	*Geoghegan*	I, 348
Song	*Gilbert*	I, 353
An Irish Grace	*Graves*	I, 372
Irish Eyes	*Graves*	I, 375
Kitty Bhan	*Graves*	I, 375
She is my Love	*Graves*	I, 379
The Irish Spinning-Wheel	*Graves*	I, 380
Spring-Time	*Greene*	I, 386
Eileen Aroon	*Griffin*	I, 388
Gile Machree	*Griffin*	I, 390
I Shall Not Die for Thee	*Hyde*	I, 415
Little Child, I Call Thee	*Hyde*	I, 416
My Grief on the Sea	*Hyde*	I, 417
My Love—oh! She is my Love	*Hyde*	I, 418
O Were You on the Mountain?	*Hyde*	I, 420
Ringleted Youth of my Love	*Hyde*	I, 420
The Brow of Nefin	*Hyde*	I, 421
The Red Man's Wife	*Hyde*	I, 423
The Last Music	*Johnson*	I, 437
The Wind that Shakes the Barley	*Joyce*	I, 447
Love Making in Paddy Land	*Keeling*	I, 458
Love's Warning	*Kenealy*	I, 459
The Poet's Heart	*Kennedy*	I, 464
Why Are You Wandering Here?	*Kenney*	I, 466
My Ulick	*Kickham*	I, 470
Kate of Arraglen	*Lane*	I, 477
Consolation	*Larminie*	I, 480
The Widow Malone	*Lever*	II, 2
Barney O'Hea	*Lover*	II, 9
I'm Not Myself At All	*Lover*	II, 10
Molly Carew	*Lover*	II, 12
Rory O'More	*Lover*	II, 15
The Low-backed Car	*Lover*	II, 18
The Whistlin' Thief	*Lover*	II, 21
What Will You Do, Love?	*Lover*	II, 23
Widow Machree	*Lover*	II, 24
Time and the Virgin	*Lynch*	II, 26
Kate of Garnavilla	*Lysaght*	II, 27

My Ambition	*Lysaght*	II,	28
Sweet Chloe	*Lysaght*	II,	29
A Memory	*MacAleese*	II,	30
Herself and Myself	*McCall*	II,	38
Girl of the Red Mouth	*MacDermott*	II,	55
Our Road	*MacManus*	II,	77
The Brown Wind of Connacht	*MacManus*	II,	79
The Cold Sleep of Brighidin	*MacManus*	II,	80
Thinking Long	*MacManus*	II,	84
A Stor, Gra Geal Mochree	*MacManus*	II,	87
A Budget of Paradoxes	*Martley*	II,	129
The Valley of Shanganagh	*Martley*	II,	129
A May Love Song	*Milligan*	II,	133
Love's Mendicant	*Mitchell*	II,	142
The Clang of the Wooden Shoon	*Molloy*	II,	144
At the Mid Hour of Night	*Moore*	II,	154
Believe me, if All Those Endearing Young Charms	*Moore*	II,	155
Come Rest in This Bosom	*Moore*	II,	155
Go Where Glory Waits Thee	*Moore*	II,	159
I Knew by the Smoke	*Moore*	II,	160
Love's Young Dream	*Moore*	II,	161
Nora Creina	*Moore*	II,	163
O ever thus, from Childhood's Hour	*Moore*	II,	164
She is Far from the Land	*Moore*	II,	166
The Irish Peasant to his Mistress	*Moore*	II,	169
The Time I've Lost in Wooing	*Moore*	II,	172
The Young May Moon	*Moore*	II,	173
Kate Kearney	*Morgan*	II,	178
Long Deserted	*Mulvany*	II,	179
Dark Margaret	*Murray*	II,	181
Love Not	*Norton*	II,	189
The King of Denmark's Ride	*Norton*	II,	190
Murmurs of Love	*O'Doherty*	II,	202
A Spinning Song	*O'Donnell*	II,	205
Guesses	*O'Donnell*	II,	206
The Irish Girl's Lament	*O'Donoghue*	II,	209
Mailligh mo Stoir	*Ogle*	II,	215
The Banks of Banna	*Ogle*	II,	217
To God and Ireland True	*O'Leary*	II,	227
A White Rose	*O'Reilly*	II,	231

Song	*O'Shaughnessy*	II, 250
Song	*O'Shaughnessy*	II, 251
The Gray Dusk	*O'Sullivan*	II, 255
The Sorrow of Love	*O'Sullivan*	II, 256
When Your Beauty Appears	*Parnell*	II, 260
Kathleen O'More	*Reynolds*	II, 266
The Call	*Roberts*	II, 268
The Prisoner of Love	*Roberts*	II, 268
Divided	*Russell*	II, 288
Our Thrones Decay	*Russell*	II, 290
Rose Adair	*Malachy Ryan*	II, 297
Breasting the World	*Savage*	II, 299
Song	*Sheridan*	II, 311
Song	*Sheridan*	II, 311
Song	*Sheridan*	II, 312
Thou Canst Not Boast	*Sheridan*	II, 312
A Rose Will Fade	*Shorter*	II, 314
Love's Despair	*Sigerson*	II, 326
The Song of Glen Dun	*Skrine*	II, 346
The Boys of Kilkenny	*Street Songs*	II, 365
Charming Judy Callaghan	*Street Songs*	II, 369
Colleen Rue	*Street Songs*	II, 371
Cushla ma Chree	*Street Songs*	II, 376
The Dear and Darling Boy	*Street Songs*	II, 376
Hannah Healy, the Pride of Howth	*Street Songs*	II, 383
Irish Molly O	*Street Songs*	II, 387
Jenny from Ballinasloe	*Street Songs*	II, 388
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye	*Street Songs*	II, 390
Kitty of Coleraine	*Street Songs*	II, 393
The Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds	*Street Songs*	II, 394
The Maid of Cloghroe	*Street Songs*	II, 398
My Connor	*Street Songs*	II, 400
The Rose of Kenmare	*Street Songs*	II, 415
Shule Aroon	*Street Songs*	II, 420
The Star of Slane	*Street Songs*	II, 423
The Twisting of the Rope	*Street Songs*	II, 427
Waiting	*Todhunter*	II, 441
The Night	*Trench*	II, 442
De Profundis	*Tynan-Hinkson*	II, 449

Summer-Sweet . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 451
Love in Reality . . . . . *Waller* . . . . II, 454
Mary of the Curls . . . . . *Waller* . . . . II, 456
The First Cuckoo in Spring . . *Waller* . . . . II, 459
Brighidin ban mo Store . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 461
Have You Been at Carrick? . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 462
Nelly Ban . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 465
The Dawning of the Day . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 469
To My Promised Wife . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 475
That . . . . . *Weekes* . . . . II, 477
Related Souls . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 478
Apologia . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 485
Her Voice . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 492
Disillusion . . . . . *Wilkins* . . . II, 497
Lines written to Music . . . . *Wolfe* . . . . II, 513
En Attendant . . . . . *Wynne* . . . . II, 520
"Perhaps" . . . . . *Wynne* . . II, 521
Whisper . . . . . *Wynne* . . . II, 522
Down by the Salley Gardens . *Yeats* . . . . II, 525
The Host of the Air . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 527
The Pity of Love . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 530
The Rose of the World . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 531
When You Are Old . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 533
Where my Books Go . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 533
Love in the Country, A Christmas Scene or . . . . . *Davis* . . . . I, 207
Love Songs of Connacht. See Douglas Hyde . . . I, 414
Loyal Black White-back. See Drimmin Dubh Dheelish . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 378
Lucan, Lord. See The Irish Rapparees . . . . . *Duffy* . . I, 267, *note*
Luding, William. See Ireland Shall Be Free . . . . . *Rooney* . . II, 283, *note*
Lullabies.
A Lullaby . . . . . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 240
Hush Song . . . . . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 241
Irish Lullaby . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 324
Nurse's Song . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 409
The Fairy Nurse . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 471

M

Maelduin, Song of . . . . . *Rolleston* . . . II, 277
Maelisu. See Gaelic Authors.
Maglone, Barney. See Wilson, Robert A. . . . . II, 507
Maguire, Father Tom. See By Memory Inspired . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 367
Mahlmann. See The Grave, the Grave . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 117
Mallow, The Rakes of . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 414
Marquis of Angelsea. See Epitaph . *Canning* . . . I, 116
"Mary." See Downing, Mary Ellen Patrick . . . . I, 247
Mary d'Este. See A Lament . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 188
Maxwell, Lady Stirling. See Norton, Caroline . . . . . II, 186
Mayo, The County of . . . . . *Fox* . . . . . I, 324
MacConglinne, Anair. See Gaelic Authors.
MacCruimins, The. See The Lament of Patraic Mor MacCruimin over his Sons . . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 110
MacDaire, Teige, From a Poem by . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 414
MacDonnell, John. See Gaelic Authors.
McGrath. See Blake, Mary Elizabeth . . . . . I, 69
MacLaig. See Gaelic Authors.
McPherson, quoted . . . . . I, 258, *note*
Memory.
The Irish Mother's Lament . . *Alexander* . . . I, 4
Abbey Asaroe . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 15
A Dream . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 17
Four Ducks on a Pond . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 20
Half-Waking . . . . . *Allingham* . I, 20
The Winding Banks of Erne . *Allingham* . . I, 37
Adieu . . . . . *Armstrong* . I, 48
Soggarth Aroon . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 51
The Fetch . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 53
Song . . . . . *Boucicault* . . . I, 74
The Last Friends . . . . . *Browne* . . . . I, 89
What Hath Time Taken? . . . *Browne* . . . . I, 90
The Convict of Clonmel . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 101
Epitaph . . . . . *Canning* . . . I, 116
A Sigh for Knockmany . . . . *Carleton* . . . I, 122

Gracie og Machree	*Casey*	I, 126
Tom Moody	*Cherry*	I, 133
The Cuckoo Sings in the Heart of Winter	*Chesson*	I, 137
The Bells	*Colum*	I, 159
Compensation	*Connolly*	I, 163
Memories of the Erne	*Connolly*	I, 165
The Girl of Dunbwy	*Davis*	I, 219
A Cushla Gal mo Chree	*Doheny*	I, 234
Lament of the Irish Emigrant	*Dufferin*	I, 260
Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague	*Ferguson*	I, 288
The Lapful of Nuts	*Ferguson*	I, 310
Moonlight on New York Bay	*Fitzgerald*	I, 311
The Song of the Irish Emigrant in America	*Fitzsimon*	I, 314
The County of Mayo	*Fox*	I, 324
Brosna's Banks	*Frazer*	I, 326
The Dreamer	*Furlong*	I, 330
After Aughrim	*Geoghegan*	I, 348
Memory	*Goldsmith*	I, 361
Like a Stone in the Street	*Graves*	I, 376
The Blue, Blue Smoke	*Graves*	I, 377
The Wake of the Absent	*Griffin*	I, 393
Draherin O Machree	*Hogan*	I, 412
The Memory of the Dead	*Ingram*	I, 426
The Emigrant's Voyage	*Irwin*	I, 430
The Wind that Shakes the Barley	*Joyce*	I, 447
Lough Bray	*Kavanagh*	I, 449
Caoch the Piper	*Keegan*	I, 454
The Moon Behind the Hill	*Kenealy*	I, 462
Patrick Sheehan	*Kickham*	I, 472
My Mother Dear	*Lover*	II, 15
A Memory	*MacAleese*	II, 30
Herself and Myself	*McCall*	II, 38
From the Centenary Ode to the Memory of Thomas Moore	*MacCarthy*	II, 46
The Irish Exile	*MacDermott*	II, 56
Memories	*M'Gee*	II, 65
The Dead Antiquary O'Donovan	*M'Gee*	II, 69
The Brown Wind of Connacht	*MacManus*	II, 79

Thinking Long . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 84
A Stor, Gra Geal Mochree . . . *MacManus* . . II, 87
The Bells of Shandon . . . . . *Mahony* . . . . II, 94
The Nameless One . . . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 118
The Time of the Barmecides . . *Mangan* . . . II, 121
Twenty Golden Years Ago . . . *Mangan* . . . II, 126
The Valley of Shanganagh . . . *Martley* . . . . II, 129
Boyhood's Years . . . . . *Meehan* . . . . II, 131
The Clang of the Wooden Shoon *Molloy* . . . . II, 144
The Kerry Dance . . . . . *Molloy* . . . . II, 146
And Doth Not a Meeting Like This . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 151
As Slow our Ship . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 153
At the Mid Hour of Night . . *Moore* . . . . II, 154
Farewell! but Whenever You Welcome the Hour . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 158
Go Where Glory Waits Thee . . *Moore* . . . . II, 159
Love's Young Dream . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 161
O Breathe Not His Name . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 162
Oft in the Stilly Night . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 164
The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 168
Those Evening Bells . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 174
When He Who Adores Thee . . *Moore* . . . . II, 177
Long Deserted . . . . . *Mulvany* . . . II, 179
Dark Margaret . . . . . *Murray* . . . . II, 181
Bingen on the Rhine . . . . . *Norton* . . . . II, 186
Mailligh mo Stoir . . . . . *Ogle* . . . . . II, 215
My Old Home . . . . . *O'Leary* . . . II, 226
To God and Ireland True . . . *O'Leary* . . . II, 227
Where the Primroses Grow by the Nora . . . . . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 242
In Exile: Australia . . . . . *Orr* . . . . . II, 245
Song . . . . . *O'Shaughnessy* . II, 250
The Twilight People . . . . *O'Sullivan* . . II, 257
Kathleen O'More . . . . . *Reynolds* . . . II, 266
The Memory of Earth . . . . . *Russell* . . . . II, 295
Rose Adair . . . . . *Ryan* . . . . II, 297
Breasting the World . . . . . *Savage* . . . . II, 299
After the Fianna . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 320
To the Memory of Thomas Hood *Simmons* . . . II, 338

Lookin' Back . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 342
The Song of Glen Dun . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 346
By Memory Inspired . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 367
My Connor . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 400
Dear Old Ireland . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 431
Fairy Gold . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 436
Longing . . . . . *Todhunter* . . II, 437
Song . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 438
An Island Fisherman . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 447
De Profundis . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 449
Oh, Green and Fresh . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 450
The Dawning of the Day . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 469
The Minstrel's Walk . . . . . *Wills* . . . . II, 504
Lines Written to Music . . . . *Wolfe* . . . . II, 513
Down by the Salley Gardens . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 525
The Lamentation of the Old Pensioner . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 530
When You Are Old . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 533
Meyer, Prof. Kuno, quoted . . . . . II, 332, 334, *notes*
Miriam's Song. See Sound the Loud Timbrel . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 167
Molly, My Treasure. See Mailligh mo Stoir . . . . . *Ogle* . . . . . II, 215
Monro, General . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 382
Moore, Thomas, From the Centenary Ode to the Memory of . . . . . *MacCarthy* . . II, 46
Moore, Sir John, The Burial of . . . *Wolfe* . . . . II, 515
Moral, Philosophical, and Didactic.
The Place Where Man Should Die . . . . . *Barry* . . . . I, 59
The Sword . . . . . *Barry* . . . . I, 60
Song . . . . . *Bickerstaff* . . I, 66
The First Steps . . . . . *Blake* . . . . . I, 71
What Hath Time Taken? . . . *Browne* . . . . I, 90
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder . . . . . *Canning* . . . I, 119
The Plower . . . . . *Colum* . . . I, 159
Amoret . . . . . *Congreve* . . . I, 161
Extracts from the Mourning Bride *Congreve* . . . I, 161
Compensation . . . . . *Connolly* . . . I, 163
The Island of Atlantis . . . . . *Croly* . . . . . I, 185

The Deserter's Meditation	*Curran*	I, 192
Liberty of the Press	*De Vere*	I, 227
Sad is Our Youth	*De Vere*	I, 230
Song	*De Vere*	I, 231
Sorrow	*De Vere*	I, 232
Awakening	*Dowden*	I, 241
The Laborer	*Gallagher*	I, 346
The Builders	*Gilbert*	I, 354
Memory	*Goldsmith*	I, 361
Woman	*Goldsmith*	I, 368
Eileen Aroon	*Griffin*	I, 388
From a Poem by Teige MacDaire	*Hyde*	I, 414
The Dark Angel	*Johnson*	I, 435
The Devotee	*Keohler*	I, 468
Consolation	*Larminie*	I, 480
My Ambition	*Lysaght*	II, 28
To My Buried Rifle	*McCarthy*	II, 52
The Soldier-Boy	*Maginn*	II, 93
Gone in the Wind	*Mangan*	II, 104
The Grave, the Grave	*Mangan*	II, 117
The Army of the Voice	*Mitchell*	II, 142
All That's Bright Must Fade	*Moore*	II, 151
O Ever Thus, From Childhood's Hour	*Moore*	II, 164
This World is All a Fleeting Show	*Moore*	II, 174
Thou Art, O God!	*Moore*	II, 175
'Tis the Last Rose of Summer	*Moore*	II, 176
Unspoken Words	*O'Reilly*	II, 238
Ode	*O'Shaughnessy*	II, 249
The Fountain of Tears	*O'Shaughnessy*	II, 252
Rest	*Payne*	II, 261
At Sea	*Roche*	II, 270
Song of Maelduin	*Rolleston*	II, 277
Connla's Well	*Russell*	II, 287
Divided	*Russell*	II, 288
Inheritance	*Russell*	II, 288
Janus	*Russell*	II, 289
Our Thrones Decay	*Russell*	II, 290
Symbolism	*Russell*	II, 291

The Three Counselors . . . . *Russell* . . . . II, 296
The Mystery . . . . . *Savage-Armstrong* II, 304
Trust to Luck . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 425
Fairy Gold . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 436
Some Murmur . . . . . *Trench* . . . . II, 445
Summer-Sweet . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 451
That . . . . . *Weekes* . . . . II, 477
Think . . . . . *Weekes* . . . . II, 477
Related Souls . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 478
The Exodus . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 480
Amor Intellectualis . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 485
Apologia . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 485
Ave Imperatrix . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 487
Helas . . . . . *Wilde* . . . II, 491
My Life is Like the Summer Rose . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 495
Disillusion . . . . . *Wilkins* . . . . II, 497
I Wish the Devil Was Dead . . *Wilson* . . . . II, 509
The Bee and the Floweret . . . *Wilson* . . . . II, 511
O Say Not That My Heart is Cold . . . . . *Wolfe* . . . . II, 514
"Perhaps" . . . . . *Wynne* . . . . II, 521
A Dream of a Blessed Spirit . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 524
Down by the Salley Gardens . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 525
The Two Trees . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 532
When You Are Old . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 533
The Star of Knowledge . . . . *Young* . . . . II, 537
The Virgin Mother . . . . *Young* . . . II, 538
Morning on the Irish Coast, The Exile's Return, or . . . . . *Locke* . . . . . II, 6
Morty Oge. See Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 95
Moses, The Burial of . . . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 2
Motherhood, Poems of.
The Irish Mother's Lament . . *Alexander* . . . I, 4
Half-Waking . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 20
The Blind Student . . . . . *Armstrong* . . I, 48
The Irish Mother in the Penal Days . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 54
Song . . . . . *Boucicault* . . I, 74

The Widow's Message to Her Son . . . . . *Forrester* . . . I, 321
My Mother Dear . . . . . *Lover* . . . . II, 15
The Angel's Whisper . . . . . *Lover* . . . . II, 17
My Old Home . . . . . *O'Leary* . . . II, 226
The Emigrant Mother . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 379
The Song of the Old Mother . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 531
Mulholland, Rosa. See Gilbert, Lady . . . . . I, 351
Mullaghmast, The Rath of . . . . *Williams* . . . II, 501
Mullen, The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally, and . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 421
My Nut-brown Maid. See Mo Craoibhin Cno . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 464

N

Narrative Poems.

The Legend of Stumpie's Brae . *Alexander* . . . I, 7
The Milkmaid . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 33
The Noble Lay of Aillinn . . . *Brooke* . . . . I, 83
The Friar's Bush . . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 106
The Bay of Biscay . . . . . *Cherry* . . . . I, 131
The Ould Plaid Shawl . . . . *Fahy* . . . . . I, 284
The Fairy Well of Lagnanay . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 302
The Hermit . . . . . *Goldsmith* . . . I, 361
Gile Machree . . . . . *Griffin* . . . . I, 390
Hy-Brasail: the Isle of the Blest *Griffin* . . . . I, 392
Caoch the Piper . . . . . *Keegan* . . . . I, 454
Love Making in Paddy Land . *Keeling* . . . . I, 458
Love's Warning . . . . . *Kenealy* . . . . I, 459
Why Are You Wandering Here? *Kenney* . . . . I, 466
My Ulick . . . . . *Kickham* . . . I, 470
Rory of the Hill . . . . . *Kickham* . . . I, 474
Shamus O'Brien . . . . . *Le Fanu* . . . I, 489
Rory O'More . . . . . *Lover* . . . . II, 15
The Whistlin' Thief . . . . . *Lover* . . . . II, 21
The Croppy Boy . . . . . *McBurney* . . . II, 32
Battle of Dundalk . . . . . *M'Devitt* . . . II, 60
Dark Margaret . . . . . *Murray* . . . II, 181
Bingen on the Rhine . . . . . *Norton* . . . . II, 186

The King of Denmark's Ride . *Norton* . . . II, 190
At Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862 . . . . . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 231
Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 235
Civil War . . . . . *Shanly* . . . II, 306
The Walker of the Snow . . . *Shanly* . . . II, 307
King Ailill's Death . . . . . *Stokes* . . . II, 353
Brian O'Linn . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 365
Charming Judy Callaghan . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 369
Colleen Rue . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 371
The Croppy Boy . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 373
The Holy Well . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 385
Irish Molly O . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 387
Jenny From Ballinasloe . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 388
Kitty of Coleraine . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 393
A Lay of the Famine . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 396
Ould Orange Flute . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 410
The Waves' Legend of the Strand of Bala . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 438
Harmosan . . . . . *Trench* . . . . II, 444
The First Cuckoo in Spring . . *Waller* . . . . II, 459
Have You Been at Carrick? . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 462
The Dawning of the Day . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 469
A Lesson in Geography . . . . *Wynne* . . . . II, 517

Nature. See also Country Life.

Four Ducks on a Pond . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 20
Spring is Come . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 23
The Lover and Birds . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 31
The Ruined Chapel . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 35
Wishing . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 45
Adieu . . . . . *Armstrong* . . I, 48
The Dawning o' the Year . . . *Blake* . . . . I, 69
Gougane Barra . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 97
Newtownbreda . . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 105
The Garden of the Bees . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 109
The Plower . . . . . *Colum* . . . . I, 159
Song . . . . . *Darley* . . . . I, 198
Song of the Summer Winds . . *Darley* . . . . I, 199
Irish Mist and Sunshine . . . *Dollard* . . . . I, 236
The Shamrock . . . . . *Egan* . . . . . I, 275
The Fair Hills of Ireland . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 298

The Trees	*Furlong*	I, 331
Glen-na-Smoel	*Furlong*	I, 335
The Sea Madness	*Gallagher*	I, 345
The Mountain Fern	*Geoghegan*	I, 348
Kilfenora	*Gilbert*	I, 351
The Wild Geese	*Gilbert*	I, 357
The Little Waves of Breffny	*Gore-Booth*	I, 369
On Great Sugarloaf	*Greene*	I, 385
Spring-Time	*Greene*	I, 386
Ulad	*Hobson*	I, 409
A Window Song	*Irwin*	I, 428
Lough Bray	*Kavanagh*	I, 449
The Northern Blackwater	*Kavanagh*	I, 451
Autumn	*Keohler*	I, 468
Ah, Sweet is Tipperary	*McCarthy*	II, 42
Waiting For the May	*MacCarthy*	II, 50
Arcadian	*McCarthy*	II, 54
Feithfailge	*MacManus*	II, 75
The Dawning of the Day	*Mangan*	II, 116
Fairest! Put on Awhile	*Moore*	II, 157
I Knew by the Smoke	*Moore*	II, 160
The Meeting of the Waters	*Moore*	II, 170
Glandore	*Murray*	II, 184
Bog Cotton on the Red Bog	*O'Brien*	II, 193
Loch Ina	*O'Brien*	II, 198
Tipperary	*O'Doherty*	II, 203
Lough Bray	*O'Grady*	II, 219
Where the Primroses Grow by the Nore	*O'Reilly*	II, 242
Song	*O'Shaughnessy*	II, 250
Rest	*Payne*	II, 261
By the Margin of the Great Deep	*Russell*	II, 286
Sacrifice	*Russell*	II, 290
The Earth Spirit	*Russell*	II, 292
The Great Breath	*Russell*	II, 294
The Place of Rest	*Russell*	II, 296
Gay Provence	*Savage-Armstrong*	II, 303
The Mystery	*Savage-Armstrong*	II, 304
Far-Away	*Sigerson*	II, 323
The Calling	*Sigerson*	II, 329
The Fair Hills of Eire	*Sigerson*	II, 330

The Ruined Nest . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . . II, 332
Lookin' Back . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 342
The Song of Glen Dun . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 346
Longing . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 437
Song . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 438
August Weather . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 448
Larks . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 450
Oh, Green and Fresh . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 450
Summer-Sweet . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 451
The Children of Lir . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 451
The Fair Hills of Eire Ogh . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 470
Think . . . . . *Weekes* . . . . II, 477
O Say Not That My Heart is Cold . . . . . *Wolfe* . . . . II, 514
Into the Twilight . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 526
The Lake Isle of Innisfree . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 529
Nefin, The Brow of . . . . . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 421
New York Bay, Moonlight on . . . *Fitzgerald* . . . I, 311
Nial of the Nine Hostages. See The Lament of O'Gnive . . . . . *Callanan* . I, 103, *note Ninety-Eight.*
The Rising of the Moon . . . *Casey* . . . . . I, 128
The Wake of William Orr . . . *Drennan* . . . I, 252
Lines by Robert Emmet . . . . *Emmet* . . . . I, 277
The Memory of the Dead . . . *Ingram* . . . . I, 426
Shamus O'Brien . . . . . *Le Fanu* . . . I, 489
The Croppy Boy . . . . . *McBurney* . . II, 32
The United Brothers . . . . . *Madden* . . . II, 92
Rebel Song of '98 . . . . . *O'Donoghue* . . II, 208
By Memory Inspired . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 367
The Croppy Boy . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 373

O

O'Brien, Michael. See God Save Ireland . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 433
O'Carolan. See Gaelic Authors.
O'Connell, MacCarthy's poem on death of . . . . II, 71, *note*
O'Curnain, Diarmad. See Gaelic Authors.
O'Donnell, Hugh Ruadh. See Roisin Dubh . . . . . *Furlong* . . . I, 343

O'Donovan, The Dead Antiquary . . *M'Gee* . . . . II, 69
O'Dugan, Maurice. See Gaelic Authors.
O'Gniamh, Fearflatha. See The Lament of O'Gnive . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 102
O'Gnive, The Lament of . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 102
O'Meehan, Father, Poem attributed to . . . . . I, 424
O'Neachtan, John. See Gaelic Authors.
O'Neill, Moira. See Skrine, Mrs. W. . . . . II, 340
O'Neill, Rough Rider . . . . . *Clarke* . . . . I, 146
O'Neill, Shane. See Shane's Head . *Savage* . . . . II, 299
O'Riordan, Conor. See Gaelic Authors.
O'Sullivan Bear, Dirge of . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 95
Oisin. See Gaelic Authors.
Old Man's Song, An. See Herself and Myself . . . . . *McCall* . . . . II, 38
"On the Calendar of Oengus." See Jesukin . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . . II, 325
Order of St. Patrick. See the Monks of the Screw . . . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 192
Ossian and Patrick, A Lay of . . . . *Gwynn* . . . . I, 395

P

Pastorals. See Country Life.
Patraic Mor MacCruimin, Lament of, Over His Sons . . . . . *Campbell* . . . I, 110
Patrick, A Lay of Ossian and . . . *Gwynn* . . . . I, 395
Patriotic and Political. See also War.
The Winding Banks of Erne . . *Allingham* . . I, 37
The Irish Mother in the Penal Days . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 54
On the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America . . *Berkeley* . . . I, 64
Two Songs II . . . . . *Bickerstaff* . . I, 66
The Dawning o' the Year . . . *Blake* . . . . I, 69
The Last Friends . . . . . *Browne* . . . . I, 89
Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 95
Gougane Barra . . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 97
O Say, My Brown Drimin . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 100
The Convict of Clonmel . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 101
The Lament of O'Gnive . . . . *Callanan* . . . I, 102

The Nine Glens of Aon-Druim	*Campbell*	I, 112
Emmet's Death	*Campion*	I, 114
A Sigh for Knockmany	*Carleton*	I, 122
The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland	*Cherry*	I, 132
The King of Ireland's Son	*Chesson*	I, 141
The Sprig of Shillelah	*Code*	I, 151
A Drover	*Colum*	I, 157
Memories of the Erne	*Connolly*	I, 165
Leonidas	*Croly*	I, 184
A Lament	*Curran*	I, 188
Cushla-ma-chree	*Curran*	I, 191
Claragh's Lament	*D'Alton*	I, 195
A Nation Once Again	*Davis*	I, 209
Fontenoy	*Davis*	I, 211
My Grave	*Davis*	I, 216
My Land	*Davis*	I, 217
The West's Asleep	*Davis*	I, 221
Liberty of the Press	*De Vere*	I, 227
The Shannon	*De Vere*	I, 228
Dirge of Rory O'More	*De Vere*	I, 229
The Little Black Rose	*De Vere*	I, 232
A Cushla Gal mo Chree	*Doheny*	I, 234
Irish Mist and Sunshine	*Dollard*	I, 236
The Fallin' o' the Rain	*Dollard*	I, 237
When the West Wind Blows	*Dollard*	I, 239
Erin	*Drennan*	I, 250
The Wake of William Orr	*Drennan*	I, 252
The Battle of Beal-an-atha-Buidh	*Drennan*	I, 254
Innishowen	*Duffy*	I, 265
The Shamrock	*Egan*	I, 275
Lines	*Emmet*	I, 277
Drimmin Dhu	*Ferguson*	I, 287
Owen Bawn	*Ferguson*	I, 292
The Fair Hills of Ireland	*Ferguson*	I, 298
Moonlight on New York Bay	*Fitzgerald*	I, 311
To Douglas Hyde	*Fitzgerald*	I, 312
The Song of the Irish Emigrant in America	*Fitzsimon*	I, 314
The Widow's Message to Her Son	*Forrester*	I, 321

The County of Mayo	*Fox*	I, 324
Brosna's Banks	*Frazer*	I, 326
Song for July 12th, 1843	*Frazer*	I, 328
Maggy Laidir	*Furlong*	I, 340
Roisin Dubh	*Furlong*	I, 343
The Mountain Fern	*Geoghegan*	I, 348
Kilfenora	*Gilbert*	I, 351
Shamrocks	*Gilbert*	I, 353
The Wild Geese	*Gilbert*	I, 357
Ad Aristiden Obfuscatum	*Graves*	I, 382
Ireland	*Gwynn*	I, 402
Mater Severa	*Gwynn*	I, 403
Draherin O Machree	*Hogan*	I, 412
The Memory of the Dead	*Ingram*	I, 426
The Emigrant's Voyage	*Irwin*	I, 430
The Potato-Digger's Song	*Irwin*	I, 432
The Red Wind	*Johnson*	I, 438
The Northern Blackwater	*Kavanagh*	I, 451
The Last Request	*Kenealy*	I, 461
The Moon Behind the Hill	*Kenealy*	I, 462
My Ulick	*Kickham*	I, 470
Patrick Sheehan	*Kickham*	I, 472
Rory of the Hill	*Kickham*	I, 474
A Retort	*Lawless*	I, 482
A Royal Love	*Leamy*	I, 484
Shamus O'Brien	*Le Fanu*	I, 489
The Exile's Return	*Locke*	II, 6
The War-Ship of Peace	*Lover*	II, 20
The Croppy Boy	*McBurney*	II, 32
Ah, Sweet is Tipperary	*McCarthy*	II, 42
Bless the Dear Old Verdant Land	*MacCarthy*	II, 44
From the Centenary Ode to the Memory of Thomas Moore	*MacCarthy*	II, 46
Ireland	*MacCarthy*	II, 47
To My Buried Rifle	*McCarthy*	II, 52
The Irish Exile	*MacDermott*	II, 56
Death of the Homeward Bound	*M'Gee*	II, 64
Memories	*M'Gee*	II, 65
Salutation to the Celts	*M'Gee*	II, 66
The Celts	*M'Gee*	II, 67

The Dead Antiquary O'Donovan	*M'Gee*	II,	69
Shiela-ni-Gara	*MacManus*	II,	78
The Passing of the Gael	*MacManus*	II,	82
Turlough MacSweeney	*MacManus*	II,	85
My Inver Bay	*MacManus*	II,	88
The United Brothers	*Madden*	II,	92
The Soldier-Boy	*Maginn*	II,	93
The Bells of Shandon	*Mahony*	II,	94
A Vision	*Mangan*	II,	97
Aldfrid's Itinerary	*Mangan*	II,	99
Dark Rosaleen	*Mangan*	II,	101
Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan	*Mangan*	II,	106
Kinkora	*Mangan*	II,	108
The Woman of Three Cows	*Mangan*	II,	123
As Slow Our Ship	*Moore*	II,	153
Dear Harp of My Country	*Moore*	II,	156
Fairest! Put on Awhile	*Moore*	II,	157
Go Where Glory Waits Thee	*Moore*	II,	159
She is Far From the Land	*Moore*	II,	166
The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls	*Moore*	II,	168
The Irish Peasant to His Mistress	*Moore*	II,	169
The Song of Fionnuala	*Moore*	II,	171
When He Who Adores Thee	*Moore*	II,	177
Glandore	*Murray*	II,	184
Song	*O'Brien*	II,	195
Loch Ina	*O'Brien*	II,	198
Recruiting Song for the Irish Brigade	*O'Connell*	II,	200
Tipperary	*O'Doherty*	II,	203
A Spinning Song	*O'Donnell*	II,	205
Rebel Song of '98	*O'Donoghue*	II,	208
I Give My Heart to Thee	*O'Grady*	II,	218
Dear Land	*O'Hagan*	II,	220
Ourselves Alone	*O'Hagan*	II,	221
To God and Ireland True	*O'Leary*	II,	227
Mayflower	*O'Reilly*	II,	236
My Native Land	*O'Reilly*	II,	237
In Exile; Australia	*Orr*	II,	245
The Irishman	*Orr*	II,	247

Erin My Queen . . . . . *Parnell* . . . . II, 258
Post-Mortem . . . . . *Parnell* . . . . II, 258
Pearl of the White Breast . . . *Petrie* . . . . II, 263
Ode . . . . . *Pierpont* . . . II, 264
Andromeda . . . . . *Roche* . . . . II, 270
The Kearsarge . . . . . *Roche* . . . . II, 271
Ireland Shall be Free . . . . . *Rooney* . . . . II, 283
Shane's Head . . . . . *Savage* . . . . II, 299
Cean Duv Deelish . . . . . *Shorter* . . . . II, 315
The Fair Hills of Eire . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . II, 330
Corrymeela . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 340
Lookin' Back . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 342
By Memory Inspired . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 367
The Croppy Boy . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 373
Drimmin Dubh Dheelish . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 378
Paddies Evermore . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 412
The Shan Van Vocht . . . . . *Street Songs* . II, 417
Shule Aroon . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 420
The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally and Mullen *Street Songs* . . II, 421
The Wearin' o' the Green . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 427
Dear Old Ireland . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 431
God Save Ireland . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 433
Fairy Gold . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 436
Longing . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 437
Oh, Green and Fresh . . . . . *Tynan-Hinkson* . II, 450
St. Patrick's Day . . . . . *Waller* . . . . II, 457
Mo Craoibhin Cno . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 464
Nelly Ban . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 465
Ros Geal Dubh . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 467
The Fair Hills of Eire Ogh . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 470
Drimin Donn Dilis . . . . . *Walsh* . . . . II, 473
The Exodus . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 480
To Ireland . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 483
Ave Imperatrix . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 487
A Farewell to America . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 494
The Rath of Mullaghmast . . . *Williams* . . . II, 501
The Minstrel's Walk . . . . *Wills* . . . . . II, 504
The Rose of the World . . . . *Yeats* . . . . . II, 531
Philosophical. See Moral, Philosophical, and Didactic.
Pitt, verse ascribed to . . . . . I, 118

Plato's Timoeus, quoted . . . . . I, 185
Political. See Patriotic and Political.
Poor Old Woman, The. See The Shan Van Vocht . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 417
Priest Dear. See Soggarth Aroon . *Banim* . . . . I, 51
Prout, Father. See Mahony, Francis Sylvester . . . . . II, 94
Prout, Father, verse on Blarney Stone, by . . . . . II, 140
Provence, Gay . . . . . *Savage-Armstrong* II, 303
Pulse of My Heart. See Cushla-ma-Chree . . . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 191
And Cushla ma Chree . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 376

R

Rapparees, The Irish . . . . . *Duffy* . . . . I, 267
Rebel Chaunt, A, 1776. See The Good Ship Castle Down . . . . . *McBurney* . . II, 34
Red Bog, Bog Cotton on the . . . . *O'Brien* . . . . II, 193
Red-haired Girl. See Colleen Rue . *Street Songs* . . II, 371
Religious. See Sacred.
Religious Songs of Connacht, quoted . . . . . I, 424
Reminiscence. See Memory.
Reynolds, Hugh, The Lamentation of *Street Songs* . . II, 394
Rory O'More, Dirge of . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 229
Rückert. See Gone in the Wind . . *Mangan* . . . II, 104
Rural Life. See Country Life.

S

Sacred.
The Burial of Moses . . . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 2
There is a Green Hill . . . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 13
Very Far Away . . . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 14
The Old Church at Lismore . . *Downing* . . . I, 247
Saint Brigid . . . . . *Gilbert* . . . . I, 352
The Builders . . . . . *Gilbert* . . . . I, 354
The Sign of the Cross Forever . *Hyde* . . . . . I, 424
St. Michan's Churchyard . . . *Kavanagh* . . I, 450
Apology . . . . . *Keohler* . . . . I, 467
St. Patrick's Hymn Before Tarah *Mangan* . . . II, 110

Written in a Nunnery Chapel . . *Mangan* . . . II, 128
The Army of the Voice . . . . *Mitchell* . . . . II, 142
The Living Chalice . . . . . *Mitchell* . . . . II, 143
Soon and Forever . . . . . *Monsell* . . . . II, 148
Sound the Loud Timbrel . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 167
Thou Art, O God . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 175
The Last Desire . . . . . *Rolleston* . . . II, 279
Sacrifice . . . . . *Russell* . . . . II, 290
Deus Meus . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . . II, 321
Jesukin . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . . II, 325
Man Octipartite . . . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 356
The Hymn Called St. Patrick's Breastplate . . . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 358
The Holy Well . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 385

Sailors and the Sea.

Across the Sea . . . . . *Allingham* . . . I, 17
The Sailor . . . . . *Allingham* . . . I, 36
Windlass Song . . . . . *Allingham* . . . I, 43
Two Songs . . . . . *Bickerstaff* . . I, 66
The Bay of Biscay . . . . . *Cherry* . . . . I, 131
When the West Wind Blows . . *Dollard* . . . . I, 239
The Forging of the Anchor . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 305
The Sea Madness . . . . . *Gallagher* . . . I, 345
The Wake of the Absent . . . . *Griffin* . . . . I, 393
The Angel's Whisper . . . . . *Lover* . . . . II, 17
What Will You Do, Love? . . *Lover* . . . . II, 23
The Good Ship Castle Down . . *McBurney* . . II, 34
The Brown Wind of Connacht . *MacManus* . . II, 79
My Inver Bay . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 88
The Clang of the Wooden Shoon *Molloy* . . . . II, 144
The First Voyage . . . . . *Molloy* . . . . II, 145
A Canadian Boat-Song . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 150
At Sea . . . . . *Roche* . . . . II, 270
The Kearsarge . . . . . *Roche* . . . . II, 271
The Place of Rest . . . . . *Russell* . . . . II, 296
The Calling . . . . . *Sigerson* . . . . II, 329
Johneen . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 341
The Dear and Darling Boy . . *Street Songs* . . II, 376
My Connor . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 400
Farewell . . . . . *Sullivan* . . . II, 429
Whisper . . . . . *Wynne* . . . . II, 522

St. Ita. See Gaelic Authors.
Saint Patrick's Breastplate, The Hymn Called . . . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 358
St. Patrick, Order of. See The Monks of the Screw . . . . . *Curran* . . . . I, 192
Salley Gardens, Down by the . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 525
Sarsfield, Patrick . . . . . I, 267, *note 2*
Satire. See also Humor.
O the Pleasant Days of Old . . *Browne* . . . . I, 87
Song . . . . . *Canning* . . . I, 117
The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder . . . . . *Canning* . . . I, 119
The Sprig of Shillelah . . . . . *Code* . . . . . I, 151
An Elegy . . . . . *Goldsmith* . . . I, 360
Ad Aristiden Obfuscatum . . . *Graves* . . . . I, 382
The Woman of Three Cows . . *Mangan* . . II, 123
The Grand Match . . . . . *Skrine* . . . . II, 345
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye . . *Street Songs* . . II, 390
The Native Irishman . . . . *Street Songs* . II, 401
Love in Reality . . . . . *Waller* . . . . II, 454
Halloweve Complaint . . . *Wilson* . . . . II, 507
Scully. See Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear *Callanan* . . . I, 95
Sea, The. See Sailors and the Sea.
"Seventy Years of Irish Life," quoted . . I, 489, *note*
Shandon, The Bells of . . . . . *Mahony* . . . II, 94
Shanganagh, The Valley of . . *Martley* . . . . II, 129
Sheares, Henry and John. See The United Brothers . . . . . *Madden* . . . . II, 92
Shillelah, The Sprig of . . . . . *Code* . . . . . I, 151
Sigerson, Dora . . . . . *Shorter, Mrs. Clement* . II, 314
Silva Gadelica. See Gaelic Authors.
Sinend. See Connla's Well . . . *Russell* . . . . II, 287
Slane, The Star of . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 423
Sonnets.
Liberty of the Press . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 227
The Children Band . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 227
The Shannon . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 228
Flowers I Would Bring . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 230
Sad is Our Youth . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 231
Sorrow . . . . . *De Vere* . . . I, 232
Awakening . . . . . *Dowden* . . . . I, 241

By Right Divine . . . . . *Egan* . . . . I, 275
Lough Bray . . . . . *O'Grady* . . . II, 219
Amor Intellectualis . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 485
Helas . . . . . *Wilde* . . . . II, 491
The Star of Knowledge . . . . *Young* . . . . II, 537
The Virgin Mother . . . . . *Young* . . . . II, 538
Sparling's "Irish Minstrelsy," quoted . . . . . II, 420
"Speranza" . . . . . *Wilde, Lady* . . II, 478
Stokes' "Calendar of Oengus" . . . . . II, 322, 325
Street Songs, Ballads, and *Anonymous Verse* . . . . II, 362
Stumpie's Brae, The Legend of . . . *Alexander* . . . I, 7
Sugarloaf, On Great . . . . . *Greene* . . . . I, 385
Sulmalla. See The Holy Well . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 385
Superstitions. See also Fairy Lore.
The Legend of Stumpie's Brae . *Alexander* . . . I, 7
A Dream . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 17
The Ban-Shee . . . . . *Allingham* . . I, 25
The Fairy Child . . . . . *Anster* . . . . I, 46
The Fetch . . . . . *Banim* . . . . I, 53
Caoine on Maurice Fitzgerald . *Broker* . . . . I, 178
The Banshee's Song . . . . . *Forrest* . . . . I, 318
The Phantom Ship . . . . . *Milligan* . . . II, 136
The Spell-struck . . . . . *Rolleston* . . . II, 280
The Walker of the Snow . . . *Shanly* . . . . II, 307
All Souls Night . . . . . *Shorter* . . . . II, 314
The One Forgotten . . . . . *Shorter* . . . . II, 316
The Wind on the Hills . . . . *Shorter* . . . . II, 318
The Banshee . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 362
A Lay of the Famine . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 396
The Waves' Legend of the Strand of Bala . . . . . *Todhunter* . . . II, 438
The Rath of Mullaghmast . . . *Williams* . . . II, 501
The Host of the Air . . . . . *Yeats* . . . . II, 527

T

Tara's Halls, The Harp That Once Through . . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 168
Tarah, St. Patrick's Hymn Before . *Mangan* . . . II, 110
Timoleague, Abbey of, Lament Over the Ruins of the . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 288

Tipperary, Ah, Sweet is . . . . . *McCarthy* . . . II, 42
Tir-nan-oge, A Dream of . . . . . *Young* . . . . II, 535
Traditions. See Legendary and Historical.
Translations from the Irish. See Gaelic Authors.

U

Ulster, Earl of. See Owen Bawn . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 292
Ulster Ballad, An. See The Fairy Thorn . . . . . *Ferguson* . . . I, 299

V

Vision of MacConglinne, The . . . . . II, 334
Voyage of Bran, The, quoted . . . . . II, 287

W

War. See also Irish Brigade, and Ninety-Eight.
The Sword . . . . . *Barry* . . . I, 60
The Saxon Shilling . . . . . *Buggy* . . . . I, 92
Gracie Og Machree . . . . . *Casey* . . . . I, 124
Rough Rider O'Neill . . . . . *Clarke* . . . . I, 146
The Fighting Race . . . . . *Clarke* . . . . I, 148
The Battle of Beal-an-atha-Buidh *Drennan* . . . I, 254
The Irish Rapparees . . . . . *Duffy* . . . . I, 267
The Muster of the North . . . . *Duffy* . . . . I, 270
After Aughrim . . . . . *Geoghegan* . I, 348
Not a Star From the Flag Shall Fade . . . . . *Halpine* . . . . I, 406
Ways of War . . . . . *Johnson* . . . . I, 440
Crossing the Blackwater . . . *Joyce* . . . . . I, 442
The Blacksmith of Limerick . . *Joyce* . . . . . I, 444
The Wind That Shakes the Barley . . . . . *Joyce* . . . . . I, 447
The Good Ship Castle Down . . *McBurney* . . II, 34
O'Donnell Aboo . . . . . *McCann* . . . II, 40
Battle of Dundalk . . . . . *M'Devitt* . . . II, 60
Thinking Long . . . . . *MacManus* . . II, 84
The Minstrel-Boy . . . . *Moore* . . . . II, 171
Bingen on the Rhine . . . . . *Norton* . . . . II, 186

Recruiting Song for the Irish Brigade . . . . . *O'Connell* . . . II, 200
A Spinning Song . . . . . *O'Donnell* . . . II, 205
The Irish Girl's Lament . . . . *O'Donoghue* . . II, 209
At Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862 . . . . . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 231
Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer . *O'Reilly* . . . II, 235
The Kearsarge . . . . . *Roche* . . . . II, 271
Civil War . . . . . *Shanly* . . . . II, 306
King Ailill's Death . . . . . *Stokes* . . . . II, 353
General Monro . . . . . *Street Songs* . . II, 382
The Munster War-Song . . . . *Williams* . . . II, 499
The Burial of Sir John Moore . *Wolfe* . . . . II, 515
Warner's History of Ireland, quoted . . . . . II, 165, *note*
William Orr, The Wake of . . . . . *Drennan* . . . I, 252
Wit. See Humor and Satire.
Woods of Caillino, The Song of the Irish Emigrant in America, or the . *Fitzsimon* . . . I, 314

Y

Young Gracie of My Heart. See Gracie.
Og Machree . . . . . *Casey* . . . . . I, 126